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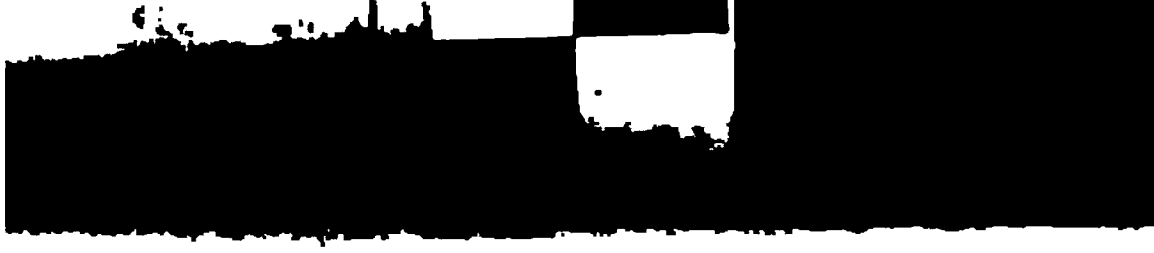

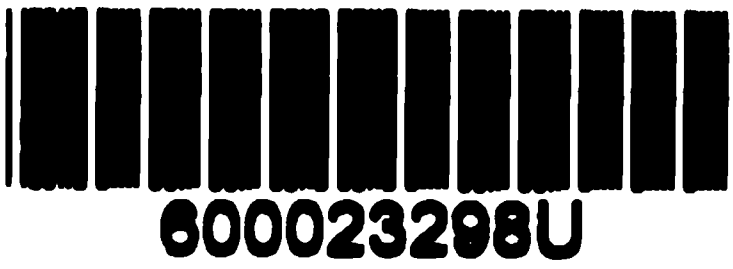
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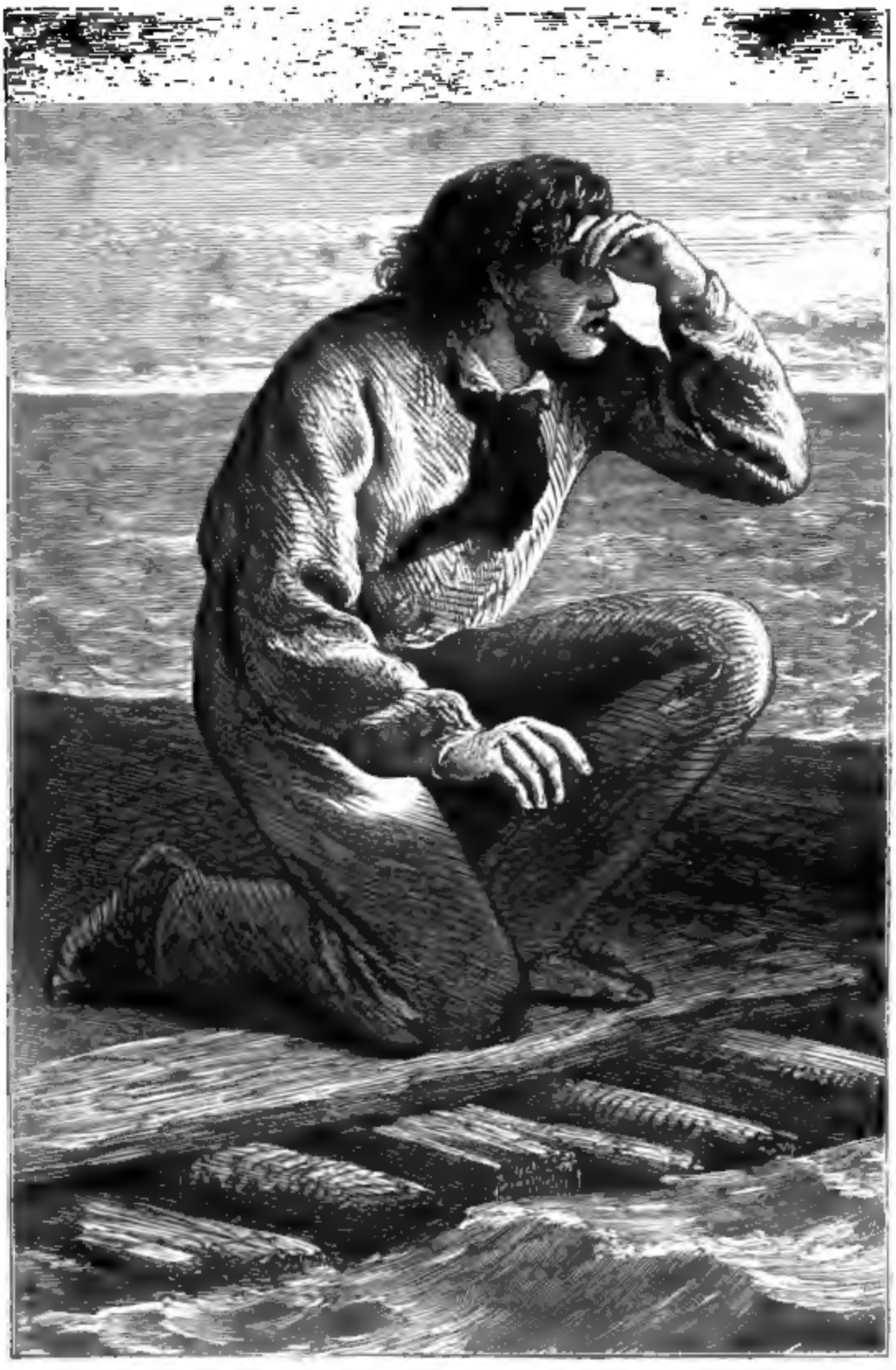

THE LAST MAN OF THE PAST. *Front*

203. f. 392.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

BY

W. H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "DIGBY HEATHCOTE," AND "PAUL GERARD"

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

My aim in making the following collection of shipwrecks and disasters at sea, has been to select such accounts as appear to afford the greatest variety of incident, together with descriptions of the habits and customs of the people among whom the shipwrecked seamen have been cast. Of this character are the narratives of the loss of the *Briton* and *Runnymede*, the *Boyd*, *Agnes*, *Port au Prince*, *Alceste*, *Antelope*, and others,—old friends, although in new dresses, perhaps, to some of my readers; but not the less interesting, however, because of that.

I have introduced several of the descriptions in consequence of the examples of heroic courage, admirable discipline, and endurance displayed by British seamen and soldiers, which they afford. Such will be found in the accounts of the wrecks of the *Drake*, *Birkenhead*, and *Megæra*; and more especially in the narrative of the wreck of the *Sarah Sands*, where first-rate seamanship and discipline triumphed over the raging flames, which almost consumed the ship.

Some, again, I have collected for the peculiar circumstances which attended their loss; and because they may, possibly, serve as a warning for the future.

Others again will, I think, be found useful by proving that men, by keeping up their courage and exerting their intellects, with a firm trust in the goodness of Providence, may be able to exist in the most inhospitable and comparatively barren regions.

The narrative of Captain Musgrave, whose vessel was lost on the Auckland Islands, as well as that of the seamen cast away on the Rocas Reef, shows how men may subsist in spots where they might, on first landing, be ready to give way to despair. The hardships endured by the mariners cast away in the last-mentioned instances, however, it must be confessed, were greatly surpassed by those of the Russian seamen who passed six long years on the dreary coast of Spitzbergen, and of others who have wintered in the Arctic regions, and, against every probability, have succeeded in returning home.

Instead of introducing isolated accounts of adventures at the North Pole, I have thought it would prove more interesting and acceptable to my readers to give a consecutive narrative of the exploring expeditions which have been made from the earliest times into those icy regions down to the voyage of the little *Fox*, when the fate of the noble Franklin and his gallant companions was discovered. As I know of no other complete and concise account of

those voyages, so full of peril and adventure, I think that it will prove not the least interesting portion of the work.

The escape of so large a proportion of the passengers and crew of the *Tweed* seems to me one of the most remarkable events in the history of shipwrecks; and I have, therefore, given a brief sketch of it, although a fuller narrative exists. The providential preservation of all those on board the *Regular*, after their ship had sunk in a little-traversed latitude of the Southern Pacific, is also equally worthy of note.

Especially worthy of record, also, is the admirable judgment and seamanship displayed by the commander of the *Megæra*, the discipline maintained by him and his officers, and the subordination and good conduct exhibited by the crew of that ill-fated ship when landed on the barren rock of St. Paul's in the Southern Ocean.

I have mentioned merely, in a note, an act of courtesy of the Americans which deserves a more particular account. One of the ships of the last expedition sent out to search for Sir John Franklin, under command of Sir Edward Belcher, was the *Resolute*. She, with several others frozen up in Barrow's Straits, was abandoned by order of the commodore, as no hopes were entertained that they could be extricated from their icy prison. She, however, on the following season having got free, was found drifting through the Straits by an American whaler; and, a crew

having been put on board, was navigated safely to Boston. Here, instead of being detained as a prize—which she lawfully was as a deserted ship—she was refitted by the Government of the United States, and sent back as a present to the people of England.

The space occupied by the account of the Arctic Expedition has prevented me from giving the narratives of many other interesting shipwrecks and maritime adventures which I should wish to have introduced, but I trust that those to be found in the following pages will prove both amusing and instructive, and more acceptable than a large number of short narratives; while the profuse way in which the work has been illustrated will, I hope, still further increase its value. Although some of them may appear like mere travellers' tales, I must beg my readers to call to remembrance the trite saying, that "Fact is often stranger than fiction."

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SHIPWRECKS

AND

DISASTERS AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOSS OF THE "BRITON" AND "RUNNYMEDE" ON THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

IN the year 1844 I was on board the *Briton*, a ship of six hundred tons, built at Sydney in Australia, from which port we sailed in October to Calcutta, conveying a wing of the 80th Regiment which had been stationed for some time in the colony. They mustered about four hundred officers and men, many of whom had also their wives and children with them.

The first part of the voyage was tolerably fine, but on the morning of the 7th November, when we had got into the Bay of Bengal, a heavy gale sprung up, which tried the ship pretty severely. Now and then we had hopes that the wind was abating, but it quickly breezed up again, and on the 10th it raged with far greater fury than before, becoming a regular hurricane. We could scarcely show a stitch of

canvas before it was blown away. The sea rose to a tremendous height, the foam-crested curling waves threatening every instant to bury the ship beneath them. We well knew that the Andaman Islands, surrounded by reefs and

DRIVING BEFORE THE HURRICANE.

inhabited by fierce savages, and, as we supposed, cannibals, were ahead, and so we did our utmost to bring the ship on a wind so as to keep her off the dreadful shore.

The soldiers with the women and children were sent below, and the hatches battened down over them. Accus-

tomed to strict military discipline, they obeyed without a murmur. Their condition must have been fearful as they sat in their berths shut up in darkness, the air hot and stifling, the strife of the elements so terrific that no sound could be heard besides the roaring and dashing of the seas, the creaking of the timbers, and the howling of the gale in the rigging.

There they had to await in silence and resignation the certain death to which it must have seemed to them that they were doomed. Life lines were stretched fore and aft, and we had to hold on for our existence as sea after sea with tremendous force came breaking on board, sweeping everything from the decks. The boats, caboose, and bulwarks were quickly washed away, and frequently the ship was so buried beneath the waves that it appeared as if she would never rise again.

Things were bad enough; still some hope remained that we might keep off the land till the hurricane had abated: but early in the forenoon watch, as we were struggling amidst the mountainous billows, a furious blast struck us, and away went the foremast crashing over the side. It was a hard matter to cut away the wreck so as to clear it of the ship. When it had fallen, we did our utmost to secure the main and mizen masts; but before long they both went, and, left without the slightest power of helping ourselves, we drove before the furious hurricane.

Night came on; the sea raged as wildly as ever; the wind blew with irresistible force. On we drove, the seas constantly breaking on board, and threatening every instant to carry us to the bottom. Should we escape their merciless grasp, we had nothing to hope for but to be cast on one of the wild reefs ahead. Even should any of us escape to land, weak and bruised with the anticipated struggle in the boiling surf, we could expect only to be unresistingly slaughtered by savages. So dreadfully dark was the night that we could not see beyond the foaming billows which rose up on either hand close to us.

Hour after hour passed by, yet still our cruelly tried ship remained afloat. The clouds overhead were as black as ink, except every now and then when vivid flashes of lightning darted from them, playing round our devoted vessel and threatening to send a stream of electric fluid through her sides.

It was about the second hour of the morning watch, we expecting every instant to be our last, that as the *Briton* drove on a fearful shock was felt, and now we fully believed that in a few seconds more the raging seas would dash her to pieces, and the hundreds of helpless beings on board would be scattered around struggling vainly amid the foaming breakers. Dreadful shrieks arose from below. Husbands and wives were taking a last farewell of each other and of their children. Another sea lifted the ship, and again she came down on the rocks with fearful force, a vivid flash of lightning showing us the white foaming breakers rolling around. Still she held together. Then another sea came, and we expected that this, at all events, would send her to fragments, but she stoutly withstood the fearful blows, and once more we felt her lifted up and borne onwards. Suddenly she stopped, and, instead of rolling and beating her sides against the rocks, after a tremendous lurch all movement ceased. At that moment a deep awe fell on each of us, for few doubted that the doomed ship was about to sink into the depths of the ocean. Still the waters did not close over her, they did not even wash along her deck.

A faint hope revived in our breasts. Still from below came the cries of agonized terror uttered by the poor women, but the intense darkness prevented us from seeing beyond the deck. Again the lightning flashed vividly, and to our utter astonishment instead of a mass of hissing foam we beheld spreading out around us a mass of moving tree-tops bending to the blast.

Again all was darkness; but we had seen enough to convince us that there was no immediate peril. We got the

hatches off and announced the satisfactory intelligence to those below. They could scarcely be persuaded to believe us, and not till the ship had remained quiet for some time could they understand that we were really safe on shore.

THE "RUNNYMEDE" ON SHORE.

Still, as we were surrounded by water which washed in among the trees, we did not attempt to leave the ship.

Then came the recollection that the country was inhabited by fierce savages. At the same time, though they might prove troublesome, they were not likely to interfere materially

with four hundred British troops amply supplied with arms and ammunition. The most important consideration was to find provisions for so many mouths, for we could not hope to get the ship off again, and a long time must elapse before we could communicate with India.

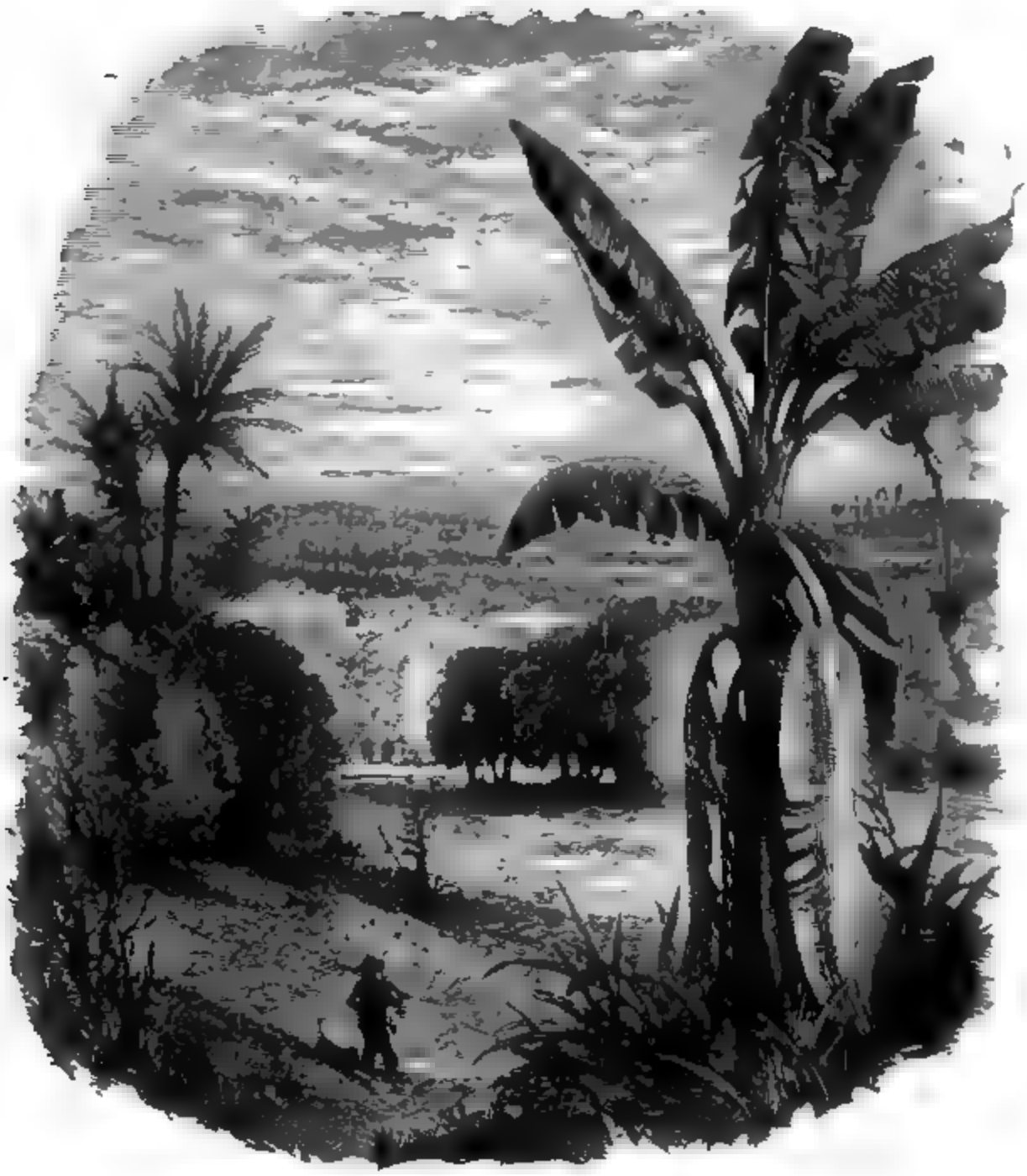
These and other thoughts occupied our minds till morning broke, when what was our surprise to see the masts and spars of another ship rising above the trees, scarcely more than three or four hundred yards from where we lay. She too was fast on the reef and crowded with men, and as the sea was beating very violently over her we felt great fear for their safety. They had hitherto made no attempt to get on shore, but as the weather moderated and the sea fell we opened a communication with them. We then found that she was the *Runnymede*, a transport of about five hundred tons, and that she had sailed from England in August, bound for Calcutta with a large number of recruits for the 50th Regiment. Neither of us had seen each other till the dawn of that day, when we found ourselves thus wonderfully wrecked close together amidst, as we supposed, a population of savages accustomed to feast on human flesh.

For several days it blew hard, but as the fierceness of the hurricane had subsided, and there was no danger of the *Runnymede* going to pieces, the people remained on board. At length the waters fell so much that the *Briton* was left on nearly dry ground. The soldiers were landed, and all hands set to work to clear a space for an encampment. The jungle for some distance was cut and burned down, care being taken not to set the *Briton* on fire, and huts were built from the materials got out of the ships.

We had soon convincing proof that the island was inhabited by seeing a number of dark objects making their way, some amid the branches, others stealing along the ground, when a shower of arrows came in among the working party on the outskirts of the encampment.

Fortunately only one or two of our party were hit, and a

volley from the muskets of our soldiers soon put the enemy to flight. They, however, again and again returned, and



ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

not until several had been killed and wounded did they keep at a respectful distance. Even then we could see

them occasionally hovering about, ready to pick off any stragglers who might venture away from the camp.

Having made such arrangements as circumstances rendered necessary for our stay in the island, which we knew would in all probability be of some duration, we turned our thoughts towards the means for escaping to a more civilized part of the world. As the Andaman Islands, though in the direct route of ships sailing from India to China, on account of the dangers which surround them, are rarely visited, we had slight hopes of making our situation known through any passer-by. Our chief hope of escaping therefore was by communicating with some friendly port. On examining, however, the boats of the two ships, only one was in a state which could be rendered fit to undertake a voyage across the Bay of Bengal, the others which remained being so battered as to be totally unserviceable. It took nearly a week to get her put to rights. As soon as she was ready the master of the *Briton*, the mate of the *Runnymede*, and several seamen were selected to go in her. We parted with them with anxious prayers for their safety, for their voyage might occupy several weeks, and the boat was but ill-fitted to navigate so dangerous a sea.

We meantime were left in far from a satisfactory condition. The natives in vast numbers collecting from all parts of the country, crowded round us; and had not our sentries been constantly on the alert, so savage and determined were our dark-skinned foes, that we might easily have been cut off.

Regular military discipline was maintained, and all duties carried on as in an enemy's country.

The island on which we were cast forms one of an archipelago about 12° North of the Equator, and in longitude 93° 13′ East. The largest of the group is called the Great Andaman. It is about a hundred and forty miles long and twenty broad, indented by deep bays and intersected by long creeks, two of which pass through the island, and at high water are navigable for small vessels. Surround-

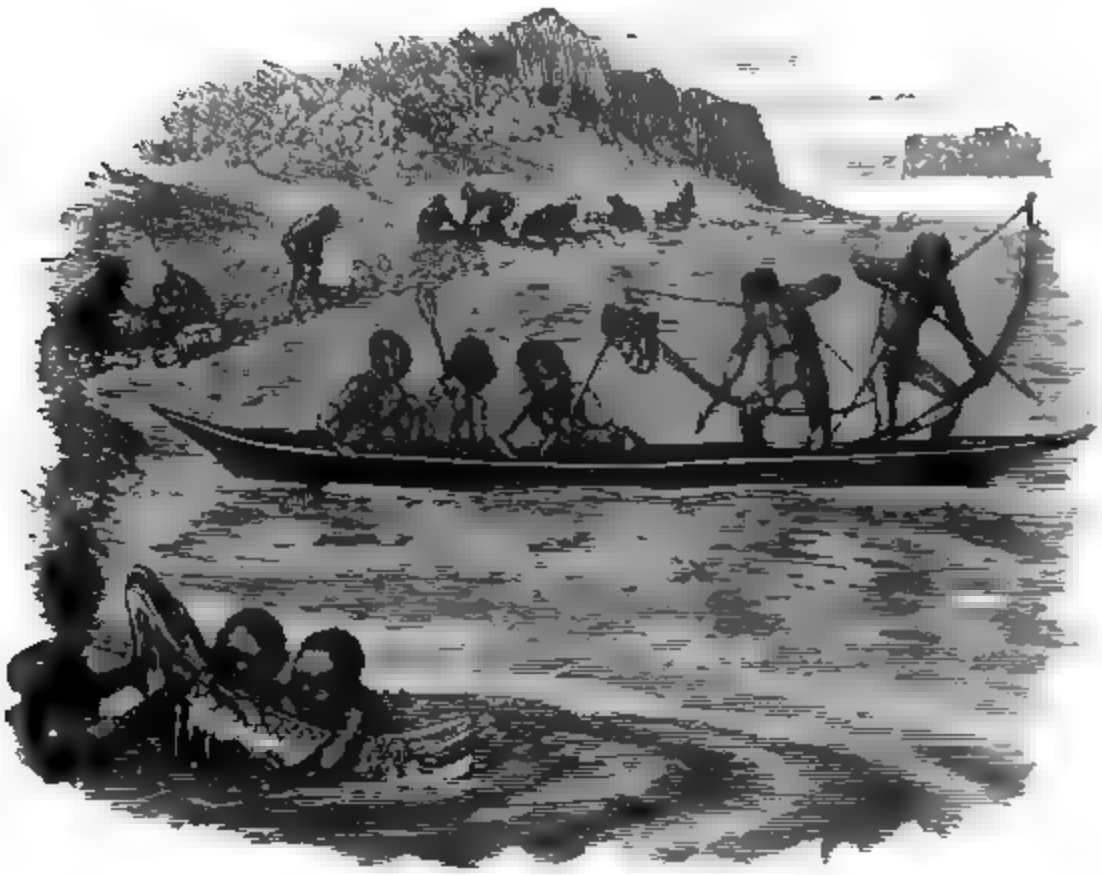
ing them are numerous small islets, many of which are exceedingly picturesque, rising as they do covered with the richest verdure from amid a wild waste of ocean. All of them, indeed, are clothed with the richest tropical vegetation, reaching in unrestrained profusion from the level swamp which extends over wide districts to the summits of the highest hills in all directions. Coral reefs for a distance of many miles guard the approach to the islands, rendering in blowing weather landing on them both dangerous and difficult.

The inhabitants, though dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of countries which have for centuries been considerably advanced in civilization, are among the most savage and untameable people on the face of the earth. They are considered by many to be the aborigines of the Papuan races, who, never having permitted contact with strangers, have preserved their individuality intact. Though their skins are as black as those of negroes, they have little in common with the natives of Africa. They are remarkably small in stature, the men seldom exceeding five feet in height, and the women being still shorter. They do not possess the projecting jaws, the cavernous mouth, nor the elongated heel of the true negro. But though small, they are remarkably well formed; their hair is bushy and thick, like that of the natives of New Guinea. They wear no clothing whatever, although to defend themselves from the attacks of flies and mosquitoes they cover their bodies in the morning and evening with layers of mud.

I had on another visit to their shores an opportunity of seeing more of them. Though so savage and small of stature, they are, perhaps, the best bowmen among all known tribes of savages. Their bows are six feet long and of great power; indeed, we found that the strongest men among us were unable to bend the weapon which these little fellows used with the greatest ease. With them they can hit a foe with almost perfect certainty at a distance of sixty or seventy yards with great force. They employ harpoons,

which they shoot from their bows for catching fish; one end of a line being attached to the harpoon, the other being held by the archer.

Their canoes, hewn out of the trunks of the trees, are also remarkably well made and buoyant in the extreme. So lightly do they float on the tops of the waves that it is almost impossible to sink them. They fit outriggers to



COAST SCENE ON THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

them when they go any distance from the land. Sometimes they venture forty or fifty miles out to sea, in which case they take fire on board, serving both to attract the fish and to cook them when taken. I once came upon a party in one of their canoes close in shore, employed in catching fish as I have described. As soon as one was wounded several of the little black fellows watching on the shore would jump in and tow it to land to receive its death-blow

from another of their party waiting with a short club ready to deal it on the creature's head. In the meantime a number of their not over-attractive looking spouses were seen along the shore searching for shell-fish, with which their coasts abound, and which form one of the chief articles of their food. They use delicately constructed nets, with which they are very expert in catching the smaller fish.

Those bows of theirs kept us constantly on the alert, and one day as several men of the 80th Regiment were wandering carelessly along the beach, they were shot at by a number of natives hid in ambush, when three soldiers were severely wounded.

Savage as are the Andamanners, they have some ingenious ways of doing things. With regard to their cannibal propensities, from what I could learn I believe that they do not habitually, if ever, devour human flesh. Possibly pressed by hunger they might not scruple to do so more than do people of other nations. Fear of all foreigners induces them to attack anyone visiting their shores with the greatest fierceness, when they fearfully mutilate the bodies of all whom they may kill. Had we been unable to defend ourselves they would probably have slaughtered every one of our number, though I feel sure they would not have eaten us. They live chiefly on fish and fruits; and they also have a race of diminutive black pigs,—the most curious and mischievous little creatures to be seen. They are wonderfully active, and there is a peculiar leer in their eyes, which shows the evil spirit within them. Their backs are sprinkled with hard bristles, which look like pieces of wire. When hunted, though they may at first take to flight, back they will come dashing amid the hunters' legs, whom they frequently cause to measure their length on the ground. Of these pigs the natives are especially fond; but it is to eat and not to pet them. They cook them in ovens prepared in a simple and ingenious fashion. To form one of these ovens a large tree is chosen, and fire is applied to some hole a little above the ground. By degrees the hole is burned larger, when the

ANDAMANNERS COOKING A PIG

charred wood being scraped out a hollow of considerable size is formed. At the bottom of this hole a heap of ashes, about three feet in depth, is left. The fire smoulders gradually among the ashes and never entirely goes out. Thus, whenever a native wishes to cook his dinner, he has only to blow up the smouldering embers and to place the pig, turtle, or fish on the top of them. They carefully preserve these oven-trees, and contrive to prevent them from being burned through. They always place the opening in such a direction that the rain does not beat into it and extinguish the fire.

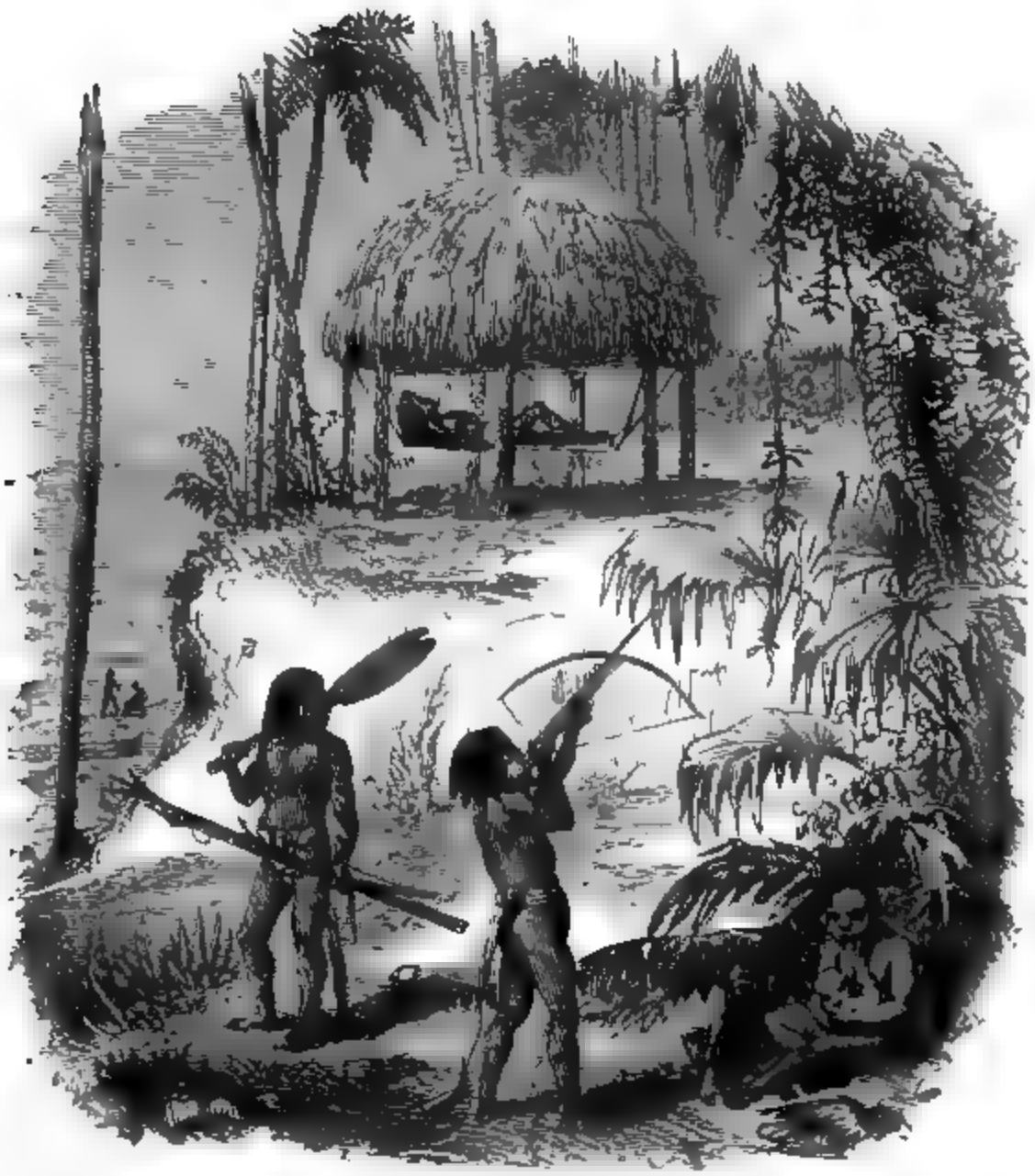
The habitations of these savages are but slightly superior to those of the Australian natives. Four posts are stuck in the ground so as to form a square, two at one side being higher than those at the other, rafters are placed at the top of them, and these again are covered by palm leaves lying over each other in tile fashion. The roof thus formed affords protection from perpendicular rain. Walls are considered unnecessary. They are generally erected in a circle in a clear spot, sheltered by large trees, within a short distance of water.

These primitive huts are adorned with the skulls of pigs and turtles, painted with stripes of red ochre. They use the same red ochre for covering their heads and bodies. Their neighbours of the Nicobar Islands, thirty miles to the south of the Andamans, form huts of a similar description. The Nicobarians are a much finer race and of a less savage disposition, though ugly of countenance. They use cross-bows instead of the Andamanners' long-bow. Their only garment is a piece of cloth fastened round the loins and hanging in a tail behind, the chiefs wearing it trailing several feet on the ground.

To return to the Andamanners. They ingeniously form knives out of pieces of flint chipped very thin. With these, which serve as razors, they scrape the hair off the heads of their women, which are then plastered thickly over with red ochre. This is the only notion which the females

have of adorning themselves; but it does not add to their beauty, as may be supposed.

As I said before, we on this occasion had very little in-



A SCENE IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

tercourse with these unattractive people. Though superior to some of the tribes found in Australia, in certain respects they are infinitely more savage and less tameable.

I will not further describe our life on the island. As the weeks passed by we began anxiously to look out for the return of our friends, or for the appearance of any vessel which might have been despatched to our assistance. Provisions were beginning to grow short, and our anxiety was increasing, when a schooner was discerned in the offing. We eagerly watched her. She approached. At length she came to anchor; and her boat coming on shore, we found that she was the Company's schooner *George Swinton*, and that she had brought us a welcome supply of provisions. In a short time her Majesty's steamer *Ganges* and a brig-of-war arrived, followed by three other vessels which had been chartered to convey the troops and crews of the wrecked ships to Calcutta, as well as everything belonging to them which could be carried away. So little damage had the *Briton* received that, could she have been launched, she might easily have been refitted and continued her voyage, but this was found impossible; it was therefore determined to set her on fire in order to prevent the natives from obtaining possession of her hull. The *Runnymede*, which lay near the outer part of the reef, had become a total loss.

The troops reached Calcutta in safety, many of the poor fellows being destined ere long to leave their bones on the great battle-fields of the Sutlej.[1]

[1] A convict settlement has of late years been formed on one of the Andamans, and it was while visiting it that the late Governor-General of Indja, Lord Mayo, was struck down by the dagger of an Indian fanatic.

[redacted]

CHAPTER II.

WRECK OF H.M.'S BRIG "DRAKE."

IN the good old days when 10-gun brigs of narrow beam, taunt masts, and heavy weight on deck, not unjustly called the coffins of the Royal Navy, carried the flag which has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," the *Drake*, one of those delectable class of craft, was on the Newfoundland station. She was commanded by Captain Charles Baker, as good a seaman and as brave an officer as ever stepped.

Having been sent to Halifax, she sailed again from thence on Thursday morning the 20th June, 1822, Captain Baker having received orders to return with all despatch to St. John's.

The weather was fine and the wind fair, and she made good progress until Sunday morning, when she ran into one of those dense fogs which so frequently hang over the banks of Newfoundland and sweep round the neighbouring coasts. About noon, the fog lifting for a short time, an observation was obtained, by which the position of the brig was found to be about ninety-one miles from Cape Race and fifty-one from Cape St. Mary's. After this she ran on with a fresh breeze for about sixty miles, steering east, when she was hauled off to the south-east. The fog had by this

time come down so densely that it was impossible to see a dozen fathoms ahead; but Captain Baker, anxious to carry out his orders, determined to stand on, feeling his way with the lead and keeping a sharp look-out.

THE "DRAKE'S" LAST NIGHT AT SEA.

Thus the brig proceeded for about an hour and a half, when the cry was raised by the look-out forward of "Breakers ahead!" "Hard a-starboard!" The yards were instantly braced sharp up, and it being seen that she could

not weather the rocks on that tack the helm was put down with the intention of going about; but, while she was in stays, a heavy sea struck her, and she was driven into the breakers, and in another instant fell broadside on the rocks, the following sea dashing completely over her.

All hands were at their stations, looking to their trusted commander for directions. Not a cry was raised. Finding that there was not a prospect of saving the vessel, he immediately gave the order to "Cut away the mainmast!" While the axes were at work and the tall spars were falling the fog lifted, and revealed a rocky shore not many fathoms distant, with the intervening space filled by a mass of foaming waters, which now dashed against the cliffs, now rushed back towards the fierce breakers which roared along the coast, and, as they struck the brig with repeated blows, drove her further on the rock, threatening every instant her destruction.

Short as was the distance, the strongest swimmer could scarcely hope to reach it through that seething caldron; yet it was evident that the brig could not long hold together exposed to the fearful battering she was receiving, and that, unless some communication could be established with the shore, the lives of all would be lost. Notwithstanding the danger of the undertaking, several volunteers stepped forward offering to make the attempt. The offer of one of them named Lennard, who was esteemed the best swimmer in the ship, was accepted. No time was to be lost. Lennard, fastening a lead-line round his waist, was lowered into the surf and was soon striking out bravely; but a current, as it swept by inside the rock, carried him away to the northward, and he was again hauled on board. The boatswain, Turner, a brave fellow, next offered to pull the dingy—the smallest boat on board—through the surf. Fastening a rope round his body, he was lowered into her as she touched the water, and, the crew cheering, away he pulled with lusty strokes towards the shore. How anxiously did all on board watch his progress! Now the little boat with its daring occupant

THE ROCK-BOUND COAST.

was lifted on the crest of a foaming sea, onward she was borne, the next instant to be dashed to pieces on the rocks; but the boatswain was prepared for what he well knew would occur, and leaping out, still holding the rope, he made his way up the cliff.

The sea all this time was making fearful breaches over the brig, while the officers and crew clung to the fore-rigging, expecting every instant that she would go to pieces. As they thus remained calmly awaiting the fatal moment the ship's bell tolled forth a single stroke, the funeral knell as it proved to be of many of their number. In vain they attempted to establish a communication with the shore. The rope which the boatswain held, and which had not been secured to the wreck, was not long enough to reach them.

After the brig had been beating for upwards of an hour in the way which has been described, a tremendous sea lifted her quarter completely over the rock on which she had at first struck and carried her close to a somewhat higher one which rose above the surf.

Hitherto the forecastle had been the only part on which the crew could retain their hold; but now the poop was a more secure position, and they accordingly made their way to it. The brig was driven nearer and nearer the rock till occasionally as she heeled over she was close enough for active men to leap on to it. Captain Baker accordingly ordered everyone on board to make the attempt, but one and all refused to leave the wreck unless he would first secure his own safety. Assuring them how highly he prized their affection, he positively refused to go until they had all quitted the wreck, telling them that his life was the last to be considered. At length, finding that he was firm, they agreed, as they had heretofore done, to obey his orders. It was an operation of great difficulty, for it was only at the moment that the wreck surged upon the rock that the leap could be made, as with each receding wave she was again carried back to a distance. Now one, now another made

the desperate leap and succeeded in gaining the top of the slippery rock; but, unhappily, when it came to the turn of one of the officers, Lieutenant Stanley, in consequence of being benumbed by the cold, he failed in securing a footing, and, being dashed against the rocks, was carried away by the receding wave and lost. Several poor fellows shared the same fate; others, however, made the leap successfully, as did Captain Baker, who was the last man to quit the ill-fated brig: she was seen afterwards falling off the rock and was dashed to pieces. All the survivors, fifty in number, one woman being among them, were left standing together on the rock surrounded by foaming waters.

Although but a few fathoms separated them from the mainland, those few fathoms could not be passed unaided even by the strongest swimmer.

It had been low water when the brig drove on shore, and now to the horror of those who stood on the rock the tide was found to be rapidly rising; each breaker, as it burst with terrific force against the sides, rising higher and higher. Still not a word of complaint was uttered; each man waited calmly to receive the orders of his commander.

The boatswain had in the meantime come down to a point opposite the rock, and succeeded at last in heaving the rope till it was secured by those who stood with outstretched arms to catch it. It was, however, only just of sufficient length to reach across the gulf, so that it could not be secured to the rock on either side. By its means alone did there appear any hope, however, of the shipwrecked party being saved. Even now, had more than one at a time in their eagerness to save their lives attempted to seize the rope, held as it was by an outstretched hand on either side, it would have inevitably been carried away and all would have been lost. With admirable discipline each one waited till, directed by the commander, he ventured to make the passage. Again the crew entreated Captain Baker to lead the way and secure his own safety, but his noble answer was, "I'll never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

As not a moment was to be lost, finding that their commander remained firm in his resolution, one by one, the men clinging to the rope, made their way across to the mainland. Forty-four had thus safely reached it. The poor

CAPTAIN BAKER REFUSING TO LEAVE THE ROCK.

woman, unable to help herself, lay almost senseless on the rock. To desert her was impossible. When it came to the turn of one of the six who remained, a brave fellow taking the woman in his arms and grasping the rope, began to

make the passage across the foaming gulf. Alas! when he was just midway the rope, unable to bear the additional strain, parted, and he and the poor creature he was endeavouring to save were in an instant engulfed and swept away by the foaming current. Those who were safe on shore watched the catastrophe with as much anguish perhaps as did the little band still on the rock. "Then all hope is lost," reached their ears, uttered by Captain Baker. There stood their brave commander, calm as before, one of the men holding the remainder of the rope in his hand. All communication with the mainland was now cut off. A party was immediately despatched into the interior for the purpose of obtaining assistance. While they were gone the rest watched their shipmates on the rock with intense anxiety. The sea rose higher and higher; now the water washed over their feet, the spray at times shrouding them in a veil of foam. Still there they stood. How eagerly was assistance looked for! With one light coil of rope they might have been saved. Again the foam rose above them. They were there still. Would help come in time? Another fearful sea rolled up, breaking with tremendous force, and when with a roar of triumph it receded not a human being was to be seen on the rock. The brave officer and his devoted companions had been swept into eternity.

A letter addressed by the petty officers and crew who had been saved to the first lieutenant shows the high estimation in which they held their commander; a short quotation will show this:—"At the moment he saw death staring him in the face on one side and the certainty of escape was pointed out to him on the other, he staunchly refused to attempt procuring his own safety until every man and boy had been rescued from the impending danger. Indeed the manliness and fortitude displayed by the late Captain Baker on the melancholy occasion of our wreck was such as never before was heard of. It was not as that of a moment, but his courage was tried many hours; and his last determination not to cross from the rock on which he was every moment in

danger of being washed away was maintained with more firmness, if possible, than the first."

In consequence of their request, a monument was erected to the memory of Captain Baker in the chapel of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

[redacted]

CHAPTER III.

MASSACRE OF THE "BOYD'S" CREW.

AMONG the many perils to which seamen are exposed must be reckoned that from the treachery of the savage inhabitants of some of the far distant lands they visit. This was formerly greater than now, since the Missionary of the Gospel has gone forth with the Message of Peace, and been the means of bringing many of the fiercest tribes within the pale of civilization.

The inhabitants of New Zealand were when first visited by Cook, and till long afterwards, the most savage, bloodthirsty, and vindictive people on the face of the earth, with the exception, perhaps, of the Fijians. Both were fearfully addicted to cannibalism, though the latter, undoubtedly, surpassed them in the extent to which they carried that dreadful practice.

Notwithstanding their barbarous customs, the New Zealanders are a fine race of people—tall, powerful, and well made. Though their complexions vary as to shade, they are always of a brown hue, sometimes almost as light as that of Spaniards. Their cheek-bones are high, their noses straight and well formed, and their eyes large, dark, and vivacious. As children, they are pleasing and interesting, full of intelligence, and free and open in their manners.

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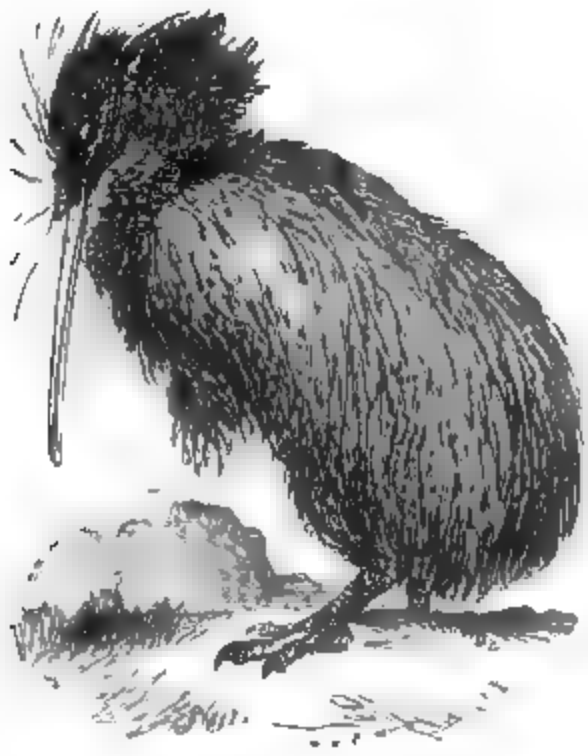

THE APTERYX.

When preparing for a feast, the great chief has a long scaffold erected, on the bars of which supplies of dried fish, pieces of pork and other food, are suspended; while on the upper part, on a flat stage, are placed baskets full of sweet and common potatoes and various vegetables. The guests arrange themselves in a circle round the stage, and the host, after making them a speech, directs his slaves to serve out the provisions, in baskets especially manufactured for the purpose, one to each person of distinction.

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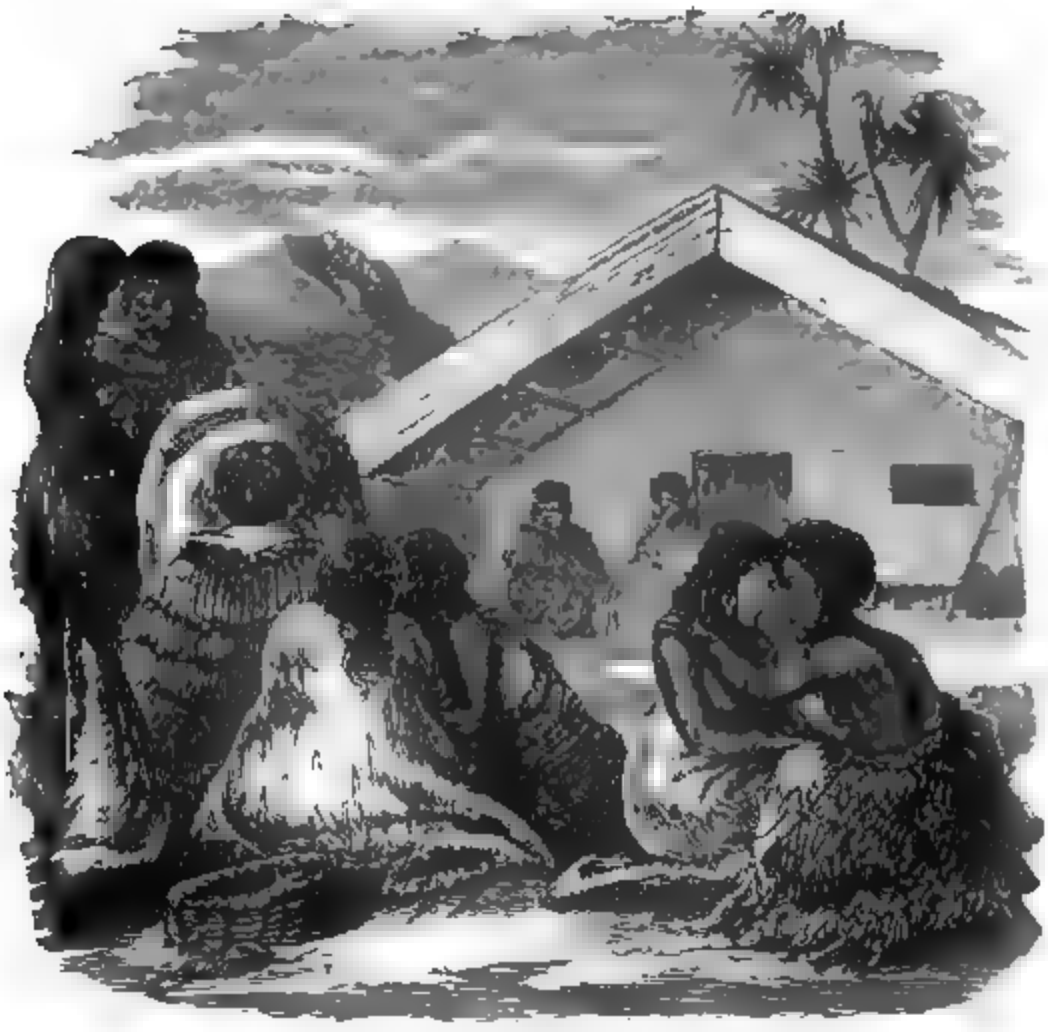
When, however, they grow up to men, they have their faces and bodies completely tattooed with spiral scroll circles and curved lines, which give them a fierce and hideous appearance. They also paint their faces and bodies of a scarlet colour when preparing for battle, throwing aside the mats which form their costume on other occasions. These mats are formed with the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax; they are woven by the women in black and white. The most valuable are the war cloaks of the chiefs. These are sometimes nearly six feet in depth, and sufficiently wide to be wrapped entirely over the body and limbs. They are also ornamented with coloured tags, the bright plumage of a species of parrot being generally used for the purpose.

Though occasionally the women when young are handsome, they are generally inferior to the men, being much shorter and not nearly so well made; and as when they marry they have to perform all the heavy work, their beauty quickly decays. Those who preserve it longest are the daughters of the wealthy chiefs, who can afford to employ slaves to perform the work which would otherwise fall upon them. The lips are the only portion of the women's faces that are tattooed; they are rendered blue by the process, and it is considered disgraceful for a woman to have red lips. One of their most curious customs is that which friends and relations go through after being separated for some time. On the arrival of the party of travellers the chief of the village advances as if clad for war, and brandishing his spear he aims at them as if he intended to pierce the principal chief among the new comers, though he takes care to let it fall on the ground short of his guest. The visitors then squat down silently, and presently each of them is faced by one of their hosts, and goes through the ceremony of the *Tangi*, or pressing noses. This they continue to do, rubbing those members backwards and forwards for some time. On its completion the provisions are produced, and the feast commences.

Pigs and dogs are the only Mammalia they eat; but as the native dog has been transformed by admixture with the

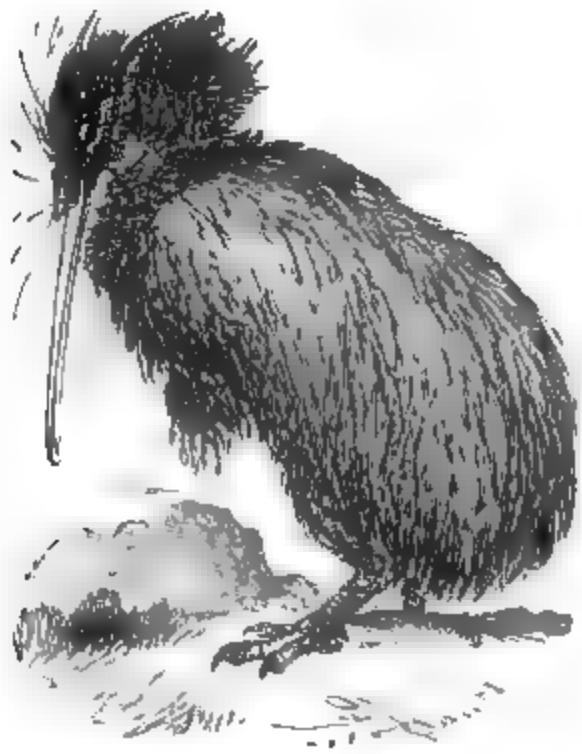
various breeds of English dogs, its use has been abandoned. The pork of the New Zealand pigs, however, is said to surpass that of all others, and to bear much resemblance to veal. The chief vegetable they use is the Kumera, or sweet potato; but the common potato, from being more easily



THE TANGI.

raised and cooked, is generally eaten. The cabbage, as it is called, of the Nikau Palm is highly prized; and they fell every tree which they think likely to produce a young and tender bud. Sometimes this vegetable is eaten raw, and sometimes cooked in the same mode as the potato. There are comparatively few birds in New Zealand. The

most curious is the Apteryx, that name being given to it on account of its being destitute of all but the most rudimentary appearance of wings. It is hunted by the natives for the sake of its skin,which is used for the dresses of chiefs. It conceals itself among the densest fern, and when attacked defends itself by rapid strokes with its powerful feet. The natives call it the Kiwi Kiwi.



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The practice of cannibalism has probably only prevailed

thrusts sharply at the chin of his enemy, and then cuts him down with the edge of his weapon. These fearful weapons are easily hidden behind the mat dresses which the Maori wears, and it was thus prepared that, having left their spears and other weapons in their canoes, they were able to take the crews of so many vessels by surprise. The treacherous plan pursued by the Maoris was to mingle freely with the crew, until each man was close to one of the seamen. At a signal from their chief his followers drew their concealed merais from beneath their mats, and in a moment down they came crashing on the heads of their selected victims.

They have another weapon called the *Patu*. It is a club about five feet long, and has at one end a flat, axe-like head, and at the other a sharp point. Through the lower portion of the head is bored a hole, to which is suspended a bunch of feathers and streamers, the object of which is, when waved in the face of the enemy, to distract his attention; and should the warrior see his foe off his guard, he drives the point of the butt into his body, or deals a tremendous blow with the head, generally making the stroke upwards instead of downwards—indeed it is used very much like the old quarterstaff of the English.

The New Zealanders, however, fight as much on the water as on land. They form various styles of canoes; the smallest is little more than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a sort of trough: this is only used on the rivers. The vessels of which they are most proud are their large war-canoes. They are formed from the cowrie pine, a very large tree. Some of them are upwards of 80 feet in length, and can consequently carry a great number of warriors. The lower portion is simply the hollowed-out trunk; above this gunwales are fitted by flax rope neatly rove through holes drilled in the gunwales, and lower part. The head and stern are decorated with rich carving, and painted with red ochre. Sometimes a single canoe-head has fifty human faces carved on it with the tongue protruded, the cheeks and forehead

comparatively during late years among the New Zealanders. It was commenced by them under the idea that by eating the bodies of their foes slain in war they would imbibe their more heroic qualities, and once having formed a taste for human flesh they at last felt an enjoyment in indulging their appetites without any reference to the consideration which originally tempted them to partake of it. The women and lower orders are not allowed, unless under peculiar circumstances, to eat human flesh. The bodies appear generally to have been cut up before they were baked, and the dreadful food was then served out in baskets.

Mr. Angus describes a spot he visited, the scene of many cannibal feasts. "There was an air of solitude and gloomy desolation about the whole pah, that was heightened by the scream of the plover and the tern as they uttered their mournful cry through the deserted courts. Ovens, where human flesh had been cooked, in heaps still remained, with the stones used for heating them lying scattered around blackened by fire, and here and there a skull lay bleaching in the sun and wind, a grim memorial of the past."

There can be little doubt that the savage feelings aroused in the heart of the New Zealander when engaging in war first introduced cannibalism. He can at that time scarcely be recognized as the same being which he appears in a state of peace. His whole soul is filled with but one idea, that of vengeance; and it is the spirit of revenge and not the mere vulgar instinct of gluttony that induces him to eat the bodies of his fellow-men.

Their chief weapon is the Merai, a short club. It is made either of wood, stone, or bone, the latter material being obtained from the spermaceti whale. In the handle a hole is drilled, through which is passed a plaited cord, by means of which the weapon is hung to the wrist. In shape it much resembles the old Roman sword, supposing the cross-guard removed and the blade rendered convex instead of flat. When a Maori, as the natives call themselves, fights, he first

thrusts sharply at the chin of his enemy, and then cuts him down with the edge of his weapon. These fearful weapons are easily hidden behind the mat dresses which the Maori wears, and it was thus prepared that, having left their spears and other weapons in their canoes, they were able to take the crews of so many vessels by surprise. The treacherous plan pursued by the Maoris was to mingle freely with the crew, until each man was close to one of the seamen. At a signal from their chief his followers drew their concealed merais from beneath their mats, and in a moment down they came crashing on the heads of their selected victims.

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The New Zealanders, however, fight as much on the water as on land. They form various styles of canoes; the smallest is little more than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a sort of trough: this is only used on the rivers. The vessels of which they are most proud are their large war-canoes. They are formed from the cowrie pine, a very large tree. Some of them are upwards of 80 feet in length, and can consequently carry a great number of warriors. The lower portion is simply the hollowed-out trunk; above this gunwales are fitted by flax rope neatly rove through holes drilled in the gunwales, and lower part. The head and stern are decorated with rich carving, and painted with red ochre. Sometimes a single canoe-head has fifty human faces carved on it with the tongue protruded, the cheeks and forehead

covered with tattoo lines, and a pair of goggle eyes made of the haliotis. They are also profusely decorated with bunches of feathers and dogs' hair. When not employed, they are hauled up on shore and covered by thatched roofs. They are propelled by paddles, so shaped that they answer equally well as paddles or weapons of war; these are about five feet in length, with long blades, leaf-shaped and sharply pointed at the tips. The blade also is extremely sharp, so that in every respect it answers the purpose of a patu.

It is time, however, that we should commence the fearful narrative of the loss of the *Boyd*.

In the latter part of the year 1809 the *Boyd*, a ship of 500 tons, commanded by Captain Thompson, left Port Jackson for England, it being intended that she should call at New Zealand on her way to complete her cargo by taking in some spars of the New Zealand pine, greatly valued on account of their straightness and strength.

She had a number of passengers besides her crew, about seventy persons in all, besides four or five New Zealanders, whom she was to convey to their own country. Among the latter was Tarrah, the son of a New Zealand chief, known generally among the sailors by the name of George. His tribe resided in the neighbourhood of Wangarooa Bay, about fifty miles to the north of the Bay of Islands. George had been for some time on board different vessels trading between his native country and New South Wales, and was considered an active, good seaman.

On the passage, however, he declined to work, declaring that he was in ill health, and also that, being the son of a chief, he ought not to be subjected to such degradation.

The captain, however, treated his claims with contempt, and, on his still refusing to work, had him twice tied up to the gangway and flogged with much severity, besides which he was deprived of his usual allowance of food. The sailors generally laughed and jeered at him.

This treatment created in his bosom a settled determination to wreak on their heads the most terrible ven-

geance on the first opportunity. Only one young boy on board behaved towards him with kindness, and showed his sympathy for his sufferings. Tarrah, however, smothered his feelings, and contrived, by an exhibition of good humour during the remainder of the passage, to regain the confidence of the captain, and as the *Boyd* neared the coast he persuaded him to put into Wangarooa Bay, assuring him that it was the best place for procuring the timber he required. Tarrah had now the opportunity of executing his long-matured plan of vengeance.

As soon as the ship had come to an anchor he hastened on shore, and, having detailed his injuries to his tribe, it was resolved that they should be requited. Having succeeded in completely persuading the captain of their friendly intentions, he was invited to land with some of his men, under the pretence that with his assistance they could more easily find such trees as he required.

In the meantime the passengers and crew remained on board admiring the beauty of the scenery and watching the strange, richly ornamented canoes which glided about the bay. All around seemed to be calm and secure.

The captain and his party, having been led into a wood unsuspicious of evil, were suddenly set upon by the savages, and before they could make the slightest resistance the merais came crashing through their brains.

Darkness had come on; the crew of the *Boyd* were expecting the return of their captain and shipmates, when one of the ship's boats was seen approaching. The second officer hailed her, when he was told that the captain meant to remain on shore all night. He had sent off some of the spars which had been cut, with directions that they should be received on board. The next instant a vast number of savages came climbing up the ship's side, and before those on deck could give any alarm the officer was knocked down and his brains beaten out, the seamen on watch being treated in the same manner. The savages then going down to the cabin doors invited those within

to come on deck and see the spars. On this one of the female passengers stepping out was killed as she was ascending the companion ladder.

The alarm was now given. The hapless passengers and crew running here and there in their terror, shrieking for mercy, were set on by the infuriated savages. One of the sailors, hoping to find a protector in an old acquaintance, ran up to George, and, seizing his mat, cried out, "My God! my God! oh, save me!" when the vindictive chief, with a mighty blow of his merai, laid his hapless supplicant dead at his feet.

All was wild and indiscriminate slaughter: every man, woman, and child who could be found was immediately massacred, with the exception of four or five of the seamen who succeeded in escaping up the rigging, and the young boy who had shown kindness to Tarrah; he, running up to the chief in the midst of the slaughter, implored his protection. "Do not be afraid, my boy," he answered; "you are a good boy," and at once took him under his care. A woman also with two children, one of which was her own, managed to conceal herself in the cabin till the fury of the savages was somewhat assuaged. She was, however, at length discovered by an old chief, who seems to have been moved with pity by her tears and entreaties, and promised to spare her life and defend her from his friends.

The seamen who had made their escape aloft remained there unmolested, the Maoris either not perceiving them, or being afraid of ascending to bring them down.

The savages immediately set about plundering the ship of every article of value she contained, the ironwork and fire-arms being a portion of the spoil which principally attracted their cupidity.

Tarrah and many others had gone on shore with their booty, but the old chief his father, and a considerable number of his followers, still remained on board.

It happened that at this time among other articles brought up between decks was a cask of gunpowder, the head of which was driven in. The old chief had got possession of a number of muskets, one of which he snapped directly over a cask, when a spark falling among the powder produced an explosion, which blew the upper works of the *Boyd* into the air, depriving him and all his companions on board of their lives. The people in the canoes alongside paddled off, leaving the sailors in the rigging uninjured.

Early in the morning a chief named Tippahee, who had visited Port Jackson and been well treated there, arrived from the Bay of Islands, where he resided, to trade for dried fish. As he neared the bay the men in the rigging hailed him, and at his invitation came down into his canoe. Instead, however, of taking them away with him he landed them on the coast, being closely pursued by the Wangarooans. Here they vainly attempted to escape from their savage pursuers, who leaping on shore, while old Tippahee was forcibly held back and prevented from interfering, murdered them all before his face.

Some time after this a ship, the *City of Edinburgh*, visited the Bay of Islands to take in a cargo of spars. The supercargo, Mr. Berry, on hearing of the tragedy which had been enacted, with intrepid humanity set out to ascertain if any persons belonging to the unfortunate vessel yet survived, purposing, should such be the case, to rescue them from the hands of the savages. By his decision and presence of mind he obtained the liberation of the poor woman, her child, and the young boy. The fourth was a little girl, two or three years of age, the daughter of a Mr. Broughton, of Sydney, whose mother was among those who perished. The child he found was in the possession of one of the chiefs, who at length promised to give her up. She was not, however, brought to him till after a considerable delay, proceeding, as he discovered, from the wish

of the natives to present her in as decent a manner as possible. She was tolerably clean, with her hair dressed and ornamented with white feathers in the Maori fashion. She was clothed in a linen shirt, which, from the marks upon it, belonged to the captain. She was much emaciated, and her skin was excoriated all over. On being brought to the boat the poor child cried out, in a feeble and complaining tone, "Mamma, my mamma!"

She was carried to Lima in the *City of Edinburgh*, and it was not till a lapse of two years that she was restored to her father in Sydney. While in South America she showed that she recollected perfectly the dreadful scenes she had witnessed on board the *Boyd;* and when the cruel question was occasionally put to her if she recollected what they did to her mamma, her countenance would assume the appearance of the deepest melancholy, and without uttering a word she used to draw her hand across her throat. On further questions being put to her, she answered with every appearance of the most painful feeling that they afterwards cut her up and cooked and ate her like victuals.

Many years afterwards George, the originator of this tragedy, was still alive, but from the treachery of his character he was held in such detestation even by his own countrymen that they seemed to have little or no intercourse with him. On one occasion, when passing by the wreck of the *Boyd* with some English officers, he pointed at it, and remarked to them in his broken English, "That is my ship; she is very sorry, she is crying," but in no instance did he express any compunction for the horrible crime of which he had been guilty.

The unfortunate Tippahee suffered severely from his humane, though useless, interference in the matter. Some time afterwards four or five whalers having put into the Bay of Islands, some enemies of his informed the masters that he was the instigator of the massacre, and as he could not deny having been present the story was believed. Thus

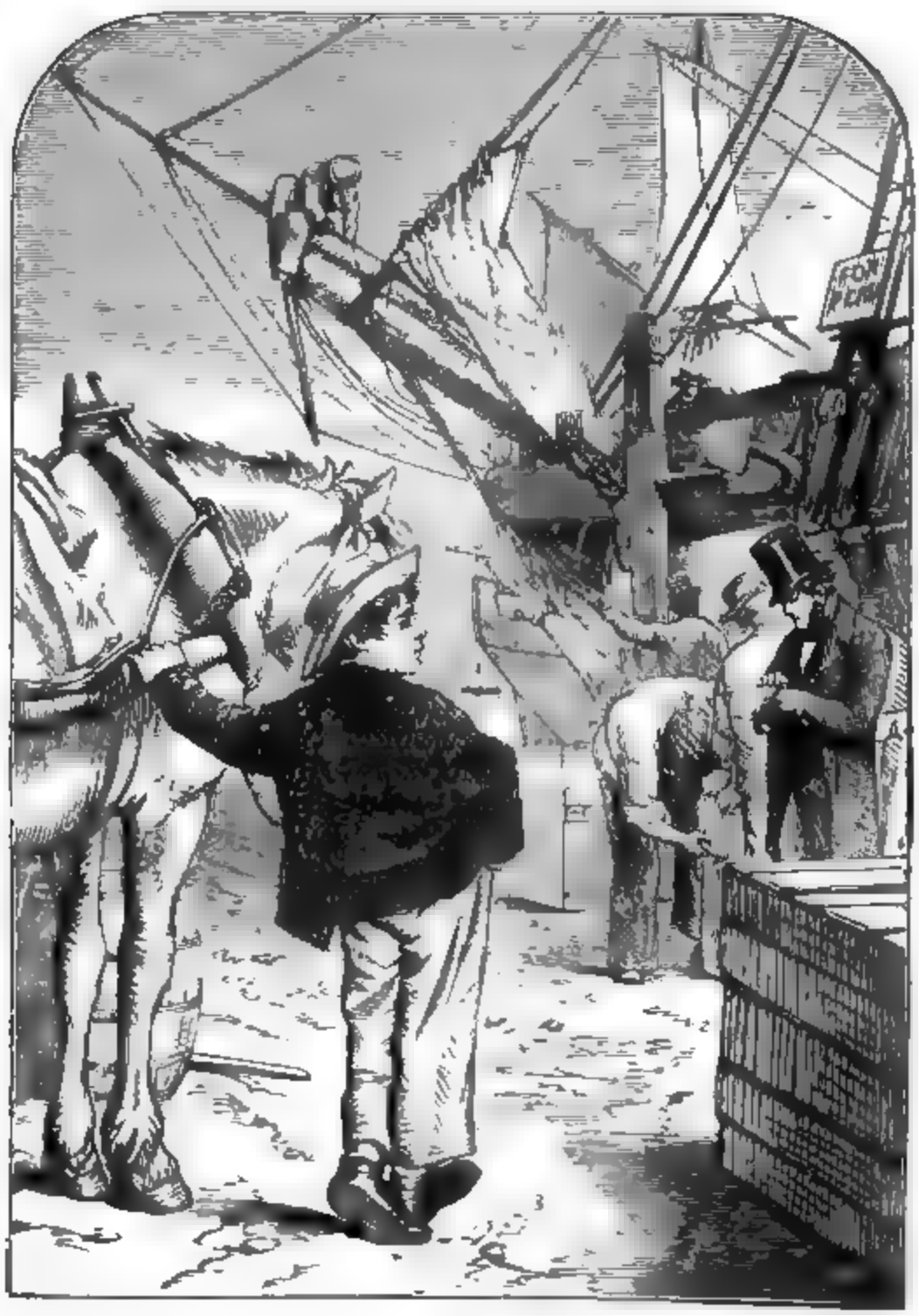
deceived, the masters of the ships uniting their crews attacked the pah in which Tippahee resided, slaughtered the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex, and burned the village and the plantations around. The chief himself, severely wounded, made his escape, only to fall shortly afterwards by the hands of the Wangarooans.

CHAPTER IV.

MASSACRE ON BOARD THE "AGNES," AND THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN RUTHERFORD.

THE fate of the *Boyd* should have warned other mariners of the danger that they incurred by trusting to the pretended friendship of the New Zealanders, such as they were at the time of which we write. This, however, was not the case, and numerous boats' crews, and in several instances the whole of a ship's company, were cut off by the savages.

About the year 1815 the *Agnes*, an American brig, armed with six guns, and having a crew of fourteen men, commanded by Captain Coffin, was engaged in trading for pearl and tortoiseshell among the islands of the Pacific. Touching at Owyhee in the Sandwich Islands, she there received on board an English seaman, John Rutherford, who, having fallen sick, had been left behind on that island to recover his strength. Jack Rutherford had been at sea the greater part of his life, having left England when he was scarcely more than ten years of age. He was born in Manchester about the year 1796, and as soon as he was old enough had become a piercer in a cotton factory, which occupation not suiting his taste he had run off and got on board ship.



HE RAN OFF, AND GOT ON BOARD SHIP.

He had seen service of all sorts. He had been on board a British man-of-war off the coast of Brazil, and was at the storming of San Sebastian in 1813. He afterwards entered on board another king's ship, visited Madras, and Macao in China, where he lay for a year. During this voyage his ship touched at the rarely visited Bashee Islands, as well as at several others in the great Indian Archipelago. On his return from the East he embarked on board a convict vessel bound for New South Wales, and afterwards made two trading voyages among the Islands of the South Seas. His second trading voyage in these seas was made in the *Magnet*, a three-masted schooner, and this vessel he had lately quitted when received on board the *Agnes* by Captain Coffin.

The *Agnes*, after touching at various places, approached the coast of New Zealand for the purpose of putting in for refreshments at the Bay of Islands. A heavy gale from the north-east, however, coming on, the captain very unwillingly, being in great want of water, entered a harbour some distance to the south of the one he wished to make, at which Captain Cook had touched many years before, and called it Poverty Bay.

The ship was soon surrounded by a number of canoes, each paddled by about thirty women, very few men making their appearance. The women were unwisely allowed on board, and showed their disposition by stealing whatever they could lay their hands on. The next morning a chief, who introduced himself by the name of Aimy, came on board in a large war-canoe carrying above a hundred natives with quantities of mats and fishing lines, with which they desired to trade with the crew. The chief, after remaining some time on board, offered to return on shore with one of the ship's boats and to bring off a supply of water. The captain, who wished to keep his crew on board to protect the ship, accepted the offer. In a few hours the boat returned with the water, which was immediately hoisted on board, and the chief and his people went back for a

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further quantity. Those who remained carried on a brisk barter with the crew, bringing about two hundred pigs with fern roots to feed them on. They continued pilfering as before, and during the night a number of articles were stolen. In the morning it was found that the natives had cut the lead off the ship's stern, and had also carried off as many ropes as they could lay hands on.

At daylight the chief returned with the water, when it was found that a number of nails had been extracted from the planks of the boat, which caused her to be very leaky. The captain paid him with two muskets and a quantity of powder and shot, they being the only articles he would receive.

Rutherford had detected one of the natives carrying off the deep-sea lead. On taking it from him the savage ground his teeth, shaking his tomahawk at him with a fierce look. At this time there were about three hundred natives on board, each carrying his merai slung to his waist, Aimy the chief standing in the midst of them. The captain, observing their looks, began to feel alarmed, especially when smoke was seen rising from several of the hills, while the natives appeared to be mustering in great numbers on the beach of the surrounding bay.

Rutherford must now be the narrator of what occurred. The captain, saying he intended to put to sea immediately, ordered us to get our dinners at once and then to loosen sails. As soon as we had dined the hands went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time the captain and cook were alone on deck, the chief mate being in the cabin loading some pistols on the table. Suddenly Aimy the chief threw off his mat cloak, and brandishing his merai began singing a fearful war song, when all the rest, imitating his example and being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence that I thought they would have stove in the deck. One of the natives approached the captain, who was standing near the companion hatch, and struck him three or four blows on the head with his merai, which

instantly killed him. The cook, on seeing him attacked, ran to his aid, but was killed before he could reach him. I now sat down on the jib-boom with tears in my eyes, and trembling with horror. While there I saw the chief mate springing up the companion ladder, but before he could reach the deck he was struck on the neck and fell, but did not immediately die. A number of the natives with loud shouts now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, the remainder being employed in cutting the lanyards of the shrouds. At the same time four of our crew jumped overboard from the fore-yardarm, but were picked up by the canoes, and immediately bound hand and foot. The natives now running up the rigging captured the rest of the crew. While I was expecting nothing less than death, one of the chiefs beckoned me to come to him, which I did immediately. We were then put together into a large canoe with our hands tied, and the natives searching us took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and other articles. The two dead bodies and the wounded mate were thrown into the canoe along with us. The poor mate groaned terribly from the agony he suffered, while one of the natives kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue.

"Meantime a number of the women who had been on board jumped into the sea, and, having cut the ship's cable, swam to the shore, while she ran aground on the bar near the mouth of the river.

"Some of the pigs which had been bought were killed on board and carried on shore in the canoes, others were thrown into the sea, and as they swam towards land the natives jumped on their backs and killed them by striking them on the head with their merais.

"Many of the natives, having loaded their canoes with plunder from the ship, came to land, and then began to quarrel about the division of the spoil, several being killed. While this was going forward we were kept in the canoe, but when the sun set the natives conveyed us to one of the

villages, where they tied us by the hands to several small trees. The poor mate had expired before we got on shore, so that there now remained only twelve of us alive. The three dead bodies were then hung up by the heels to the branches of a tree. A number of large fires were also kindled on the beach for the purpose of giving light to the canoes which all night long went backwards and forwards between the shore and the ship.

"The next morning I observed that the surf had driven the ship over the bar, and that she was nearly aground at the mouth of the river. Everything they prized being landed, the natives set her on fire. After this they all mustered on an open piece of ground near the village, where they remained standing for some time. At length, with the exception of five chiefs, of whom Aimy was one, all sat down in a large circle, the chiefs standing in their midst. These then approached the place where we stood bound to the trees; and after they had consulted together for some time, Aimy released me and another man, and, taking me into the middle of the ring, made signs that we were to sit down. It was a time of awful suspense, for we could not tell at what moment the weapons might be lifted which were to deprive us of life. After a few minutes the other four chiefs came also into the ring, bringing along with them four more of our men, who were made to sit down beside us. The chiefs now walked backwards and forwards in the ring talking together, with their merais in their hands. The rest of the natives continued perfectly silent, apparently listening to them with great attention. At length one of the chiefs spoke to a native seated on the ground, who immediately rose, and lifting his fearful merai, advanced toward the other six men who were still tied to the trees. He then struck one after the other a tremendous blow with his merai, which went crashing through their skulls; and as they lay groaning and struggling in the agonies of death, the natives burst into fits of savage laughter. We could not refrain from weeping at the sad fate of our shipmates, not

knowing whose turn it might be next to suffer in the same way. Several of the savages, on observing our tears, laughed louder and brandished their weapons near us. Some of them now proceeded to dig eight large round holes, each about a foot deep, into which they afterwards put a great quantity of dry wood, and covered it over with a number of stones. They then set fire to the wood, which continued burning till the stones became red hot. In the meantime others stripped the bodies of our shipmates, which after they had washed in the river they cut up, and laid them on several green boughs spread on the ground near the fires. When the stones were red hot, the largest pieces of the burning wood were pulled up out of the holes, and some green bushes, dipped in water, were laid around their edges, they being then covered over with green leaves. The mangled bodies were then laid upon the top of the leaves, with a quantity of leaves also strewed over them, and after this a straw mat was spread over the top of each hole, lastly some water was poured upon each mat, which running through to the stones, created a thick steam, and then the whole was instantly covered over with earth.

"After this some roasted fish was given us to eat, and three women were employed in roasting fern roots for us. Our meal, which we partook of but sparingly, being concluded, we were conducted to a house, when each of us received a mat and some dried grass to sleep upon. Here we spent the night, two of the chiefs sleeping in the same hut.

"Next morning, as soon as it was daylight, we and the chiefs got up and went and sat down outside the house. Here we found a number of women making baskets of green flax, into some of which the bodies of our poor shipmates, which had been cooking all night, were then put, while others were filled with potatoes prepared in a similar way. A short time after this the chiefs assembled, and having seated themselves on the ground, the baskets were placed before them, and they proceeded to distribute the flesh to the multitude, giving one basket among a certain number. They also sent

us a basket of potatoes and some of the flesh, but, shuddering at the horrible food, we made a present of it to one of the natives.

"Why our lives were spared we could not tell. We spent another night on the coast, and the following morning, the ship still continuing to burn, we set out in company with the five chiefs on a journey inland. About fifty natives followed, loaded with the plunder of the *Agnes*. We travelled about ten miles through woods and swamps, the journey being very fatiguing. At last we arrived at a village belonging to one of the chiefs, whose name was Rangadi. He was received on his arrival by about two hundred of the inhabitants, who came kneeling down around him, crying and cutting their arms and faces and other parts of their bodies with sharp pieces of flint till the blood flowed from their wounds. The house of the chief to which we were taken was the largest in the village, being both long and wide, although very low, and having no other entrance than an aperture, which was shut by a sliding door, and this was so low that it was necessary to crawl in upon hands and knees. Two large pigs and a quantity of potatoes were cooked as I have described. The repast was served in the open air, we taking our places beside the chiefs, while the slaves were at a distance.

"Besides the dwelling-houses, or huts rather, there was a public storehouse, which was larger even than the habitation of the chief. The sides and roof were formed of sticks intertwisted with grass, with a doorway closed by a slide just large enough to admit a man. The roof projected over this, and was ornamented with a variety of grotesque figures carved in wood, and painted red. The huts, as well as the storehouse, are also ornamented with carving. Over the door of each of them is a figure stuck on the ridge pole, to show that no slave may enter the house during the absence of the owner. Should one venture to go in, he would be put to death.

"The natives never use the baskets in which provisions are

served twice. The only vessel they have for holding liquid is a calabash. When they drink out of it they do not allow it to touch their lips, but hold their faces backwards, and pour the liquor into their mouths. After feeding, they place themselves in a row, when a slave goes from one to

CHIEF'S STOREHOUSES.

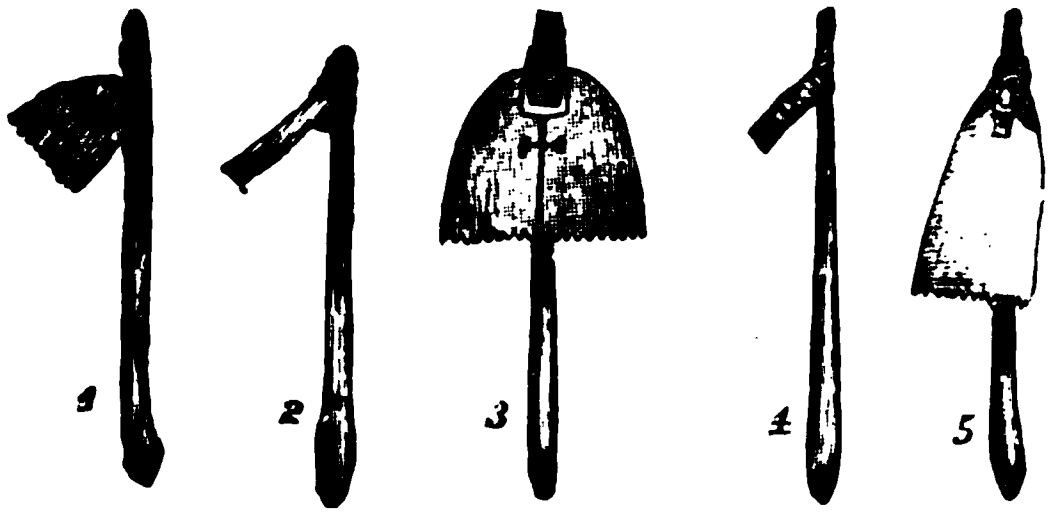
another with a calabash, from which he pours the water, for that is the only beverage they drink, into the mouths of his masters. After dinner we sat round a large fire inside the house, when several women, who were good-looking, amused them-

selves by feeling our fingers, opening the breasts of our shirts, and sometimes pinching the calves of our legs, which made us think that they were examining us to see if we

A TATTOOED CHIEF.

were fat enough for eating. The fire being put out, we retired to rest as usual, but though it had been extinguished the house was still filled with smoke, the door being shut, and there being neither chimney nor window.

"In the morning when we rose the chief gave us back our knives, pipes, and tobacco-boxes, which had been taken from us while we were in the canoe. We then breakfasted on some potatoes and cockles, which had been brought from the sea-coast in baskets. Aimy's wife and two daughters now arrived, and another grand crying ceremony took place. When it was over, the three ladies came and looked at me and my companions. In a short time they took a fancy to some small gilt buttons which I had on my waistcoat, and Aimy making a sign for me to cut them off, I immediately did so, and presented them for their acceptance. They received them gladly, and, shaking hands with me, exclaimed, 'The white man is very good!'



TATTOOING CHISELS.

"The whole of the natives having then seated themselves on the ground in a ring, we were brought into the middle, and being stripped of our clothes and laid on our backs, we were each of us held down by five or six men, while two others commenced the operation of tattooing us. Having taken a piece of charcoal and rubbed it upon a stone with a little water until they had produced a thick liquid, they dipped into it an instrument made of bone, which had a sharp edge like a chisel, and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe, and immediately applied it to the skin, striking it twice or thrice with a small piece of wood; this made it cut into the flesh, as a knife would have done, and caused a considerable

flow of blood, which they kept wiping off with the side of the hand, to see if the impression was sufficiently clear. They employed various instruments in the course of the operation: one was like a shark's tooth, and another having teeth like a saw; they were of different sizes, to suit the different parts of the work. Although the pain was most acute, I never either moved nor uttered a sound, but my comrades moaned dreadfully. The operators were very quick and dexterous, but I was four hours under their hands, and during the operation Aimy's eldest daughter several times wiped the blood from my face with some dressed flax. After it was over she led me to the river that I might wash myself, for it had made me completely blind, and she then conducted me to a large fire. The savages now returned us our clothes with the exception of our shirts, which the women kept for themselves, wearing them with the fronts behind.

"We were now not only tattooed, but what is called tabooed; that is, made sacred or forbidden to touch provisions of any kind with our hands.

"Thus we continued for three days, and during the time were fed by the daughters of the chief with the same victuals and out of the same baskets as the chiefs themselves. In three days the swellings which had been produced by the operation had greatly subsided, and I began to recover my sight, but it was six weeks before I was completely well. We remained at Aimy's village for about six months. John Watson however, soon after our arrival, was carried away by a chief called Nainy. We had a house to live in, and an iron pot taken from the ship was given us for cooking our provisions. It was tabooed, so that no one dared to steal it.

"At last leaving another of our number behind, we proceeded on with Aimy and another chief further inland. Reaching a village, the chief of which was named Plama, John Smith was left behind with him. I and two others travelled on for about twelve miles further, when we

stopped at a third village. The chief, who was called Ewanna, treated us very kindly, and made us a present of a large pig, which we killed after the English fashion. The natives generally kill a pig by drowning, in order that the blood may not be lost. No person was allowed to take any part of the pig unless he received some from us.

"Here we left another of our shipmates—poor Jefferson—who with tears in his eyes, as we were parting, exclaimed, 'God bless you both; we shall never see each other again.'

"Reaching the side of a river, after dining we waded across it, and found ourselves in the midst of cultivated ground, on which were growing potatoes, turnips, cabbage, tara (a root like a yam), water-melons, and sweet potatoes. Crossing another river in a canoe we arrived in front of a village, where a number of women were standing waving their mats, exclaiming, as we approached, *Ara mi*, which means 'Welcome home.' We were then taken to Aimy's house, which was the largest in the village, built in the usual manner, having walls formed of large twigs covered with rushes, with which it was also thatched. A pig was now killed for us and cooked, with sweet potatoes, on which we supped, and afterwards seating ourselves around a fire we listened to several of the women singing. In the meantime an unhappy slave girl was killed and put into a hole in the earth, and roasted in the manner I have before described, in order to furnish a feast the following day in honour of the chief's return home. The next morning a number of the natives were set to work to build us a house of the same form and size as that in which the chief lived.

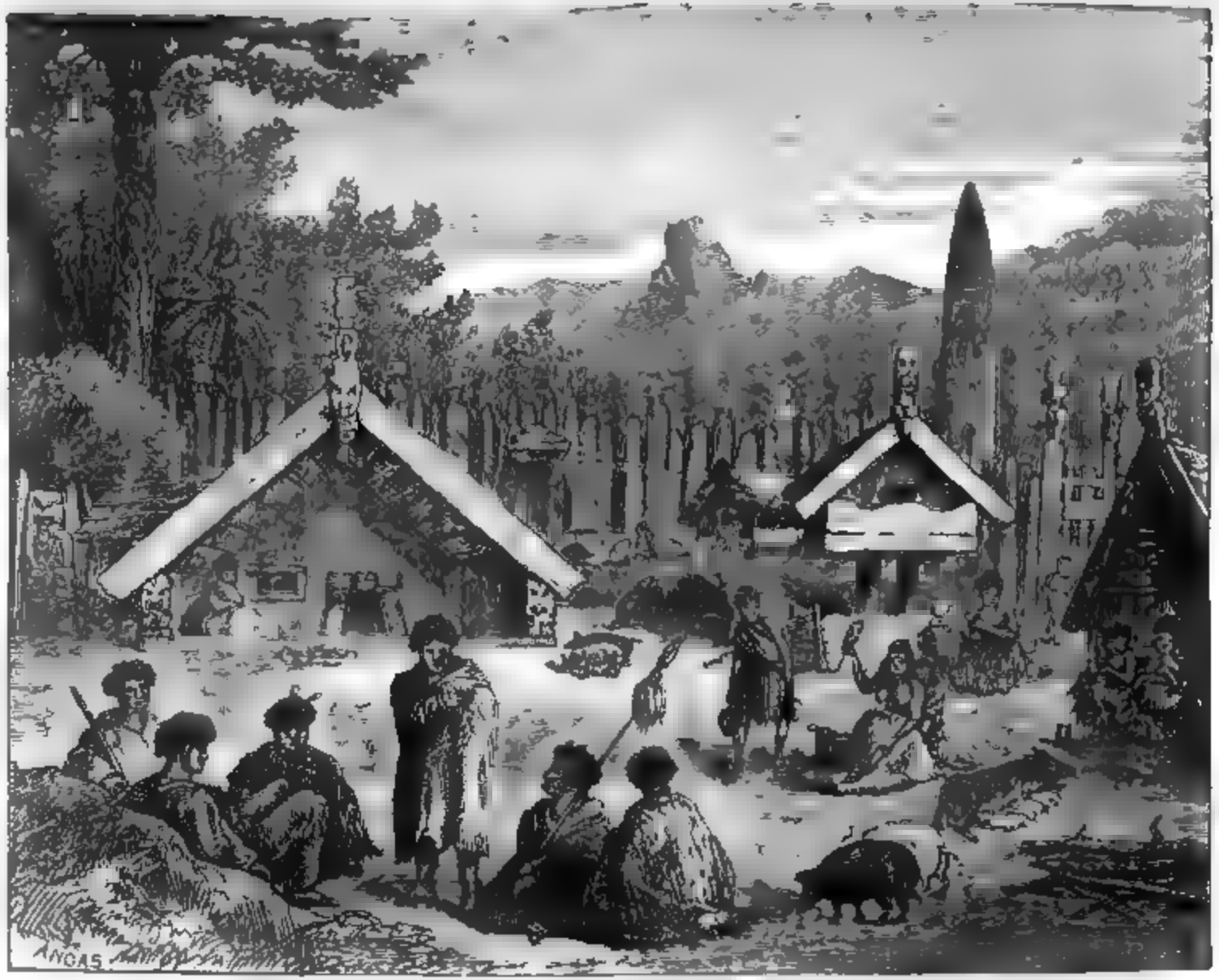
"In the course of the day many other chiefs arrived at the village, accompanied by their families and slaves, to welcome Aimy home, which they did in the usual manner. Some brought with them a quantity of water-melons, which they gave to me and my shipmates. The grand feast then took place, when a large quantity of pigs and potatoes and other vegetables were consumed, and afterwards the body of the poor slave girl was taken out of the oven, and the cannibals

proceeded to feast on it in the most eager manner. We were not asked to partake of it, for Aimy knew that we had before refused to eat human flesh.

"Our house was finished in about a week, and having taken up our abode in it we were allowed to live pretty much as we pleased. For the first year of our arrival in Aimy's village we spent our time chiefly in fishing and shooting, for the chief had a capital double-barrelled fowling-piece, as well as plenty of powder and duck shot which we had brought from our vessel, and he used to entrust me with the fowling-piece whenever I had a mind to go out shooting. We were generally fortunate enough to bring home a good many wood-pigeons.

"At last it happened that Aimy and his family went to a feast at another village a few miles distant from ours, and my messmate and I were left at home with nobody but a few slaves and the chief's mother, an old woman who was sick, and attended by a doctor. During the absence of the family my shipmate chanced to lend his knife to a slave to cut some rushes, and when this was done he received it back again. Soon afterwards he and I killed a pig, from which we cut a portion into small pieces, and put them into our iron pot along with some potatoes, which we had also peeled with our knives. When the potatoes were cooked the old woman desired us to give her some, which we did in the presence of the doctor, and she ate them. Next morning she died, and soon after the chief and his family returned home. A number of strangers, chiefs, and others having arrived, a great feast was held, after which the chief began to inquire very closely into what the old woman had eaten for the three days before she expired.

"At last, the doctor having retired from the ring which they had formed, an old chief having stepped forward with three or four white feathers stuck in his hair, and having walked several times up and down in the ring, addressed the meeting, and said that in his opinion the old woman's death had been occasioned by her having eaten potatoes that had



INTERIOR OF A PAH OR VILLAGE

been peeled by the white man's knife after it had been used for cutting rushes, on which account he thought the white man should be killed, which would be a great honour conferred upon the memory of the dead woman.

"To this proposal many of the other chiefs expressed their assent, and it seemed about to be adopted by the court. Meanwhile my companion stood trembling, and unable to speak from fear. I then went forward myself into the ring, and told them that if the white man had done wrong in lending his knife to the slave he had done so ignorantly, from not knowing the customs of the country. I ventured at the same time to address Aimy, beseeching him to spare my shipmate's life. He, however, kept his seat on the ground without seeming to take any notice of what I said, and while I was yet speaking to him the chief with the white feather went and stuck my poor friend on the head with a merai and killed him. Aimy, however, would not allow him to be eaten. The slaves, therefore, having dug a grave for him, he was interred under my directions.

"Such I could not help feeling might be my fate one day or other. It did not raise my spirits.

"My clothes at length, after I had patched them in all sorts of ways, would no longer hold together, and the only garment I had to wear was a white flax mat given me by the chief, which being thrown over my shoulders came as low as my knees. Thus having neither hat, shoes, nor stockings, I was obliged to go about both bareheaded and barefooted.

"I had at first kept a reckoning of days by notches on a stick, but at length I gave up this mode of noting time.

"It happened at last, while we were all assembled at a feast in our village, that Aimy called me to him in the presence of several more chiefs, and having told them of my activity in shooting and fishing, concluded by saying that he wished to make me a chief if I would give my consent. This I readily did, upon which my hair was immediately cut with an oyster-shell in front, in the same manner that the chiefs have theirs cut, and several of them made me a present of some mats, and

promised to send me some pigs the next day. I now put on a mat covered with red ochre and oil, such as was worn by the other chiefs, and my head and face were also anointed with the same composition by the chief's daughter, who was an entire stranger to me. I received at the same time a handsome stone merai, which I always carried with me. Aimy now advised me to take two or three wives, it being the custom of the chiefs to have as many as they think proper, and after a large number had been offered me, from whom I could not make up my mind to select any, he gave me his two daughters, who were both handsome, mild, and good tempered. After I was married I frequently made journeys with Aimy, when usually one of my wives accompanied me, and we were attended by about twenty slave women to carry our provisions, everyone of whom bore on her back, besides a supply for her own consumption, about thirty pounds of potatoes, and drove before her a pig, which she held by a string tied to the fore-leg.

"Sometimes our journeys were made by water and sometimes by land. On one of these journeys I fell in with an Englishman named James Mowry, who told me he had formerly been a boy on board the ship *Sydney Cove*, which had put in near the South Cape, when a boat's crew, of which he was one, had been sent on shore for the purpose of trading with the natives. They were attacked, and every man killed except himself, he having been protected by the daughter of a great chief called Otago, whom he had since married. He had been eight years in the country, and had become so completely reconciled to the manners and ways of life of the natives that he had resolved never to leave it. He also had been made a chief, and had often accompanied the natives in their wars.

"One day, after our return home, a messenger arrived from the neighbouring village with the news that all the chiefs for miles around were about to set out in three days for a place called Kipara, near the source of the River Thames, a distance of about two hundred miles from our village,

where they were going to fight a number of chiefs from the Bay of Islands on the River Thames. The women were immediately set to work to make new baskets for carrying our provisions, and everything else was got ready for our journey as quickly as possible. Each person on such an expedition finds his own arms and ammunition, as also provisions and slaves to carry them. The day appointed arrived, and I started with the rest, being armed with my merai, a brace of pistols, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece, with plenty of ammunition. I was accompanied by my wife Epecka, who carried three new mats for a bed, which had been made by Eshou. The warriors and slaves forming our party amounted to about five hundred.

"While on the journey, if we came to a friendly village at night, we slept there; if not, we encamped in the woods.

"We were five weeks in reaching Kipara, where about eleven hundred natives were encamped by the side of the river. Huts were immediately erected on our arrival, and one was allotted to me and my wife. The river was about half a mile wide, and not more than four feet deep. On the opposite side of it about four hundred of the enemy were encamped, waiting for reinforcements. Meanwhile messengers were continually passing from one party to the other with messages concerning the war, and one of them informed me that there was a white man in his party who wished to see me, as did also the chief, who would give me permission to cross the river and meet him, and that I might return unmolested whenever I thought proper. With Aimy's consent, therefore, I crossed the river unarmed, and when I arrived on the opposite side several of the chiefs saluted me in the usual manner by touching my nose with theirs. I then took my seat in the midst of them by the side of the white man, who told me that his name was Mawman, that he was a native of Port Jackson, and that he had run away from *The Tees* (sloop-of-war) while she lay at these islands. He was now living with a chief called Rawmatty, whose daughter he had married. He said that

he had been at the Bay of Islands a short time before, and had seen several English missionaries. He also said that he had heard that the natives had lately taken a vessel at a place called Wangalore, which they had plundered and then turned adrift, but that the crew had escaped in their boats and put to sea.

"During my visit a slave was brought up before one of the chiefs, who, immediately rising from the ground, struck him with his merai, and killed him. The heart was taken out of the slave as soon as he had fallen, and instantly devoured by the chief who slew him. This chief's name was Shungie. He, with another, had lately been in England, and had been presented to many of the nobility, from whom he received many valuable presents; among others a double-barrelled gun and suit of armour, which he had since worn in many battles. His reasons for killing the slave was that he had stolen the suit of armour and was running away with it to the enemy. This was the only act of theft I saw punished in New Zealand.

"Although Shungie had been two years among Europeans, I consider him to be one of the most ferocious cannibals of his native country. He protects the missionaries who live on his ground entirely for the sake of what he can get from them.

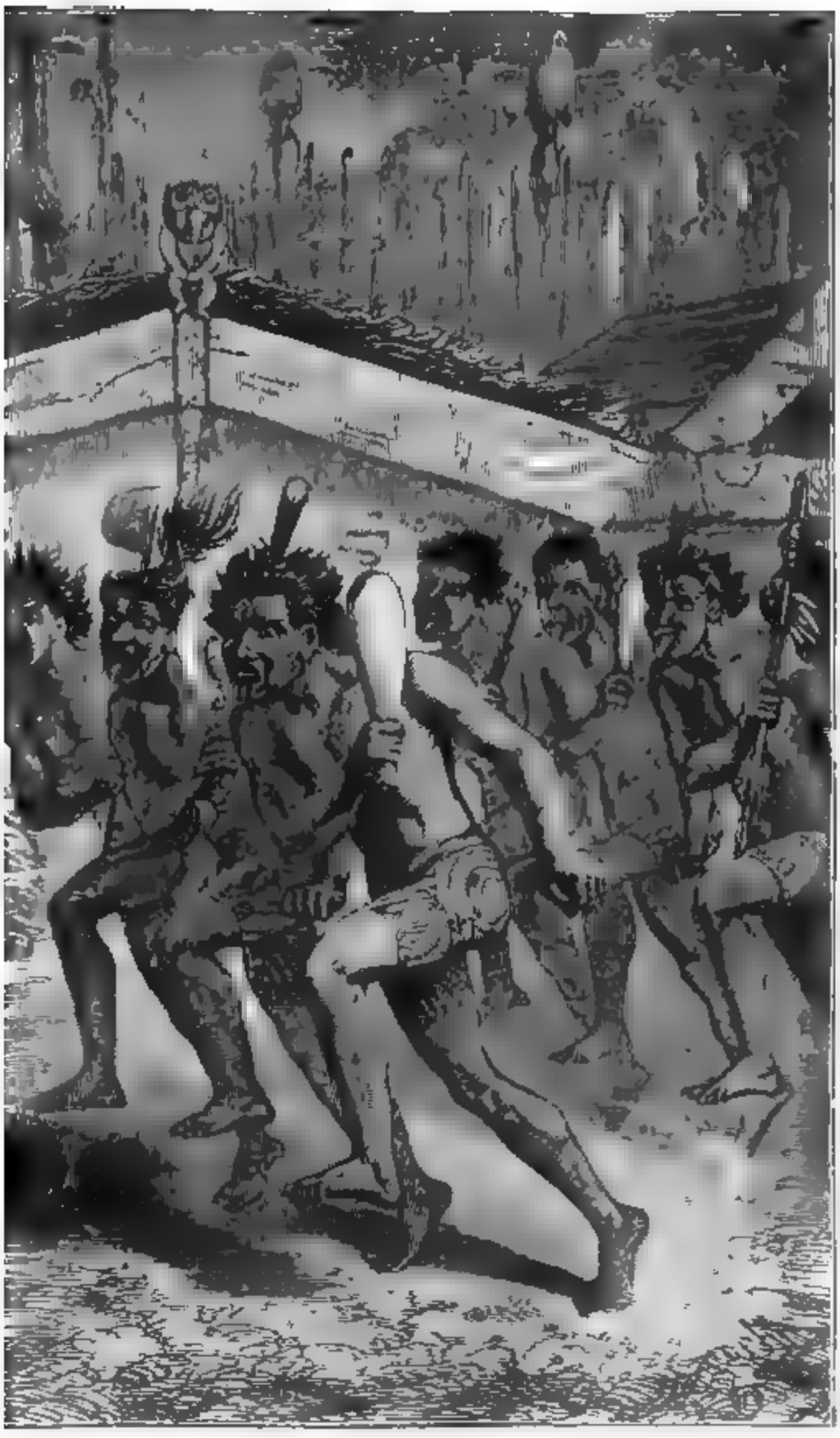
"I now returned to my own party. Early the next morning the enemy retired to the distance of about two miles from the river. Upon observing this my friends immediately threw off their mats and got under arms. The two armies had altogether about two thousand muskets among them. Having crossed the river, I took my stand on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant from where my party halted, so that I had a full view of the engagement. I was not myself required to fight, but I loaded my double-barrelled gun, and thus armed remained at my post, my wife and the two slave girls having seated themselves at my feet. The commander-in-chief of our party now stepped forward a few yards, and placing himself in front of his

troops, commenced a war-song. When this was ended both parties danced a war-dance, singing at the same time as loud as they could, and brandishing their weapons in the air. Having finished their dance, our party formed into a line of two deep, the women and boys stationing themselves about ten yards in the rear. The two bodies then advanced to within about a hundred yards of each other, when they fired off their muskets. Few of them put the musket to the shoulder while firing it, but merely holding it at the charge. They only fired once, and then throwing their muskets behind them, where they were picked up by the women and boys, drew their merais and tomahawks out of their belts, when a war-song being screamed by the whole of them together in a manner most dismal to be heard, the two parties rushed into close combat.

"Meantime the women and boys followed close behind them, uttering the most shocking cries I ever heard. These last received the heads of the slain from those engaged in the battle as soon as they were cut off.

"The engagement had not lasted many minutes when the enemy began to retire, and were pursued by our party through the woods. Some of them in their flight passed the hill on which I stood, and one threw a short jagged spear at me as he passed, which stuck in the inside of my left thigh, and it was afterwards cut out by the women with an oyster-shell. The operation left a wound as large as a common-sized tea-cup, and as soon as it had been performed, I was carried across the river on a woman's back to my hut, where my wife applied some green herb to the wound, which immediately stopped the bleeding, and also made the pain much less severe.

"In a short time our party returned victorious, bringing along with them many prisoners. Persons taken in battle, whether chiefs or not, become slaves to those who take them. One of our chiefs had been shot by Shungie, and the body was brought back and laid upon some mats before the huts. Twenty heads also were placed upon long spears,



WAR-DANCE

which were stuck up around our huts, and nearly twice as many were put on the fires to be cooked in the accustomed way. Our party continued dancing and singing all night, and the next morning they had a grand feast on the dead bodies and fern-roots in honour of the victory they had gained. The name of the chief whose body lay in front of our huts was Ewanna. He was one of those who were at the taking of our vessel. His body was now cut into several pieces, which being packed into baskets covered with black mats, were put into one of the canoes to be taken with us down the river. Several other chiefs on both sides were killed; their heads were brought home by our people as trophies of war, and cured in the usual manner.

"We now left Kipara in a number of canoes, and proceeded down the river to a place called Shaurakke, where the mother of one of the chiefs who was killed resided. When we arrived in sight of this place, the canoes all closed together and joined in singing a funeral song. By this time several of the hills before us were crowded with women and children, their faces painted with ochre, and their heads adorned with white feathers. They were waving their mats and calling out to us, *Ara mi*, *ara mi*, the usual welcome home. After the funeral song was ended we disembarked from our canoes, which we hauled up from the river, and our party then performed a dance entirely naked, after which they were met by another party of warriors from behind a hill, with whom they engaged in a sham fight, which lasted about twenty minutes. Both parties then seated themselves around the house belonging to the chief of the village, in front of which the baskets containing the dead body were at the same time placed. They were then all opened, and the head being taken out and decked with feathers was placed on the top of one of the baskets, while the rest of the heads that had been taken at the battle were stuck on long spears in various parts of the village. Meanwhile the mother of the slain chief stood on the roof of the house dressed in a feathered cloak and turban, continually

MOURNING OVER A DEAD CHIEF.

turning herself round, wringing her hands, and crying for the loss of her son. The dead body having been in a few days buried with the usual ceremonies, all prepared to return to our own village."

The most warlike chiefs generally reside in pahs, which are forts, or strongholds, erected on some eminence. Within the pah the chief, with his people and most valuable possessions, take refuge when reduced to extremity by their enemies.

The pahs are curious examples of uncivilized engineering; some are built on the very edge of a perpendicular precipice, so that they cannot be attacked on three sides, while the fourth can only be approached by a narrow path, along which a few men alone can pass at a time, and which can be defended by a comparatively small number of the besieged. Until firearms were introduced the defenders could indeed bid defiance to all enemies. They were so situated that by simply rolling stones down the approach the path could be cleared of every foe. They are surrounded by trenches, and have ingenious sally-ports, so constructed that the defenders can issue from an unsuspected part of the fort, make a sudden attack on the assailants, and again retreat through the same opening. They are also fenced round with strong posts lashed so firmly together that they are able to resist any ordinary attack. The Maoris have of late years improved greatly in the construction of these pahs. In several, angles have been thrown out to secure a flanking fire, while in the interior traverses have been constructed in the trenches as well as rifle-pits, and indeed every device of modern warfare.

"Soon after our return home from the battle I have described," continues Rutherford, "we were alarmed by seeing smoke ascending from several of the mountains, and by the natives running about the village in all directions, and singing out *Kipoke*, which signifies a ship on the coast. I was overjoyed to hear the news. Aimy and I, accompanied by several of the warriors, and followed by a number

his canoe. They would have flogged the rest also had not I interceded for them, considering that there might still be some of my unfortunate shipmates living on shore, on whom they might avenge themselves. The captain now consented to take me along with him, and the canoe having been sent adrift, we stood off from the island.

"For the first sixteen months of my residence in New Zealand, I had counted the days by means of notches on a stick, but after that I had kept no reckoning. I now, however, learned that the day on which I was taken off the island was the 9th of January, 1826. I had therefore been a prisoner among the savages ten years all but two months."

We can but briefly note the remainder of Rutherford's adventures. Captain Jackson supplied him with clothes, and treated him with great kindness. On the ship reaching Otaheite, Rutherford engaged himself in the service of the British consul, and was married shortly afterwards to a native woman, by Mr. Pritchard, an English missionary. He was also employed here as an interpreter by Captain Beechey of the *Blossom* sloop-of-war, then engaged in surveying those islands.

Longing, however, to see his native land, he embarked on the 6th of January, 1827, on board the brig *Macquarie*, bound for Port Jackson, promising his wife and friends that he would return, in a couple of years, to end his days at Otaheite. Instead, however, of going directly home, he joined the Sydney Packet, bound for Rio de Janeiro. He there went into the service of a gentleman named Harris, who, on learning his history, presented him to the Emperor Don Pedro. The Emperor offered him employment in his navy, but this Rutherford declined, preferring to return to England in the *Blanche* frigate, on board which he obtained a passage through the British consul.

On his arrival, he at once went to his native town, and afterwards obtained the means of supporting himself by accompanying a travelling caravan, when he used to show his tattooing and narrate his adventures.

of slaves loaded with mats and potatoes, and driving pigs before them, for the purpose of trading with the ship, immediately set off for Tokamardo, and in two days arrived at that place. I now perceived the ship under sail, at about twenty miles distant from the land, off which the wind was blowing strongly, which prevented her nearing it. Meanwhile, as it was drawing towards night, we encamped and sat down to supper. I observed that many of the natives wore round their necks and wrists many of the trinkets which had been taken out of our vessel. The chiefs now consulted together, and resolved that if the ship came in they would take her, and murder the crew. Next morning she was observed to be much nearer than she had been the night before, but the chiefs were still afraid that she would not come in, and therefore agreed that I should be sent on board on purpose to decoy her to the land, which I promised to do. I was then dressed in a feathered belt, cloak, and turban, and armed with a battle-axe, the head of which was formed of a stone which resembles green glass, but is so hard as to turn the heaviest blow of the hardest steel. In this attire I went off in a canoe, accompanied by a son of one of the chiefs and four slaves. When we came alongside of the vessel (which turned out to be an American brig, commanded by Captain Jackson, employed in trading among the South Sea Islands, and then bound for the coast of California), I immediately went on board, and presented myself to the captain, who, as soon as he saw me, exclaimed, 'Here is a white New Zealander!' I told him that I was not a New Zealander, but an Englishman, on which he invited me into his cabin, where I gave him an account of my errand and of my misfortunes. I informed him of the danger his ship would be exposed to if he put into that part of the island, and therefore begged of him to stand off as quickly as possible, and take me along with him, as this was the only chance I had ever had of escaping. By this time the chief's son had stole into the ship, when the crew tied him up and flogged him with the clew of one of their hammocks, afterwards sending him down into

his canoe. They would have flogged the rest also had not I interceded for them, considering that there might still be some of my unfortunate shipmates living on shore, on whom they might avenge themselves. The captain now consented to take me along with him, and the canoe having been sent adrift, we stood off from the island.

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His object was to acquire a sum of money to enable him to return to Otaheite. He is supposed to have embarked on board ship with that object in view, but whether he ever reached the island is not known, as no mention is made of his return by missionaries or others.

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE "PORT AU PRINCE," AND THE ADVENTURES OF MR. MARINER IN THE TONGA ISLANDS.

THE *Port au Prince*, a private ship-of-war, of about five hundred tons and a hundred men, mounting twenty-four long 9- and 12-pounders, besides eight 12-pounder carronades on the quarter-deck, and commanded by Captain Duck, a good seaman and a kind and humane man, sailed from Gravesend on the 12th of February, 1805.

As England was then at war with France and Spain she obtained a commission to act as a "Letter of Marque," which allowed her to attack and capture, if she could, any of the enemy's ships she might meet with. Her chief business, however, was to hunt the spermaceti whale, for which purpose she had a whaling master, while a considerable number of her crew were accustomed to the chase of the monster of the deep.

Among those who embarked on board her was William Mariner, son of Mr. Magnus Mariner, formerly the owner and commander of an armed cutter in the King's service, in

MARINER'S FIRST TRIP ALOFT.

which capacity he had served under Lord Cornwallis in the former American war. Young William, a well-educated lad, who had made considerable progress in the knowledge of history and geography, as well as Latin and French, which latter language he read fluently, had been intended by his father for the sea, and had from his earliest days delighted in reading books of travels, and had often said how much he should like to be among savages and meet with strange occurrences. However, he had almost given up any wish he might have entertained for a maritime life, his mother being greatly adverse to it, when Captain Duck, who had formerly served with his father, came to dine at their house just as he was about to sail in the *Port au Prince*. Captain Duck spoke enthusiastically of the adventures he expected to encounter, and William's natural disposition being aroused he expressed the strongest desire to accompany him. Captain Duck immediately offered him every encouragement as his clerk, and, his father consenting, took him at once on board under his immediate protection.

After visiting the River Plate, where a party went on shore to kill wild cattle, the ship proceeded round Cape Horn. Having doubled the Cape on the 3rd of July, she fell in with the *Earl St. Vincent*, homeward-bound South Sea whaler. From her she received on board a harpooner, Thomas Turner by name. Having gone out in another ship, and made a successful voyage, he had fallen in with the *Earl St. Vincent*, then outward bound, remaining on board her during the whole of her stay in the South Seas. Encouraged by his success, he hoped, by joining the *Port au Prince*, still further to increase his wealth. Poor man! by grasping at more he was to lose all.

Hearing from the captain of the *Earl St. Vincent* that two South Sea whalers, captured by the Spaniards, were detained at Conception, Captain Duck resolved to try and cut them out. Arrived off an island near the Bay of Conception, the *Port au Prince* hoisted American colours, and sent four boats, well armed and manned, on shore to procure stock. Find-

ing that they were rightly informed, they waited till dusk, and the boats then proceeded into the bay, being assured by Turner that no guns were mounted for its defence. It being perfectly calm, the ship was prevented getting into the bay to assist the boats. One of the whalers was, however, boarded, and the Spaniards being secured her cables were cut, and she was towed about a quarter of a mile towards the entrance of the bay. Turner was mistaken, however, with regard to there being no forts. As he was steering one of the boats, happening to look to the priming of his pistols, one of them went off, which, alarming the sentinels, two batteries immediately opened their fire, and while he was stooping down a shot wounded him so severely that he died a few hours afterwards. The boat was much knocked about, and one lad slightly wounded by a splinter. The calm still continuing, and the enemy keeping up a constant fire, the captors were compelled to relinquish their prize.

On the 22nd, a light breeze springing up, the *Port au Prince* stood into the bay and engaged one of the forts; but the whalers having been hauled close under it, she stood again out to sea.

A few days afterwards she anchored in Coquimbo Roads, where several Spanish merchants, supposing her to be a smuggler, came on board to trade with about four thousand dollars, and were horrified when they found that they must go back without their goods and leave their money behind them. Several other Spaniards were entrapped in the same way and deprived of their dollars, but the Indians, from whom a bullock and some goats were procured, were punctually paid. While she lay at anchor in Caldera Bay the gunner and two of the ship's company deserted, carrying with them arms and ammunition. Some time afterwards the doctor made his escape from the ship. Several men at different times were also killed and wounded, while others were sent away in a prize, the strength of her crew by these losses being greatly diminished.

As the ship proceeded northward other prizes were taken.

An attempt was also made upon the town of Arica, when a church was pillaged of everything valuable—silver candlesticks, chalices, incense-pans, crucifixes, and images also of silver, altogether constituting a rich booty. The next morning the town was set on fire, and the crew returned on board.

About a week after this a boat came alongside with two officers and four men, who stated that they belonged to the *Minerva* South Sea whaler, and that the rest of the crew, who had mutinied, had shot the commander, Captain Obit Cottle, but had allowed them to take the boat. When they left the ship, the mutineers had hoisted a black flag and declared themselves at war with all nations.

The *Port au Prince* having joined company with the *Lucy* privateer, they anchored off the town of Chinca, attacked, and plundered it. The two ships also gave chase to a sail seen standing in for Paita. Having taken her, they found that she was a tender of the Spanish frigate *Astræa*, then lying at anchor at Paita Roads. The frigate standing out, the ships engaged her, but in a short time she wore and stood back into the Roads. The *Port au Prince* lost one lad killed and three men wounded. A few days afterwards they again made an attack upon the frigate, but she was moored with springs on her cables; and as they were compelled to engage her under way, they found it impossible to capture her. On this occasion the *Port au Prince* had another man killed and two carronades dismounted. They afterwards heard that the frigate had lost forty hands killed and a hundred and twenty wounded.

The *Port au Prince* now for some time engaged in hunting for whales, and took several. She then once more continued her privateering, pursuing and capturing a number of prizes of small value. Putting into Tola, the officers were well received on shore by the Governor, whose daughter—an interesting girl of sixteen—was horrified at hearing of the depredations committed by the *Port au Prince* at Hilo, where the church was plundered. She told young Mariner

that if he had taken any part in so sacrilegious a proceeding he would never again see his father and mother, and that the ship and all the crew would certainly be destroyed. She, however, in return for a cheese with which he presented her, gave him a pair of gold buckles, reminding him at the same time that she presented them merely as an acknowledgment, as they would not long be of service to him. Taking leave of the governor with many thanks for his civilities, the *Port au Prince* sailed away with her booty, and on the 12th of May caught four whales, making altogether sixteen taken during the voyage.

She after this fell in with several more vessels, which she took. A dispute, however, arose between Captain Duck and Mr. Brown, the latter contending that the whaling cruise should alone occupy their attention, while the captain was of opinion that several prizes they had heard of should be looked after.

While at the Island of Ceros information was given by an American ship that a Spanish sloop-of-war, in a leaky state, and laden with tribute for the Viceroy of Peru, lay at anchor in an inlet three days' sail to the northward on the coast of California. The people and crew were eager to possess themselves of so valuable a prize, and Captain Duck, who was at that time very ill, promised that as soon as he recovered he would sail in pursuit of her. While she lay there the carpenter, who was employed in examining the state of the ship, discovered a plank much eaten by rats, which had probably been the cause of her leaky condition. He removed it and replaced it with a new one. To the great loss of young Mariner, and indeed to the crew generally, Captain Duck died three days afterwards.

The command of the vessel now devolved on Mr. Brown. That officer made himself very unpopular, compelling the crew to try out oil on the day their captain was buried. The ship also had again become leaky, and the men were constantly kept at the pumps.

Touching at the Benito Islands, upwards of eight thousand

seals were killed and their skins salted. After this, calling at the Sandwich Islands, the ship sailed southward to Otaheite, where she received on board eight natives to assist in working the pumps, and also a supply of hogs and vegetables.

Sailing thence she came to an anchor on the 29th November, 1806, off Lefooga, one of the Happai Islands of the Tonga group. In the evening several chiefs came alongside in their canoes with a hog and some dressed yams as a present to the crew. Among them was a Sandwich Islander named Tooi Tooi. His great aim seemed to be to convince the ship's company that the natives were well-disposed towards them, but his countrymen, who came in the *Port au Prince*, warned Mr. Brown that the natives had evil intentions, and advised him to keep a watchful eye over them. The captain, however, disregarded this advice, and the next morning, although it was Sunday, ordered the crew to careen the ship. This several positively refused to do, insisting on their right to go on shore as usual on that day. Several came aft and requested permission to do so, and on the captain's refusing, with an oath, to give them leave till the work was done, one jumped up with a knife in his hand and swore that he would run the first man through who attempted to stop him. He then hailed a canoe, and encouraged by the natives, who seemed anxious to assist them, several followed his example. Fifteen others shortly afterwards jumped into the canoes and went on shore. In the afternoon the remainder of the crew came aft, complaining that the natives were assembling, armed between decks, and that they suspected that it was their intention to take the ship. Such now Mr. Mariner afterwards discovered was the case, but the plans of the savages were not at that time matured. The infatuated master seemed, however, to be disinclined to pay any attention to this warning even when assured by young Mariner that what the men stated was correct.

At length when Mr. Brown came on deck he told the chiefs that he did not wish to have so many men with clubs and spears on board, and to convince them of his own

pacific intentions ordered the boarding pikes, tomahawks, and other arms to be removed below. In the evening, after the natives had left the ship, the carpenter and sailmaker urged him to have the muskets brought up, and to place sentinels on deck to keep the natives off, as their number prevented them from working on deck. To this advice, unhappily for himself and others, he paid no attention.

The night passed off quietly; but on the following Monday morning the natives again came on board, till three hundred were scattered about in different parts of the ship. About nine Tooi Tooi appeared with a polite invitation to Mr. Brown to go on shore and view the country. With the most extraordinary infatuation he complied, and went unarmed. About an hour after he had left the ship young Mariner, who was in the cabin, happened to go near the hatchway to mend a pen, when looking up, he saw Mr. Dixon, the mate, standing on a gun endeavouring by signs to prevent more of the natives coming on board. Just at that moment a fearful shout was raised by the natives, when he saw one of them knock the mate down with a club. Terribly assured of what was about to take place, he ran towards the gun-room, when an Indian caught him by the hand. He escaped the grasp of the savage and made his way below, where he found the cooper. Considering the magazine the safest place, they immediately ran thither, and, having consulted what to do, came to the resolution of blowing up the ship and sacrificing themselves and their enemies together. Bent upon carrying out this desperate resolution, Mariner repaired to the gun-room to procure a flint and steel, but was unable to get at the muskets, as the boarding pikes, thrown carelessly down the scuttle, lay on the arm-chest above them, and he was afraid that the noise he might make would attract the notice of the Indians. He therefore returned to the magazine, when he proposed to the cooper to go at once on deck and meet their fate while their enemies were hot with slaughter, rather than by delay subject themselves to

the cooler barbarities which might be inflicted on them. Mariner accordingly led the way, and on reaching the gun-room he saw Tooi Tooi and one of the chiefs, Vaca-ta-Bola, examining Captain Duck's sword and other arms which were in his bed-place. Tooi Tooi instantly turning round, Mariner presented his hands open to signify that he was unarmed and at their mercy, then uttering *Aroghaha !* (a word of friendly salutation among the Sandwich Islanders), he asked whether he meant to kill him. Tooi Tooi replied in broken English that he should not be hurt, as the chiefs were already in possession of the ship, but that he wished to know how many persons were below. Mariner replied that there was only one, and called up the cooper, who had slowly followed him. Tooi Tooi then led them on deck towards one of the chiefs who had directed the attack. The first object that met their sight was enough to send a thrill of horror through the stoutest heart. Upon the companion hatch sat a short, squab, naked figure with a seaman's jacket soaked in blood thrown over one shoulder, while on the other rested the iron-wood club spattered with blood and brains, the frightful look of his appearance being increased by a constant blinking of one eye and a horrible convulsive motion on the side of his mouth. On the deck lay twenty-two bodies perfectly naked and ranged side by side in regular order, but so bruised and battered about the head that only two or three of them could be recognized. A savage having reported their number to the chief, they were immediately afterwards thrown overboard. While the cooper was detained on board, young Mariner was given in charge of a petty chief to be taken on shore. On his way the chief stripped him of his shirt. Ignorant of the cruelties for which he might be reserved, he felt his mind hardened by a sort of careless indifference as to what might happen, his chief desire being that, on landing, he might be killed by the club of some sanguinary chief not yet sated with the day's slaughter. On landing he was led to the north end of the island, where he saw, lying dead on the beach, the

naked body of Mr. Brown, fearfully bruised about the head and chest. One of the savages inquired by signs whether he thought they had done right in killing him, and as Mariner returned no answer the savage was about to knock out his brains, when a superior chief interfered and ordered his followers to take their prisoner on board a large sailing canoe. Whilst here he observed upon the beach an old man, whose countenance spoke but little in his favour, parading up and down with a club in his hand. A boy who then came on board pointed to the old savage and to a fire burning at a little distance, and made him understand that he was to be killed and roasted. This horrid idea aroused him out of his state of mental torpor. In about half an hour he was again landed, when he was led towards the fire, near which he saw lying dead three of the men who had been the first to mutiny. He afterwards discovered that the boy merely wished to intimate that some hogs were about to be roasted, and that his countrymen lay dead near the spot at which he pointed.

After being stripped of his clothes and led about for some time, till his feet were sore and his back blistered with the heat, he met one of the Sandwich Islanders who had come in the ship, and who now gave him to understand that Finow, King of the Island, had sent for him.

On his arrival, the king beckoned and made signs that he should sit near him; while the women, who were seated at the further end of the room, on seeing his deplorable condition, with one voice uttered a cry of pity, beating their breasts and exclaiming, *Oyaoo, chiodofa!* ("Poor young man!")

Fortunately for Mr. Mariner, Finow, who had been on board the ship and seen him there, had taken an extraordinary liking to him, and supposed that he was the captain's son, or at least a young chief of some consequence in his own country, and had given orders to his subjects that, should they find it necessary to kill the other white men, they should, at any rate, preserve his life.

The king now put his nose to his forehead—a mark of friendly salutation; and soon after observing that he was very dirty and much wounded, he desired one of his women attendants to take him to a pond within the fencing of the house, where he might wash himself; he was then oiled all over with sandal-wood oil, which felt very agreeable, alleviating the smarting of his wounds and greatly refreshing him. He now received a mat to lie down upon, when, overcome by fatigue both of mind and body, he soon fell asleep. He was awakened during the night by one of the women, who brought him some baked pork and yam, but fearing that the pork might be human flesh he did not venture to taste it, though he ate heartily of the yam.

The next morning, on accompanying Finow on board the ship, he was thankful to meet several of the crew whose lives had been spared, and who had been ordered on board to bring her close in shore.

After the ship had been run aground some of the guns and ammunition were landed, while the natives stripped her of everything they considered of value, their great desire being to obtain the iron about her. On knocking off the hoops from the oil casks the oil burst out, and eight natives were suffocated. The oil which flowed out covered the water in the hold to the depth of several feet. Those of the natives who had struggled out of it expressed their astonishment at the difficulty they experienced in rising through the oil.

Poor Mariner soon had experience of the barbarity of his new master. One of the natives was aloft endeavouring to get out the iron fid from the main-topgallant-mast, and the king observing that he was a low fellow who should not take such a liberty, ordered a Sandwich Islander who had a musket in his hand to bring the man down from aloft. The order was obeyed, and Finow, laughing heartily, seemed highly pleased at the facility with which the barbarous deed had been accomplished.

The following day, in order to get at the iron more easily,

the natives set the ship on fire, when her guns going oft produced a terrible panic among them.

The ship ultimately burned down to the water's edge. Several guns were afterwards hauled on shore by two or three hundred men dragging them with ropes. In a short time nothing but a few burnt timbers of the ship were to be seen on the beach.

Such was the fate of the unfortunate *Port au Prince.*

Young Mariner received the greatest kindness from Finow, and accompanied him in all the expeditions which he undertook to conquer the neighbouring islands. The seamen, though they had escaped with their lives, were much neglected, often having difficulty in procuring food. In their extremity they requested Finow to allow them to take one of the large canoes that they might proceed to Norfolk Island or Sydney. This request was refused. They then begged that they might be allowed to build a vessel. He gave them permission to make the attempt, but while thus employed, happening to make a notch in the edge of one of the native axes lent them, the king forbade them proceeding further in their work.

While the king was preparing for one of his annual attacks on the Island of Tonga, Mariner, and four seamen who were with him, received orders to get ready four 12-pounder carronades. They did so by mounting them upon new carriages with high wheels, made by the native carpenters under their directions. The king, however, came to the conclusion that they were not suited to his style ot warfare. Finow, however, was so well pleased with Mariner that he appointed one of his own wives, Mafi Habe, to be his adopted mother, and she afterwards showed him as much real esteem and affection as if he had been her own son.

Mariner had thus several excellent opportunities of studying the habits and customs of the people, of which he availed himself completely.

The houses of the people are very neatly and ingeniously constructed ; their general form is approaching to an oval, the

two ends being closed and the front and back opened, the sloped thatched roof descending to within about four feet of the ground. It is supported by four posts in the smaller houses, and in the larger by six or more. The chief art of house-building consists in fastening the beams and small rafters with plait of different colours made of the husk of the cocoa-nut, in such a way as to look very ornamental; the

INTERIOR OF A TONGAN HOUSE.

colours, which are black, red, and yellow, being tastefully disposed. The thatch of the superior houses is made of the dried leaves of the sugar-cane, while that of the common houses consists of matting formed of leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. To form the floor, the ground, being raised about a foot, is beaten down hard and covered with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, or dried grass; over this is laid a fine white matting. The house consists but of one apartment; this,

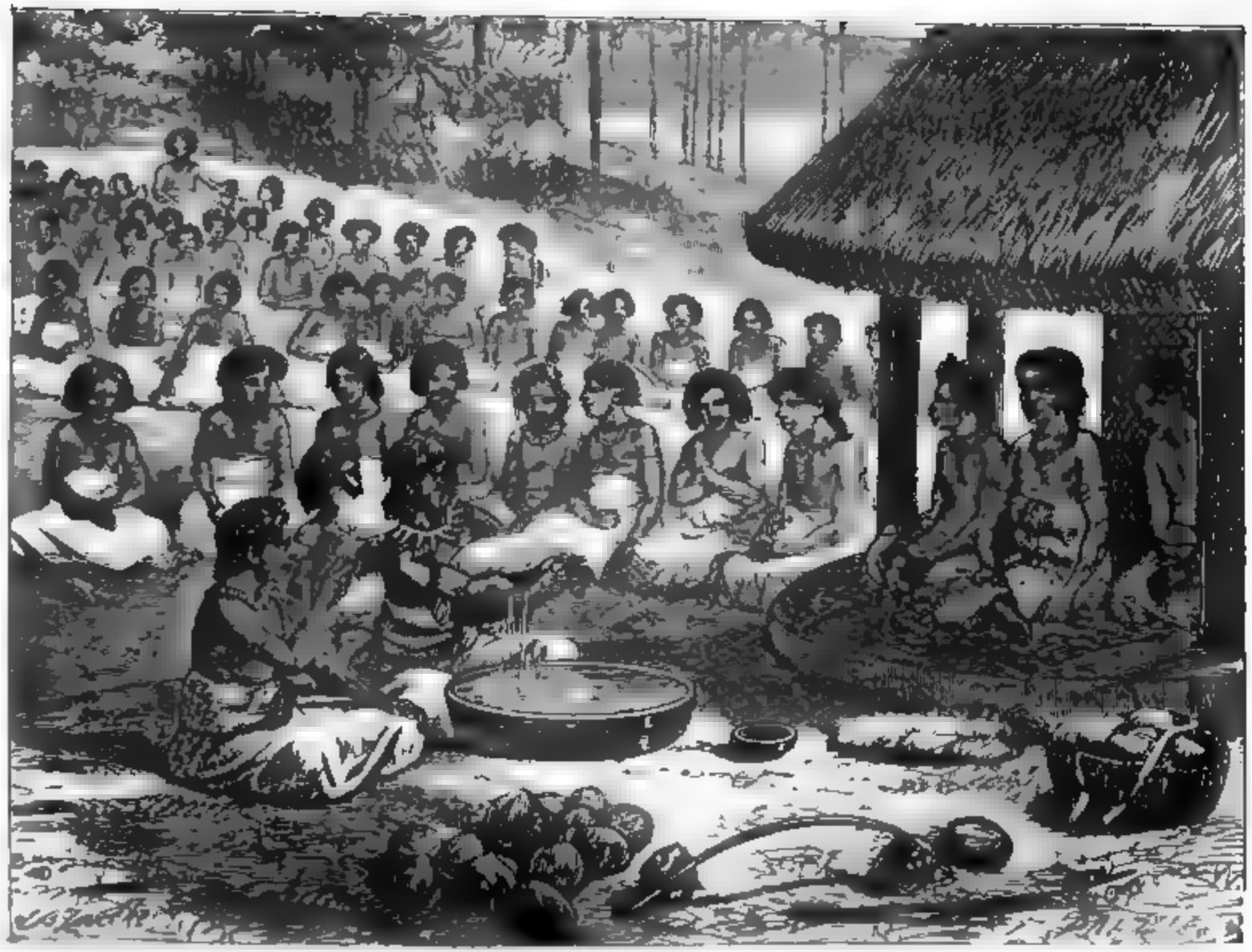
however, is subdivided occasionally by screens about six or eight feet high. When the weather is rainy or cold a sort of blind, which is attached to the eaves of the open sides of the house, is let down. These blinds are made of long mats, about six inches in width, arranged one above the other, and rather overlapping, and are so constructed as to draw up by means of strings, like Venetian blinds.

The women of the higher ranks dress in a large robe, formed of exceeding fine matting, which they wear round their waist, exhibiting the upper part of their bodies; and they never, like the natives of some islands, go in an entire state of nudity. Even when bathing they put on a leaf apron.

There are various ranks among them; the highest is the Tooi Tonga, or chief of Tonga, who unites in his person religious as well as civil authority, and leads a life something like that of the spiritual Emperor of Japan. He is supposed to have a divine origin, and is in every respect treated in a peculiar manner, different to all other persons. Next to him is the Veachi, who is also supposed to have a divine origin, and is, therefore, more highly venerated than any other chief, though several have more authority than he has. Next to him come the priests, though at a great distance. They are supposed to become inspired, and to speak the will of the gods. All these may be considered as belonging to the religious order, which takes precedence of temporal rank. The highest civil rank is that of the How or King, the most powerful of all the chiefs, yet he may be in point of rank inferior to any of the nobles related either to the Tooi Tonga or the Veachi. The Egis or nobles follow the king; they are all relations of the previously named personages. Rank descends through the mother, no matter who the father may be. The Matabooles or councillors come after the nobles; they are the advisers of the chiefs, and are always selected from heads of families, and, being men of mature age, their advice is highly valued. The eldest son of a Mataboole is trained by his father to take his place after his

death, and until then he is merely one of the ordinary gentry. These are called Mooas ; they attach themselves to the service of some chief, and most of them profess some art, such as canoe building, ivory carving. Their brothers and children are, however, Tooas or common people, who do all the menial work, and act as cooks, barbers, tattooers, club carvers, and so forth.

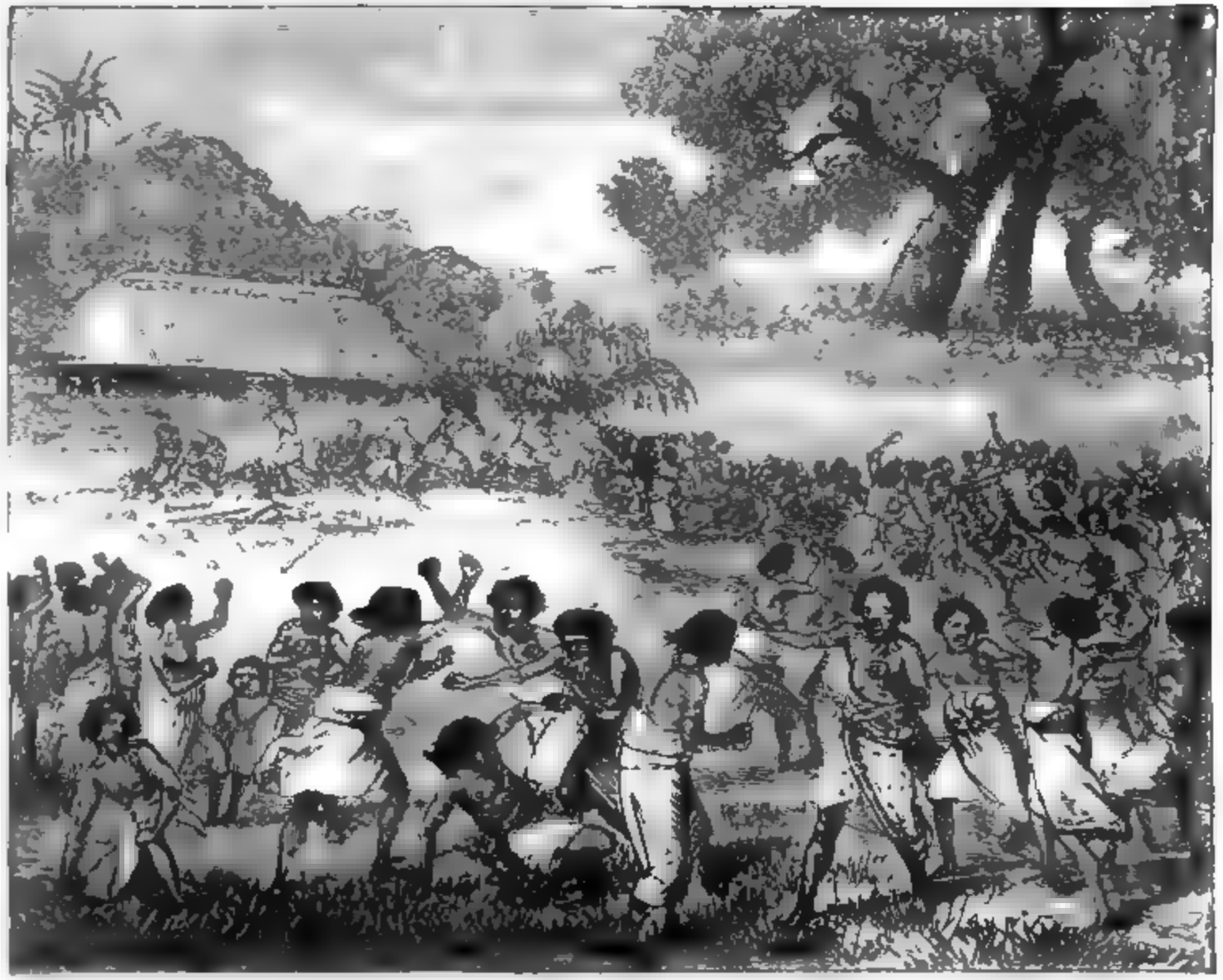
The great delight of these people is drinking of kava or ava, as it is called in some of the other islands. A ring is formed with great ceremony, principally of the sons of chiefs and Matabooles, all of whom are arranged according to their rank. Should any chief, however, come late, he has to take his seat behind the rest. When the king is present, the kava bowl is placed before him, and behind sits the man who is to prepare the drink. All being ready, one of the presiding Matabooles sends for the kava root, which is then scraped quite clean and cut into small pieces : these are handed to the young men or young women present, who masticate the root in their mouths, contriving to keep it quite dry during the process ; it is then wrapped in a leaf and passed to the preparer, who places it in the bowl, carefully lining the interior with the balls of chewed root so that the exact quantity can be seen. After enough has been collected, the preparer kneads all the kava together, and the Mataboole then calls for water, which is poured into the bowl. The fibrous strips of the bark of a tree belonging to the genus *Hibiscus* is then laid flat on the surface. The preparer then slides his open hands down the opposite sides of the bowl, and presses the mass together, rolling it slowly and with great power round and round till he at last raises it out of the bowl and presses it till not a drop of water continues to flow from it. Cups are in the meantime made in an ingenious manner from the expanded leaves of the banana-tree. The liquid remaining in the bowl is the much-prized kava. The Mataboole now serves out the kava in the cups, the person of highest rank receiving the first, and each person receiving it according to his rank. People of inferior rank seldom



or never obtain a taste of this luxury; they, however, come in for a share of the food which is distributed on the occasion, the kava drinkers generally taking a very small portion.

The Tongans commence their yearly agricultural operations with various ceremonies: that of the Ináchi, at the digging of yams, is considered the most important. The people having collected from various parts, assemble at the grave of the last spiritual chief who has died among them. The day before the ceremony, the yams are dug up and collected in baskets ornamented with scarlet streamers. Early in the morning, while the greater part of the population are collected in some central spot in the chief village, two boys blowing conch shells approach the grave where the chiefs are seated in a circle with their heads bowed down, and their hands clasped, followed by a vast number of men carrying, two and two, a long pole, one at each end, with a yam under the centre. As they advance they sink at every step, as if overcome by the weight of their burden. When the men arrive at the grave, they lay the poles and yams on it, and seat themselves in order, so that they form a line between the chiefs and the yams. The two boys who head the procession continue meanwhile lustily blowing their conch shells. One of the Matabooles then makes a speech, and the people approach with various offerings, consisting of mats, gnatoo, dried fish, and other sorts of food; these are shared between the priests, the spiritual chief, and the king, who gets the largest portion. Kava drinking winds up the ceremony.

Another ceremony, called the Tow-tow, being a thanksgiving to Alo-alo, the god of weather, commences when the yams are ripe. A number of yams, plantains, and bananas are brought on sticks, or sometimes sugar-cane, in bundles. These are piled up in great heaps, boxing and wrestling matches then take place, after which a procession appears, sent by the priests of Alo-alo, and accompanied by a number of girls, the daughters of the chiefs. They are led by one about eight or nine years old, who represents the god's wife. She resides during the ceremony at the temple, but has nothing

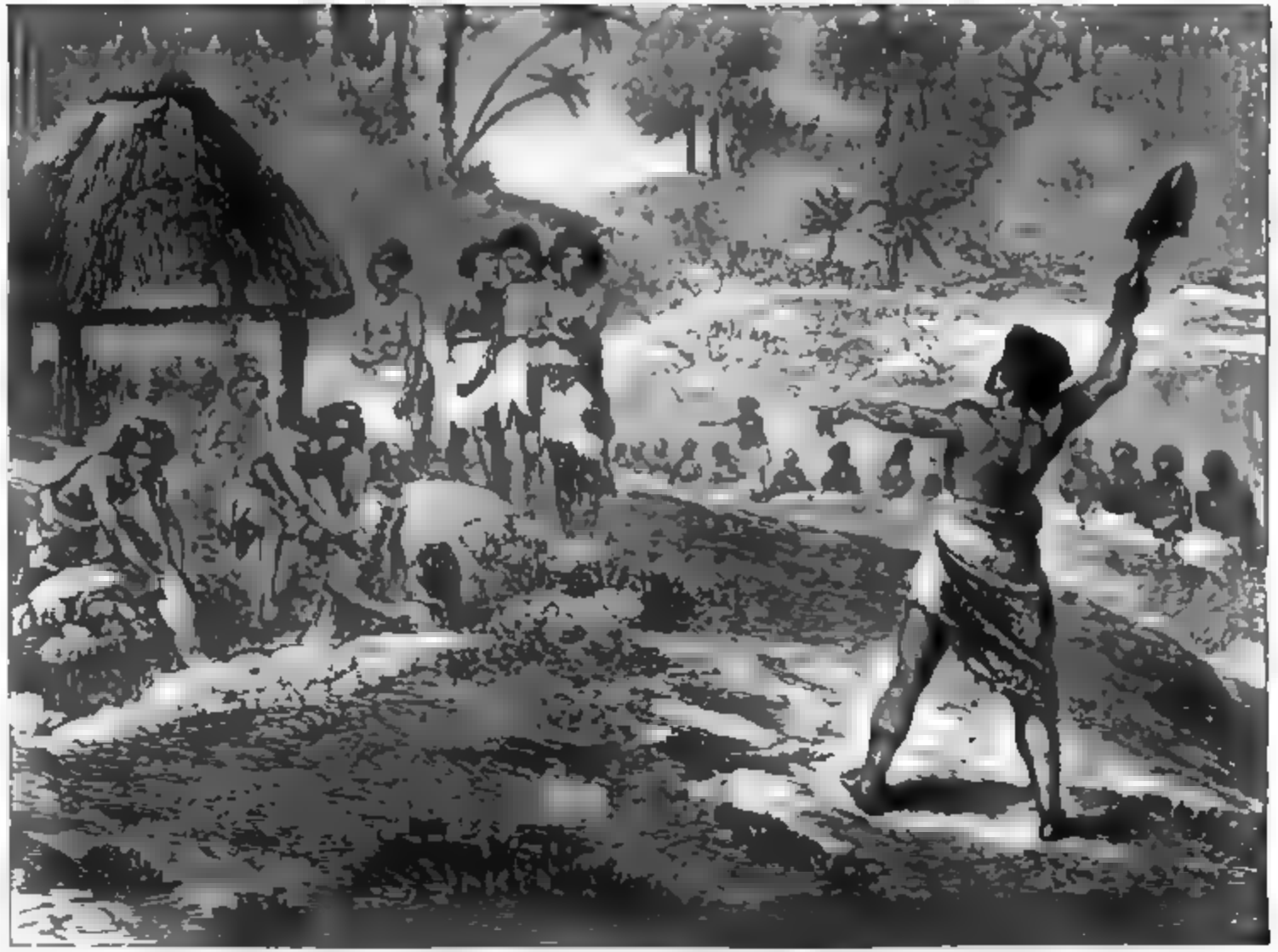


to do except to preside at a few feasts and kava parties. Three piles of provisions having been formed, on the arrival of the procession, after prayers have been offered to Alo-alo, for good crops, all of the piles are carried off by the chiefs, the third part being set aside for the gods, who are, however, to be fed miraculously. At the sound of a drum a general dash is made at the pile of food, everyone scrambling for the provisions, and getting as much as he can. The people after this arrange themselves in two divisions, when one-half fights the other. All ranks engage indiscriminately in the sham battle, which is conducted with great good humour. During the ceremony of the Tow-tow, these boxing, scrambling, and wrestling matches are carried on for ten days, and are repeated eight times, so as to make up the eighty days of the festival.

After Mr. Mariner had resided some time in Tonga, the chief, Finow, fell sick and died, and was succeeded by his son, a young prince of extraordinary talent and superior intelligence. He showed the same friendship to the young stranger which his father had done. A young daughter, to whom the late king was very much attached, had a short time before been seized with a mortal malady. In vain the king petitioned his god, Towbo-tola, for the recovery of his child, and, in revenge for the negligence of the god, Finow had made arrangements for killing his priest. Finow's sudden death put a stop to this project. It is not unlikely, indeed, that the threatened priest may have heard of the king's kind intentions, and saved himself by administering a dose of poison to Finow. At the funeral banquet of the little girl, the corpse being laid in the centre of a large conical house on bales of gnatoo, a great number of women assembled, keeping up a continual lamentation, led by his elder daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen. At night the house was lighted up with lamps made of cocoa-nut shells, and fed with cocoa-nut oil. In the morning, the people assembled round the hut, the principal mourners having their faces swollen and disfigured by the blows they had inflicted on themselves as

signs of sorrow. The chiefs and Matabooles, armed with clubs, shells, or sharp stones, continued running, two or three at a time, into the open space, and cutting their heads till the blood streamed forth down their bodies, while they uttered a dirge or death chant. Mariner, though a friend of the king, from being a foreigner, was excused treating himself in the same manner. The body was then conveyed to a grave at some distance from the house, which was covered with coarse black gnatoo as a sign of mourning. The grave was a regular vault, composed of enormous stones. The body of Finow was lowered into the grave, that of his daughter being placed by his side, the covering stone being afterwards fitted above it. Various other ceremonies followed. The following day the prince was installed at a great kava party, at which he presided. The first two cups having been filled and drunk, when the third, which was due to the presiding Mataboole directing the proceeding, was about to be handed to him, he said, while all eyes were fixed on the prince, "Give it to Finow!" thus acknowledging him as the king of Tonga. The young king displayed not the least emotion on being called by the new name, as that would have been thought beneath his dignity, but took the cup as quietly as if he had been called by the name of Finow all his life.

Some time before this a great chief having been assassinated while walking with the king, with his connivance, a curious variation of the ceremony took place. As soon as the body had been lowered into the vault one of the assassins, a man of exceptional strength and stature, advanced towards the grave avowing himself as the murderer, and challenging any friend of the deceased chief to fight him. The challenge was not accepted; and although one of the wives of the murdered man did her best to arouse the family to vengeance, she could only succeed in inducing them to erect a strong fortress, in which they hoped to bid defiance to Finow. The king, however, immediately set off with four thousand warriors to attack the fort. In storming it. the challenging chief distinguished himself by his deeds of



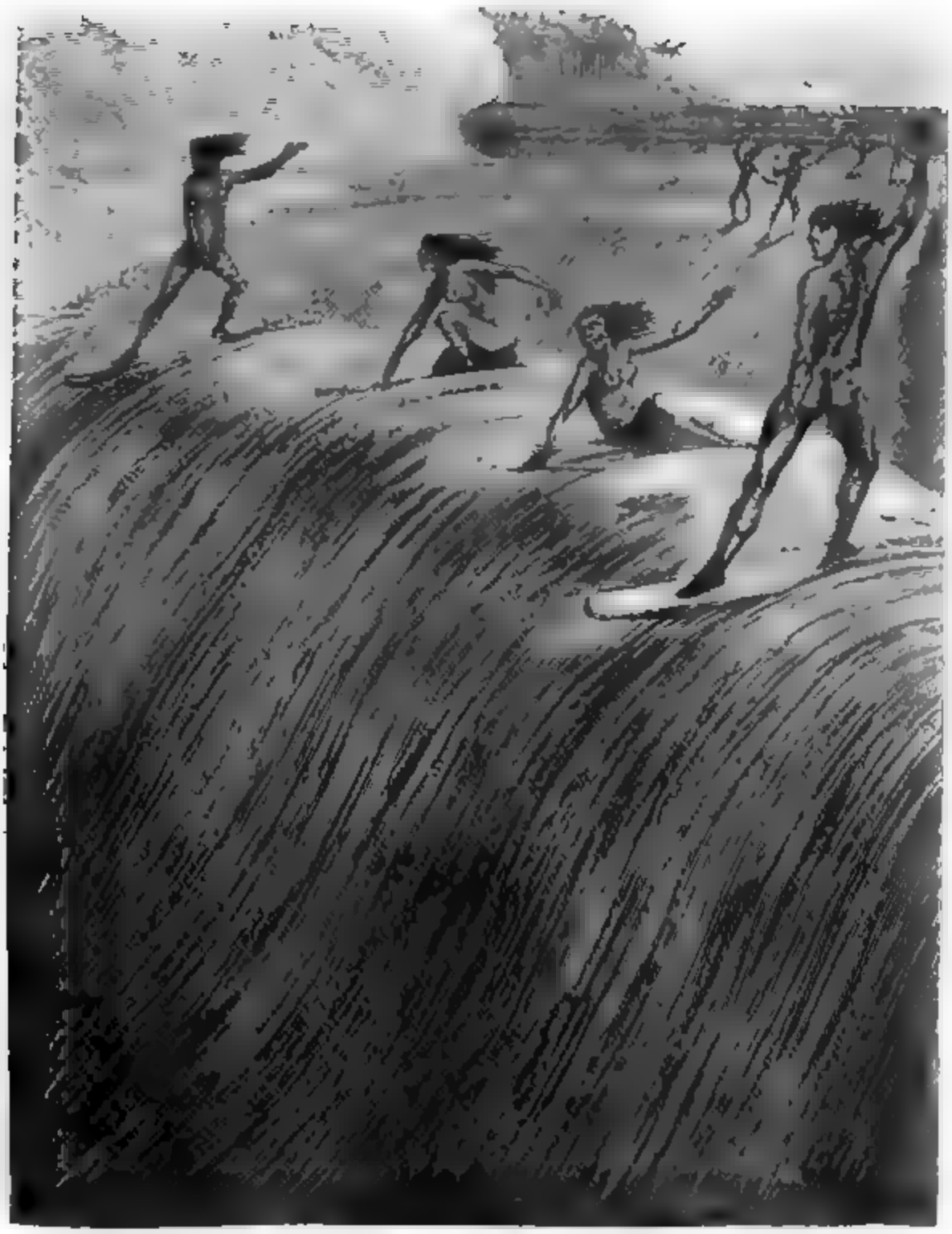
THE CHALLENGE OVER THE GRAVE.

daring, but he and nearly all the assassins were killed in the assault.

Among other amusements, the people of Tonga are very fond of dancing. They have various dances: one practised only by the chiefs and superior Matabooles, which is difficult to execute, both on account of the accompanying gestures, as also of the singing. This is danced only by the men, twelve of whom compose the chorus, one sitting in the centre beating a wooden instrument, which makes a rattling sound, while the dancers perform their evolutions round the chorus. Other dances are performed by women, who adorn their hair with wreaths of flowers and their necks and arms with necklaces and bracelets.

The people of Tonga are admirable swimmers, and, like other islanders, indulge in the sport of surf swimming. While the waves beat with tremendous force against the shore, they dart out, each person taking a long narrow board rounded at the ends. On meeting the wave they plunge beneath the water, rising again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming into the sea; the next wave is encountered in the same way. Should he, however, be caught by the surf, he may be driven back and dashed against the rock; an accident which, however, in consequence of their skill, but seldom happens.

Mariner having accompanied the king to the Island of Hoonga, to the south of Vavaoo, was one afternoon on the shore with several companions, and, happening to leave them for a short time, on his return he saw the young chiefs diving into the water one after the other, and yet not rising again. One remained, who invited him to follow. On diving into the water he was guided by the light reflected from his companion's heels, when passing through a passage about nine feet in length he rose to the surface, and found himself in a magnificent cavern, the roof hung with stalactites, and the walls resembling Gothic arches, pillars, and ornaments of an ancient building. The king, with several of the chiefs, were seated on the rocks above the surface.



SURF-SWIMMING.

Wishing to see it more clearly he again dived; having obtained a torch and a pistol, which he wrapped carefully round with gnatoo and a plantain leaf, he re-entered the cavern. Lighting the torch by means of the flash from the pistol, the whole place became illuminated, probably for the first time since its existence. It appeared to be about forty feet wide and of the same height, branching off on one side in two narrow portions. If we imagine a whole rock rising sixty feet or more above the surface of the water, into the cavity of which the only entrance is through the side, several feet under the water which flows into it, the nature of the cavern will be clearly understood. At the time Mariner visited it the entrance was about six feet below the surface. An old Mataboole narrated to him an interesting history connected with this cavern. In days gone by there lived a tyrannical governor of Vavaoo, who so treated his people that one of his chiefs determined to rebel. The conspiracy was treacherously made known to the old governor, who condemned him and all his family and relations to be massacred. He had a young and beautiful daughter, who, though reserved to be the wife of a chief of high rank, would have shared the fate of her family had it not happened that some time before this a young and handsome chief, while diving for turtle, had made his way into the cavern. He kept his discovery, however, a profound secret, intending to make use of it himself in case he should be unsuccessful in a revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of the beautiful daughter of the other chief, but had not dared to make her acquainted with the emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and power than himself, but now the dreadful moment had arrived when she was to be destroyed. He flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declaring himself her deliverer, if she would trust to his honour. Her consenting hand was clasped in his. The shades of evening favoured their escape, and they reached a small canoe on a lonely part of the beach. Embarking,

the lover paddled the maiden across the smooth wave, and relating to her the discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity should occur of conveying her to the Feejee Islands. On reaching the rock, he leaped into the water, she following close after him. They rose into the cavern, and rested after their fears and fatigue, partaking of some provisions which he had brought with him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion. He did not fail to repair to the place which held all that was dear to him, bringing the maiden mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best food for her support, sandal-wood oil, cocoa-nuts, and everything he could think of to render her life agreeable. Here she remained for many months, but though this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company, and frequently it was necessary for him to be absent for a considerable length of time together. At last he devised a plan of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. Having assembled his friends, with their wives and family attendants, he expressed his desire of making a voyage to another island. A large canoe was prepared, and they were about to set out, when he was asked whether he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied that he should probably find one by the way. As he approached a certain point near the rock he got up and desired them to wait there while he went into the water to fetch his wife, and immediately plunged overboard on the side of the canoe furthest from the rock; when swimming under it, he proceeded to the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. His friends began to think him insane, and after the lapse of some time, not seeing him return, they began to fear that a shark must have seized him. While they were debating what was to be done their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, on seeing him rise to the surface of the water and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was further

THE LOVERS' CAVE.

increased when they recognized her as a person whom they had supposed killed in the general massacre of her family.

The young couple arrived safely with their friends at the Feejee Islands, and after residing there two years, till the tyrant of Vavaoo was dead, they returned to her home and lived long in peace and happiness.

Lest any sceptic may doubt the possibility of the young lady residing in a cavern for two or three months which, from being placed like a bell glass with its mouth below the surface, could not be supplied with fresh air, it may be stated that at the further end of a long passage there is another small opening, which is only just below high-water mark, and that, therefore, when the tide is sinking, the fresh air rushes in, and on the contrary when the water rises it must rush out; the cavern therefore respiring like an animal, so that, although the abode of the lovers might have been rather damp, the atmosphere was, at all events, as pure as needful.

Although young Mariner was so kindly treated he longed ardently to return to England and his family. He had made in vain several attempts to escape, when one evening as he was returning home from a fishing excursion in his canoe, he espied a sail in the western horizon, just as the sun had descended below it. He at once ordered his servants to paddle him on board, promising to reward them with beads, [illegible], and other treasures. On their refusing, and beginning to paddle towards shore, he seized his musket and struck the nearest man, wounding him severely; the other two, on him threatening to blow out their brains, put about and paddled towards the vessel. The whole night long he had to watch them carefully, and it was not till daylight the next morning that they got up alongside a small brig. Young Mariner in his eagerness, without stopping to hail her, jumped up into the main chains, and was very near being knocked overboard by the sentinel, who took him for a native, as his skin was quite brown, his hair very long, and tied up in a knot; while he had a turban round his head,

and an apron of leaves about his waist. On his speaking English, however, he was allowed to come on deck, where the captain shook him cordially by the hand. He found that the brig was the *Favourite*, of about one hundred and thirty tons burden, commanded by Captain Fisk from Port Jackson, and that, after touching at the Feejee Islands to obtain sandal wood, she was about to proceed to China. The captain liberally complied with Mariner's request that he would reward the people in the canoe, and gave them a number of beads, and also an axe as a present for Finow.

The brig was shortly surrounded by a number of canoes, and a brisk traffic was carried on with the natives for yams and hogs. . About the middle of the day Finow himself, with his sister and several of her family, afterwards came off, bringing as a present for their late guest fifty-one hogs and forty yams, each weighing not less than thirty pounds, and some of the largest sixty or seventy. The king showed his perfect confidence in the white men by requesting to sleep on board, which the captain readily allowed him to do; the ladies, however, desired to return, but Mariner having with some difficulty removed their scruples they consented to remain with the king. The captain wisely would allow no more than three of the natives to come on board at a time, six sentinels being kept constantly on deck for the purpose. The chief, however, earnestly entreated their king to abandon his intention, but he persisted, and, among other things, requested permission to lie down in the captain's bed, that he might boast that he had been in a *papalangi*, or English bed; he then observed that he could now fancy himself in England. He exhibited during his stay on board the most truly polite and courteous manner, unlike his countrymen, not venturing to touch anything even without asking permission. So delighted was he with all he saw, that he several times expressed his wish to accompany Mariner to England. The captain, however, positively refused to take him, sensibly observing that, as a chief, arriving in a strange country, without protection or patronage, he would suffer

bitter disappointment. He, however, made Mariner promise to return or send back for him in a large ship to carry him to his country.

Mariner had concealed his journal in the middle of a barrel of gunpowder, his other books having been taken from him and destroyed on his first reaching the country. This he now sent for, and succeeded in obtaining.

Finow's sister, a beautiful young girl, and several other ladies of rank, visited the ship, and seemed much pleased by the way they were treated; and Mariner on his departure had numerous presents given him. As the ship was about to sail, the king again embraced him in the most affectionate manner, and made him repeat his promise to return and take him back to England.

On touching at some of the other islands, Mariner had the satisfaction of rescuing the cooper, Robert Brown, who had been captured with him, as well as several other Englishmen.

After taking sandal wood on board at Feejee, the *Favourite* arrived in about five weeks at Macao. Mariner there fortunately fell in with the officers of the Company's cruiser *Antelope*, who invited him on board to stay with them till he obtained a passage home on board the Honourable East India Company's ship, the *Cuffnells*, in which vessel he reached England in June 1811.

He immediately started for London, but while looking out for the house of his father, who had changed his residence, he was pressed by a man of war's crew, and sent on board a tender. On this he wrote to a friend to acquaint his father with his arrival and situation. His father soon came on board the tender, and, though overjoyed to meet him, had to give the sad intelligence of his mother's death.

Not till after a week's detention was the long absent wanderer restored to liberty.

Of the crew of the *Port au Prince*, twenty-six beside himself had escaped death, just half the number of those who

had arrived at Tonga in her, not including the Sandwich Islanders.

Mr. Mariner, after making a voyage to the West Indies on business, having had enough of the sea, entered the office of a respectable stockbroker, in which he remained for many years; and during the time narrated his adventures to a well-known physician, Dr. Martin, from whose work the preceding account has been taken.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK OF H.M.S. "ALCESTE."

T having been determined by the British Government to send an Embassy to the Court of Pekin to settle matters respecting the trade with China, Lord Amherst was appointed as Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China, and was ordered a passage with his suite on board the *Alceste*, frigate of 46 guns, commanded by Captain Murray Maxwell. His Majesty's brig *Lyra* (Captain Basil Hall) and the *General Hewitt*, Indiaman (Captain Campbell), accompanied the *Alceste*.

The squadron sailed from Spithead on the 9th February, 1816, and after touching at the Brazils, Cape of Good Hope, and Java, anchored in the Gulf of Pe-tche-lee on the 28th July.

After some delay Ching, a civil, and Yin, a military mandarin, came off to pay their respects to the Ambassador, and were received with a salute of seven guns each, everyone on board being in full dress. After partaking of a banquet in the captain's cabin, they returned on shore.

On the 9th the Ambassador landed in great state, the squadron being dressed in colours, yards manned, and a

salute of nineteen guns fired from each ship. They proceeded into the river, attended by a number of Chinese junks and by our boats in regular order, and were received

THE "ALCESTE" BY MOONLIGHT.

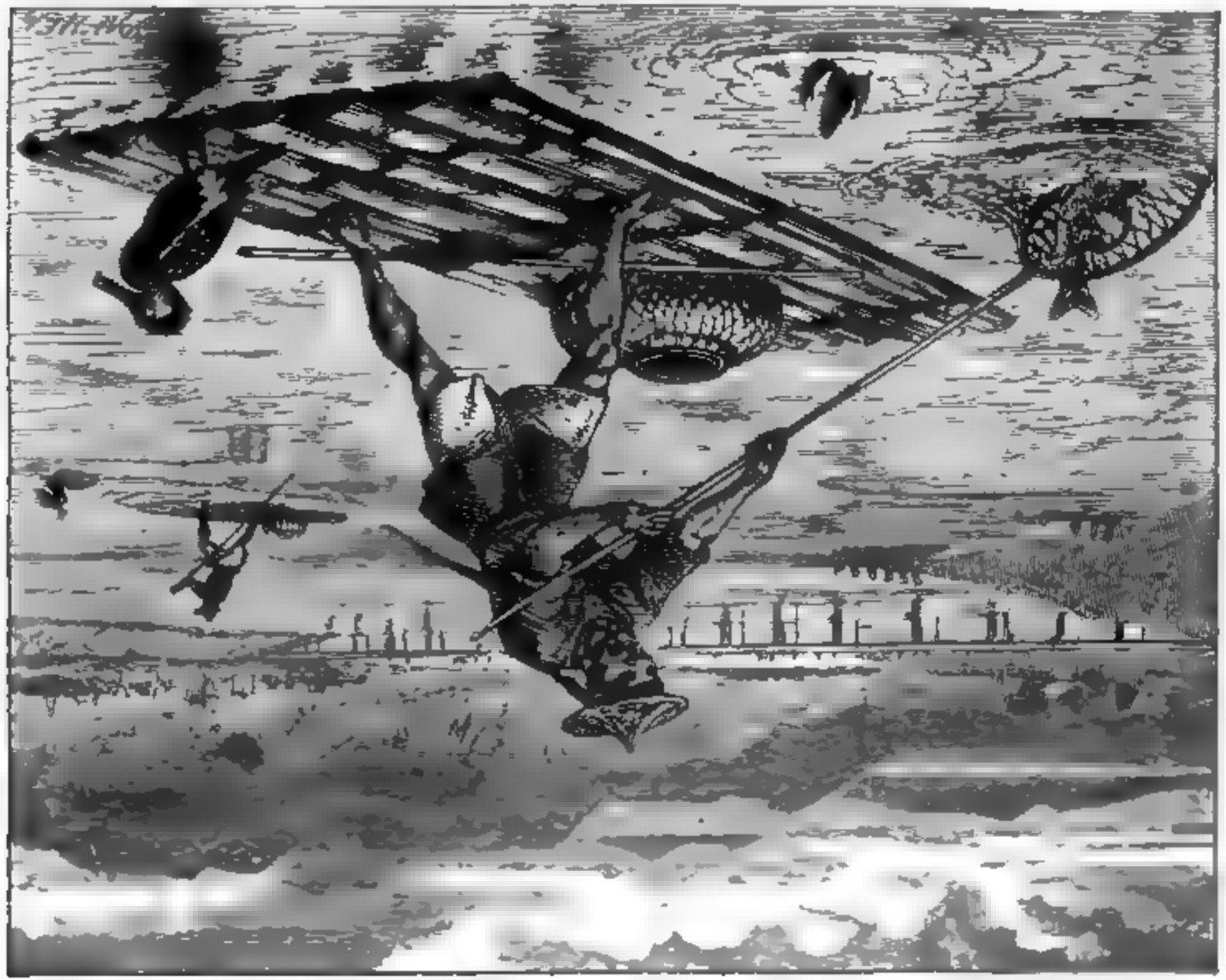
on shore by Quang, the Imperial Commissioner. The portrait I give of a mandarin of high rank and his better half, will afford a better idea of the appearance of our friend Ching than any verbal description of mine can do.

MANDARIN AND HIS WIFE.

We were somewhat amused at seeing the fishermen in the vicinity of the capital literally naked. This sort ot indecency we were little prepared to meet amongst a people who affect to be so outrageously decorous as to discourage the art of sculpture, as it displays too distinctly the shape ot the human body.

The varieties and curious shapes of the boats and junks which floated on the water around us interested us much. The smallest vessels and the most numerous are the "sampans:" they draw but little water, and are propelled by two women, one sitting in the bow with her oar, and the other in the stern, working a huge implement, half oar, halt rudder. The mandarin boats are very different. They are of great size, decorated in the most picturesque and sumptuous manner, and furnished with every luxury that a wealthy Chinaman can command. They are often worked by thirty or forty oars of a side, are gaily bedecked with flags and lanterns, and carry seven guns, with a large supply of fire-arms.

The Chinese have various modes of fishing. One of the most curious is that in which the fish are caught by cormorants. The birds are carefully trained for the sport. The fisherman embarks in a boat, or frequently on a raft, accompanied by his birds. On reaching the fishing ground the birds are let loose, and immediately dive and dart upon the fish, which they then bring to the boat. Should the fish be very large, the Chinaman generally lifts both the fish and bird into his boat with a large hand net. Sometimes when a bird has caught a large fish, and is likely to lose it, one or two of its companions will go to its assistance, and hold the fish till their master can help them out of the water. As the birds would be apt to swallow small fish, a ring is fastened loosely round their throat, down which they cannot get the fish, though they can seize it with their beaks. However, a well-trained cormorant will no more think of eating a fish than a well-trained pointer will a partridge. Each time also that the cormorant brings a fish to the boat, it is rewarded



with a mouthful of food, the ring being removed to enable the bird to swallow it.

A Chinese fisherman's raft is composed of six or eight bamboos, about twenty feet in length, lashed alongside each other, and it is so light that he can propel it at a rapid rate in chase of any of his cormorants who may venture to swim away with the prize.

THE CORMORANT.

During the time we remained at anchor we received presents of bullocks, rice, tea, and various vegetables. Several of the bullocks were brought alongside dead, having been drowned in the bottom of the boat. The Chinese were surprised that we should object to their condition, as they themselves make no distinction between an animal that is killed by the butcher and one which dies naturally. They eat indeed dogs, cats, rats, and all carrion and vermin.

We had but little opportunity of observing the customs of these curious people, though when one day on shore I

looked into a barber's shop, when I was able to observe the way he plied his calling.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of a Chinaman's appearance is his tail. Their Tartar conquerors compelled the Chinese to wear these ornaments, though at present they regard it with the greatest reverence, as a sign of loyalty to their Emperor, and one of the severest punishments that can be inflicted on a Chinaman is to cut off his tail.

CHINESE BARBER.

The Chinaman has his hair shaved from his forehead and round the temples, but a circular patch is left of tolerable size, the hair of which is allowed to grow to its full length, so as to form a tail. The head is shaved about once in ten days, and no gentleman would appear abroad unless he were clean shaved.

As no man can dress his own tail, barbers in great numbers go about the streets carrying the materials of their trade at the ends of bamboo poles across their shoulders. However, we must continue the account of our voyage.

It had been arranged that while the Ambassador was on shore the squadron should visit Chinese Tartary, and examine the coast of Corea. Having weighed on the 11th, we sailed along the shore to Letung, and about noon on the 14th came in sight of the Great Wall of China, its nearest and lowest point being distant about six or seven leagues. In the afternoon we approached it closely. Rising from the sea, this immense barrier passes over the first or lowest hill, and mounting the second was seen stretching to the right, in our point of view, obliquely towards its summit, then on the third and still higher land it inclined to the left, making an angle with the last range, and ultimately ascending the highest and most distant mountain, and was there lost to sight. It extends for about fifteen hundred miles, and is carried equally over mountains and rivers. It is said to be not more than twenty-five feet high, flanked with towers at short distances, but of sufficient breadth for several horsemen to travel easily abreast. It is said also that one-third of the men in China capable of labour were employed in its construction, and that it was finished in the space of five years.

We afterwards came to anchor in a bay on the coast of Chinese Tartary. The natives crowded down in great numbers on the beach, but showed no inclination to come on board. Some of the officers went on shore, and were nearly devoured by the curiosity of the inhabitants.

The houses and gardens we saw were remarkably neat, and there was an air of much comfort about their villages.

The Mantchu Tartars, it will be remembered, were the conquerors of China. They are in many points superior to the Chinese. Their features are more marked, they are more alert in their movements, and are braver. They form very fine irregular cavalry, and were they commanded by

TARTAR CAVALRY.

English officers, would make first-rate soldiers. They carry their sword on horseback in a peculiar manner; instead of letting it dangle at the side, it is fastened under the saddle-flap, where it is held tight by the pressure of the leg. Their chief weapons are, however, the bow and the spear, and, being good horsemen, they use their spears with great effect. The foot soldiers are first-rate archers, and use bows of enormous strength. In order to compel the archer to place himself in the proper attitude, a piece of machinery has been invented, which compels him to keep his body straight and firm, his shoulders immovable, and his hand in the right position. From a beam or branch are suspended two rings, which can be moved up and down to suit the height of the learner. The young archer places his hands in the rings as far as the wrists, and then goes through the various movements of the weapon. After a time a bow is placed in his hands, and lastly an arrow is given him with a blunted head, the target being a piece of leather hung loosely at a little distance, so that it yields to the missile, which falls to the ground.

From the place I have mentioned we sailed along the coast of Corea, and came to an anchor in the harbour of Kin-san-seu. The people on shore were inhospitably rude, and even the children were encouraged to throw stones at us. We had here an opportunity of observing the mode in which Chinese women ride. We met a young lady, who, from her dress and the smallness of her feet, was evidently of some rank, though she was accompanied only by an old man, who led the animal. This she bestrode as men do in Europe; but the stirrups were so short, and the saddle of such construction, that she looked as if seated in a chair. She wore a loose gown or wrapper, with trousers which drew close above the ankle, to show the feet and embroidered shoes; and her head was decked with a profusion of flowers. She had that languid and insipid kind of countenance which may be seen by referring to a china tea-cup; where a very faithful delineation of their higher class of females may be observed.

TARTAR ARCHERS.

Weighing on the 26th, we entered the next morning a remarkably fine harbour. As soon as we dropped our anchor, a number of mandarins, or, as seamen call them, mad marines, came on board to pay their respects; and an old turret on the face of a hill fired three popguns by way of a salute, turning out about a dozen or so of soldiers, who looked like the stage military in an old-fashioned play.

A few days afterwards, we anchored among a cluster of islands on the coast of Corea. The natives showed the greatest unwillingness to allow us to land; but the next day several large boats came off with the chief of the district, and a numerous retinue on board. He first visited the *Lyra*. On his way to the frigate, one of his attendants, having misbehaved, was by his order extended on the deck of his boat, and received about a dozen and a half blows, with a flat bamboo, over the seat of honour; and as the culprit squalled, a number of his companions standing round him joined in the howl, either in derision or to drown his noise. This ceremony finished, a flourish of trumpets and other instruments announced the great man's approach to the frigate. He was of a venerable and majestic mien, his hair and beard of a hoary whiteness, his dress a light blue robe with loose sleeves, and fastened round his middle by a buff-coloured leathern girdle. He had on his head an immense hat, not less than five or six feet round the brim, made of some substance resembling horse-hair varnished. The cavity to receive the head being fixed under the brim; that which rose above it, as in European hats, was not larger than a common tumbler.

Being received in the cabin with due state, a conversation took place, not one word of which was understood, our Chinese interpreter not being able to write his own language, while the Coreans could not speak Chinese, although they could write it.

From the Corea we sailed for Lew Chew. As we neared the coast, we found ourselves close to a reef with a heavy swell setting on it, and much anxiety existed on board the

Alceste, on account of the *Lyra*, which was ahead, the breakers rolling their white tops close to leeward of her, and breaking with terrific force upon the rocks. By carrying a press of sail she passed the danger, and we hove-to for the night.

The next morning displayed to our view a rich extent of cultivated scenery, such as we had been little accustomed to on the naked coasts of Tartary and China. Entering the harbour, we brought up before the town, and soon afterwards a number of natives came off to inquire the object of our visit. Not to alarm the people, we told them that we came in to repair our ships, and the chain pumps were set to work to convince them of the fact. On their return on shore, a number of carpenters immediately came off with the implements of their art, in order to render what assistance they could. On their offer being declined, they were told we stood in need of fresh provisions and water, and that we would most cheerfully pay for them. A supply of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, sweet potatoes, and many other things, were immediately sent off, and for the six weeks we remained there we received all we required, the authorities who sent them pertinaciously refusing any remuneration.

On hearing of our desire to land, the people, however, expressed great alarm, and said that we could not possibly do so without the permission of the king. At length, however, a chief came off, who stated that a few of the officers were always welcome to walk about within certain bounds. By degrees we won the confidence of the people, and the captains and several of the officers were invited by the old chief to a feast on shore.

Our host was a venerable old man with a white beard, his dress a purple robe with very loose sleeves, and fastened round the middle with a sash of red silk. He had sandals on his feet, with white gaiters, not unlike short stockings. His cap, the badge of his degree, as his attendants wore no coverings on their head, was made of some slight material,

twisted neatly into folds, and covered with a light purple-coloured silk.

At the landing-place we were met by some chiefs, each of whom taking one of the officers by the hand, led him through a vast crowd of spectators to the gate of a public building, where the old gentleman was waiting to welcome us into the house.

A handsome entertainment was prepared. The utmost good-humour prevailed, and a liquor like Rosolio was passed round.

The dress of the people is as remarkable for its simplicity as it is for its elegance. Their glossy black hair, anointed with oil, is turned up all round to the crown of the head, and then tied close down, the part above the string being twisted into a neat little top-knot, and kept in its place by either gold, silver, or brass pins, according to the rank of the wearer. The ladies of the upper ranks wear loose flowing robes, while the lower orders have petticoats scarcely deeper than a Highlander's kilt. Nothing could exceed the politeness and good breeding of all classes.

Their houses were neat in the extreme, and from the appearance of their fields they were carefully cultivated and irrigated.

The people are a small race; indeed, the whole animal creation is here of diminutive size, but excellent of their kind. Their idolatries and their religion appear to be similar to that of the Chinese.

We observed no warlike instruments of any description among them, and from what we could learn they possessed no arms whatever.

Several birds having been killed by some of the officers, they begged that no more might be shot, as they liked to see them flying about their houses, and offered to send in their stead an additional quantity of fowls on board every day.

Their marriages appeared to be perfectly free, the young

people being permitted to make their own choice, and from the kind manner in which they treated their children they appeared to enjoy much domestic happiness.

As we were about to proceed to sea the whole population arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and visited their chief temple, offering up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the Engeleese, and restore them in safety to their native land. We parted from these highly civilized people, among whom we had formed numerous friendships, with the greatest regret.

Thence we proceeded to Canton. As we reached the Boca Tigris we found a line of junks drawn up across the river, when a person came on board, sent by the mandarin commanding them, declaring in an impertinent manner that if we presumed to pass up the river the batteries would instantly sink our ship. The captain replied that he would first pass the batteries, and then hang him at the yard-arm for daring to bring on board a British man-of-war so impudent a message. His boat was accordingly cut adrift, and he himself taken into custody. We then sailed on, engaging the batteries as we passed, the fleet not venturing to fire, and at length anchored off Wampoa.

The most striking objects on the banks of the Tigris are the pagodas, and the appearance of the river at night, completely illuminated by the lamps and lanterns in all the boats, has a very pretty effect.

Of the Chinese I might say a great deal; they present a most curious mixture of civilization and the most barbarous practices. Their modes of punishment are cruel in the extreme, and their ingenuity has invented all sorts of tortures. One of the most common is a sort of movable pillory. A piece of wood, some four feet square and four inches thick, has a hole in the middle, through which the culprit's head is passed. The machine opens with a hinge, and when closed is locked, and as he cannot thus feed himself he would be starved to death were he not fed by casual contributions. Another is like a cage, in which the

culprit is placed with his head through the top, and his toes barely reaching the ground, so that his chin supports the weight of his body.

The Chinese have a horror of being beheaded, under the idea that they will thus appear headless in another world. The instrument employed is a sword made for the purpose, a two-handed weapon, very heavy, with a broad

MODES OF TORTURE.

blade. The executioners pride themselves on their skill, and to exhibit it will draw a black line round a turnip, and sever it at a blow, the cut never passing on either side of the line.

The criminal is carried to the place of execution in a bamboo cage, and by the side is the basket in which his head will be removed. He is first pinioned, and a slip of paper with his name, crime, and sentence, is fixed to a rod and stuck at the back of his head.

When the place of execution is reached, the paper is

I 2

In some places these heads ...

Criminals are sometimes cut all over wit
of the sword, care being taken not to wou
part.

The most fearful punishment, however, is th
asunder, which is sometimes done by placing
between two boards, when the boards and t
cut together.

Two articles most characteristic of the Chin
fans and lanterns. The fan is used as a paraso
master employs it as a ferrule, and a stout m
be seen at times lifting up the skirts of his
by working his fan under the garment he ser
of cool air round his body. Soldiers have
observed while serving their guns fanning then
a brisk fire of shot and shell.

Their lanterns are seen to most advantage
great festivals, the chief of which is the cel
of Lanterns. Lanterns in all sorts of forms
curious devices, are exhibited on that occasio
stalking-horse lantern, in the form of a grea
makes its appearance. The body of the dra
of a number of lanterns, each as large as
Nearly a hundred of these are united to
dragon. At one end is an enormous hea
jaws, and at the other a huge tail. As it is
the streets, the bearers give it an undulat

... of the sticks to which the differe

safely on board. As we sailed down the river, each battery fired a distinct salute in his honour, as did the different war junks; while a large military force fired a *feu de joie* with their matchlocks. The same evening we anchored off the city of Macao. The chief object of interest in the neighbour-

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

hood is the Cave of Camoens, where the greatest of Portuguese poets composed the Lusiad.

The next point we reached was Manilla, the capital of the Philippines, belonging to the Spanish. The chief part of the population are Malays; those only living under the immediate control of the Spaniards are nominally Christians.

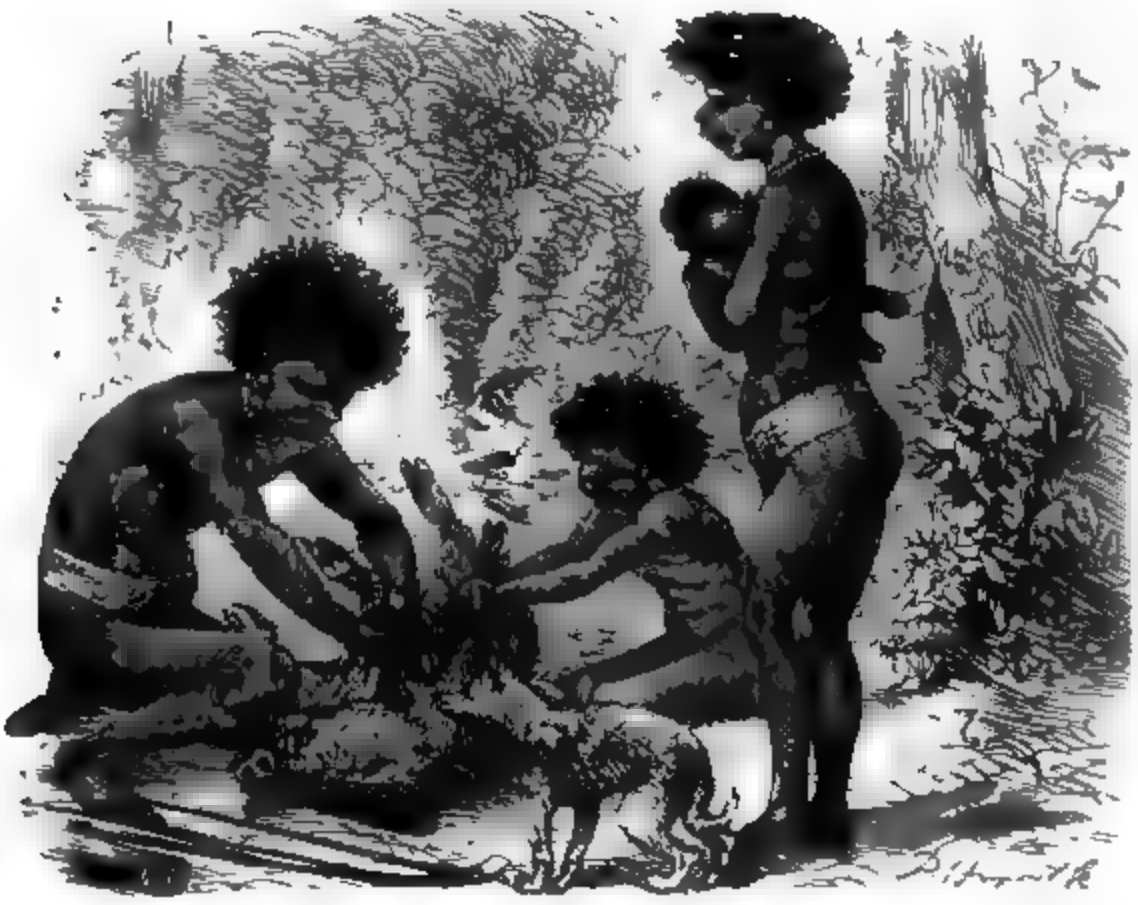
Manilla is beautifully situated on the shore of a bay, more than twenty five leagues in circumference. A river, navigable as far as a lake from which it rises, passes close to the city, and it is considered an exceedingly healthy place. In the mountainous regions are found a remarkably small race of people, known as Negritos or Ajitas. They are well shaped, and their skins are very fine, and scarcely as dark as those of negroes; their hair is woolly, and worn in a sort of mop round the head. They wear no dress beyond a wide belt of plaited bark fastened round the waist. They have no idea of agriculture, living by the chase or plunder. Their weapons are bamboo lances, and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned. They are perfect savages, and travellers have to be careful lest they should be suddenly set upon by these dangerous little creatures. They live in tribes of about fifty or sixty individuals, without any fixed residence, wandering through the country in search of game. They build no hut or shed of any sort, but sit round a fire, where the old people and children remain during the day, while the adults, both men and women, are hunting for game. Their language is said to resemble the chirruping of birds. In some respects, however, they are superior to many savage tribes, as a man has but one wife, while they pay respect to old age.

A good idea may be formed of them from the illustration next page, which represents a party just returned from the chase; the man cutting up a wild boar which he has shot, helped by his son, while the woman holds her baby in her arms.

They pay great respect to the dead, and when a warrior dies his companions are bound to kill the first living thing they meet, whether man or beast. For this purpose they roam through the country, breaking the twigs as they go, to warn any of their own people, for should one be met with, he would fall a victim to this national custom.

Leaving the Philippines, we steered a course which took us to the north-westward of Borneo, thence through the

Straits of Gaspar, and at daylight on the morning of the 18th February, having made Gaspar Island, we stood on for the Straits. The lead was kept going in both chains, with men on the look-out at the mastheads, yard-arms, and bowsprit ends; the captain, master, and officer of the watch



COOKING A WILD BOAR

were on deck to guard against any danger, while the soundings exactly corresponded with the charts.

We had thus sailed on during the night, when about half-past seven in the morning the ship, with a horrid crash, struck on a reef of sunken rocks, and remained immovable. On sounding, the water deepened from ten to seventeen fathoms, immediately around her, and had she forced her way over the reef she must have sunk directly. The best

bower anchor was therefore let go to keep her fast, and the pumps abandoned, as being of no avail.

About three miles and a half off was Gaspar Island, and the boats being hoisted out, Lieutenant Hoppner was directed to convey the Ambassador and his suite, with all those not required on board, to the nearest point. Meanwhile, all who remained by the ship were employed in securing what provisions and stores could be obtained, a task of great difficulty, as the water had now risen above the orlop deck. A raft was also constructed, on which were placed the heavier stores with some baggage, and this was towed by the boats towards the island.

When the ship struck the tide must have been rising, for towards the afternoon it fell outside, and consequently inside the ship several feet, thereby enabling us to save some provisions which floated up.

On the return of the boats, we learned that great difficulty had been experienced in landing. Mangrove trees grew out at a considerable distance in the water, and it was not until after ranging along the shore for nearly three miles, that a small opening appeared, through which the party had scrambled from rock to rock, and at last obtained a footing on shore. Here by cutting away a quantity of the small jungle, at the foot of a hill (for the island was completely overgrown with wood), a space was cleared under the shade of the loftier trees, where the Ambassador and his party bivouacked for that day and night.

On board, all hands were actively engaged in saving whatever articles could be obtained from below; but as the tide rose the swell, lifting the ship from the rocks, dashed her against them with fearful violence, and about midnight it became necessary to cut away the topmasts. Unhappily, as they fell, two of the men were severely injured, and as soon as daylight broke Mr. M'Leod conveyed them ashore, carrying at the same time a report of our condition from the captain to Lord Amherst.

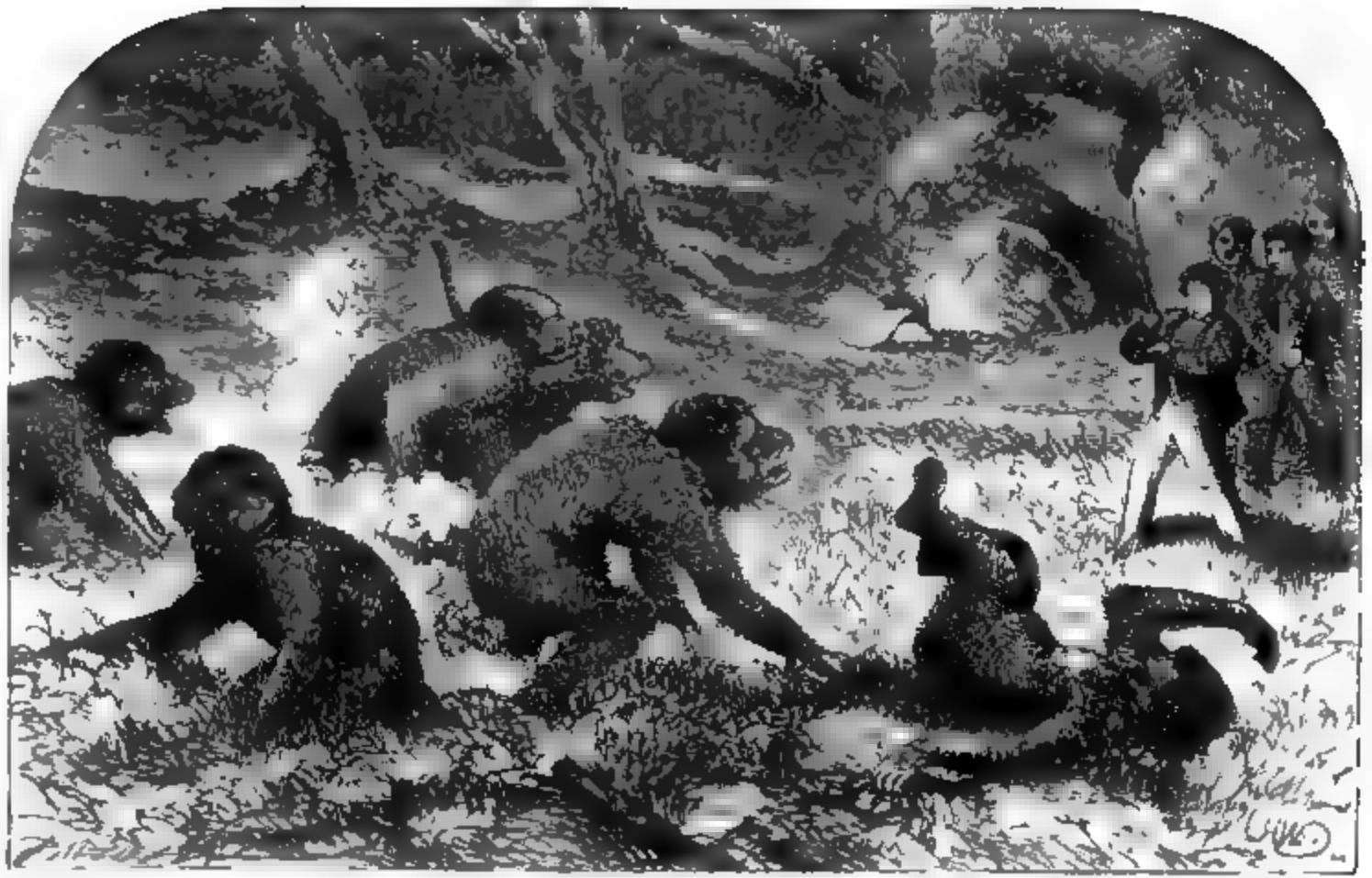
The scene which met Mr. M'Leod's sight as he landed

was curious, and might by some have been considered romantic in the extreme, but far from pleasant to those taking a part in it. Few of those assembled round the watch-fires had more on than a shirt, or a pair of trousers, the Ambassador himself being scarcely better clad than his companions. Over the ground were spread out, in all directions, books, drawings, court dresses, mandarin habits, and other state costumes, intermixed with checked shirts and tarry jackets, hung around on the trees.

As soon as Lord Amherst was informed that no fresh water had as yet been obtained from the ship, he called everybody round him, and ordered that a gill from the stock, which had been sent on shore the day before (saved from what was on deck in the drip stones and water-jugs), with half a gill of rum, should be served out to all hands, he taking his own share with perfect good-humour, thus setting a laudable example to the rest. Parties who had been in vain searching for water now returned, for the pits which they had been digging being too near the sea, the salt water had oozed into them. At one spot they had found the skeleton of a man, and the horrid idea of his having died from thirst had taken possession of their minds. In making their excursion through the wood, they had notched the trees in order to find their way back.

In the forenoon Captain Maxwell came on shore to confer with Lord Amherst on the best mode to be adopted in the perilous situation in which we were placed. As the boats were utterly incapable of conveying half our number to any friendly port, Captain Maxwell judged it best that his Excellency and suite should proceed with a proper guard for Batavia, whence, should they reach it, vessels might be despatched to our relief.

The north-west monsoon then blowing, it was considered that the boats, with the aid of the current, might reach Java in three days, and that row-boats might return even against wind and current in twelve or fifteen days. Mr. Ellis volunteered to return with the first boat, and as no time was



ATTACKED BY APES.

noses—undoubtedly the "Kahau," or Proboscis Monkey. At that time no one thought of killing them for food, but I suspect that, had we remained long on the island, many of them would have lost their lives to fill our cooking pots; as in South America monkeys are eaten, and considered excellent both by whites and natives. Oysters were found

THE AGILE GIBBON.

in abundance on the rocks, but we were at first afraid to eat them, lest they should excite our thirst.

Soon after we landed smoke was observed rising from among the trees, at about a mile from the head of our creek, and it was imagined by some that either the island was peopled, or that savages who had landed on the other side had taken post there. So impenetrable, however, was the thicket, that we were unable to ascertain positively whether this was the case or not.

The captain at once settled a plan for making our small stock of provisions go as far as possible. This was

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to chop up the allowance for the day into small pieces, whether fowls, salt beef, pork, or flour, mixing the whole hotchpotch, boiling them together, and serving out a measure to each, publicly, and without any distinction. By this means no nourishment was lost, it could be more quickly divided than by any other way, and though scanty, it was not an unsavoury mess.

PROBOSCIS MONKEY.

All our bread with the exception of a few pounds was lost. The men had half allowance of rum divided between dinner and supper, and the officers two glasses of wine at dinner, and a small dram glass at supper.

One morning a bag of oatmeal was found, which some of the young Scotch midshipmen considered as their own, and sat down with great glee round a wash-hand basin full of burgoo made from it, but the English claimed their share, and managed to get through it without a wry face.

The guards at the posts covering the boats were under charge of the lieutenants and mates, while the garrison at night was conducted in turns by the surgeon, chaplain, and other officers, the younger midshipmen being perched in rotation on the look-out rock during the day to give notice

of what was going forward on the water. Except one poor marine, who was suffering from a liver complaint, we had not a man ill. One fellow, however, left the camp and did not return.

The captain, having called all hands together, addressed them earnestly, telling them that discipline must be kept up with as much rigour as on board, and that he should have pleasure in recommending those who distinguished themselves by the regularity and propriety of their conduct.

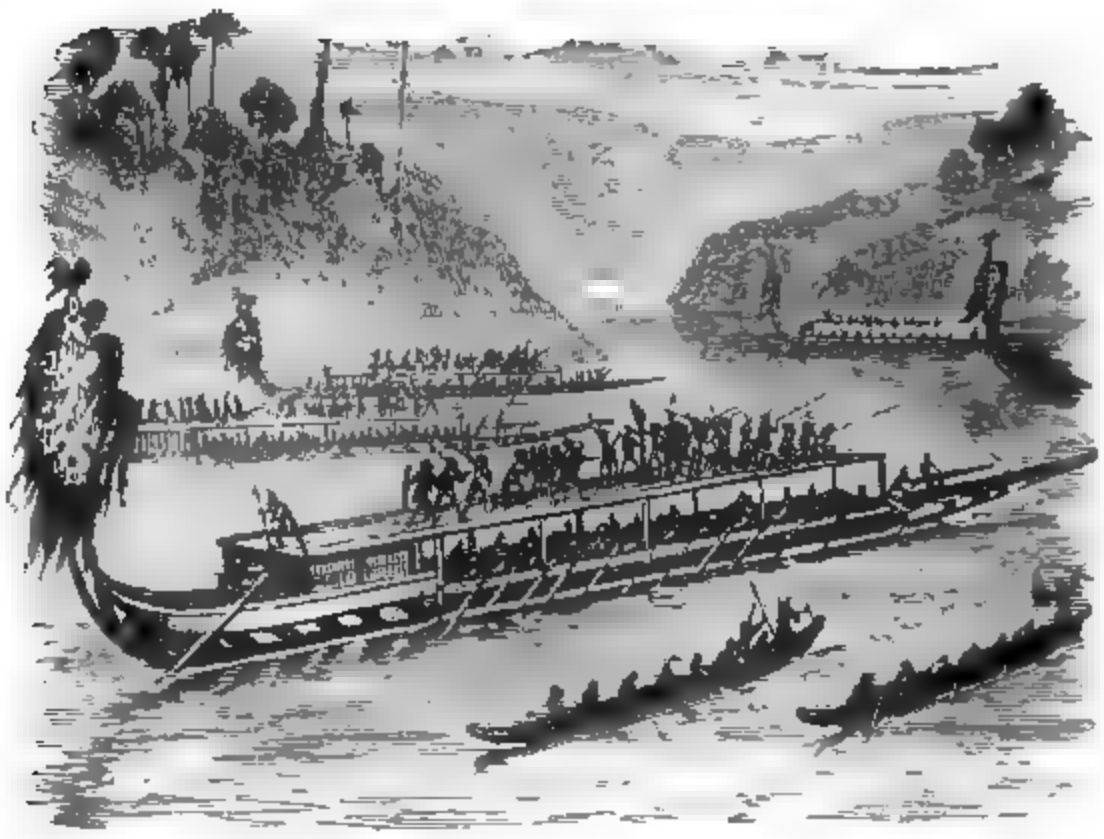
During the day the well afforded us a pint of water for each man. It had a sweetish, milk-and-water taste, and some declared that, when mixed with a little rum, it resembled milk punch. It, at all events, diffused a happiness which only they can feel who have experienced the horrible sensation of thirst under a vertical sun.

The boats continued passing backwards and forwards from the ship, and we carried everything we could to the top of the hill, but unfortunately most of the articles of real value to us were under water. We were in hopes, however, that, as no bad weather was likely to occur, we might, by scuttling her at low water, or by burning her upper works, acquire many useful articles. As there was no fear of the ship going to pieces, a party remained on board night and day.

Soon after dawn on Friday the 21st, a large number of Malay proas, apparently well armed and full of men, were seen approaching. As all the arms had been landed, the party on board had not a weapon with which to defend themselves; they could therefore only hope for safety by flight, and had just time to throw themselves into the boat alongside, and push for the shore, when the pirates, seeing them, made chase. They were seen by the midshipman on the watch, and we on this hurried down to their assistance, and, manning two boats, pulled out boldly towards the pirates. The rogues, on seeing us, turned tail and made for the ship, of which they took possession. As they far outnumbered us, and we had but a limited supply of arms, it was deemed imprudent to attack them.

Soon after our return it was reported that from the look-out rock were seen a band of savages, armed with spears, landing at a point about two miles off.

Under all the depressing circumstances attending shipwreck, of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and now menaced by a ruthless foe, it was glorious to see the British spirit staunch and undauntless. The order was given for every man to



A PIRATICAL FLEET.

arm himself in the best way he could, and it was obeyed with the utmost alacrity. Rude pike-staves were formed by cutting down young trees, and small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even large spike nails, were firmly fixed to the ends of them; while some hardened the sharp points of the poles in the fire, thus forming tolerable weapons. Even the boys managed to make fast table-forks or their knives to the ends of sticks; and one of the men, who had suffered from the falling of the mast, and was in a hammock slung between

two trees, had fished the blade of an old razor with two sticks and a rope-yarn. "Though I cannot stand," he observed, "if any of those fellows come within reach of my arm I will mark them."

We had also about a dozen cutlasses, and the marines had thirty muskets and bayonets, but could muster no more than seventy-five ball cartridges. Fortunately, some loose powder, drawn from the upper deck guns after the ship had struck, had been preserved, for the magazine was under water in five minutes.

The marines, by hammering their buttons round, and by rolling up pieces of broken bottles in cartridges, supplied themselves with a sort of langrage; and strict orders were given that not a shot should be thrown away. The carpenter and his crew, under the directions of the captain, were busied in forming a fortification by felling trees and enclosing, in a circular shape, the ground we occupied; and by interweaving loose branches with the stakes driven in among these a breastwork was constructed, which would afford cover and impede the progress of the enemy. The scouts that had been sent out now returned, reporting that the Malays had not actually landed, but simply taken possession of some rocks, on which they had deposited the plunder brought from the ship.

In the evening all hands were mustered under arms, and, rude as were our weapons, there was no lack of spirit to use them should occasion offer. An officer and party were also ordered to take charge of the boats for the night, and they were hauled closer into the landing-place.

The sentries had been placed, and some hours of darkness had passed by in quiet, when the voice of one of them was heard challenging, followed by the report of his musket. Everyone was at his post in an instant, without the least confusion, but no foe appeared, and the intruder was found to be a huge baboon, who had come to steal a duck or any other live stock he could find.

On the morning of Saturday the 22nd, some of the Malay

boats approached the place where ours were moored, and with a view of ascertaining whether they wished to communicate on friendly terms, the gig, with an officer and five hands, pulled gently towards them, waving the bough of a tree; but the pirates were reconnoitring our position, and immediately put back to their rocks.

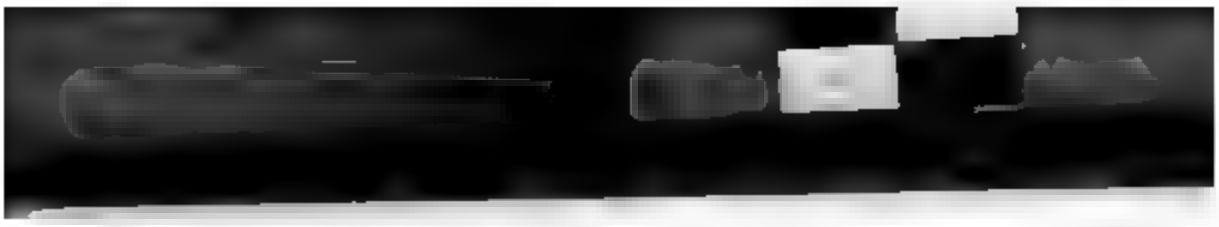
The captain now resolved to regain possession of the ship, and the second lieutenant was ordered to proceed with three boats, and to do so by fair means or by force. Not more than eighty pirates appeared on board her. Those on the rocks, seeing us approach, made off with their plunder. Two of their largest proas alongside the ship, observing their comrades abandon the wreck, setting fire to her, made sail away.

In a few minutes the flames burst from every port, and so fiercely did they burn that the boats were unable to board her. All hope of peace with these people was now at an end.

The piratical tribes who roam around the coast of Borneo and Sumatra are indeed a race of savages—perhaps the most merciless and inhuman to be found in any part of the world. In setting fire to the ship they gave a decided proof of their disposition towards us; but they really did what we intended to do, for by burning her upper works and decks everything buoyant could float up from below and be more easily laid hold of.

Borneo sends forth a large number of these rovers of the ocean. Some are known as Sea Dyaks. Their colour is not unlike that of a new saddle; they are generally nearly beardless, and those cruel and barbarous villains have almost effeminate countenances. They wear huge earrings, often one ring hanging to another, the smallest being in the ear and the largest at the bottom. They file their teeth into sharp points and then blacken them.

Among other tribes are the Dusums, who live on the northern coast of Borneo. They wear but little dress, merely a kilt, with metal rings round their knees and hips.



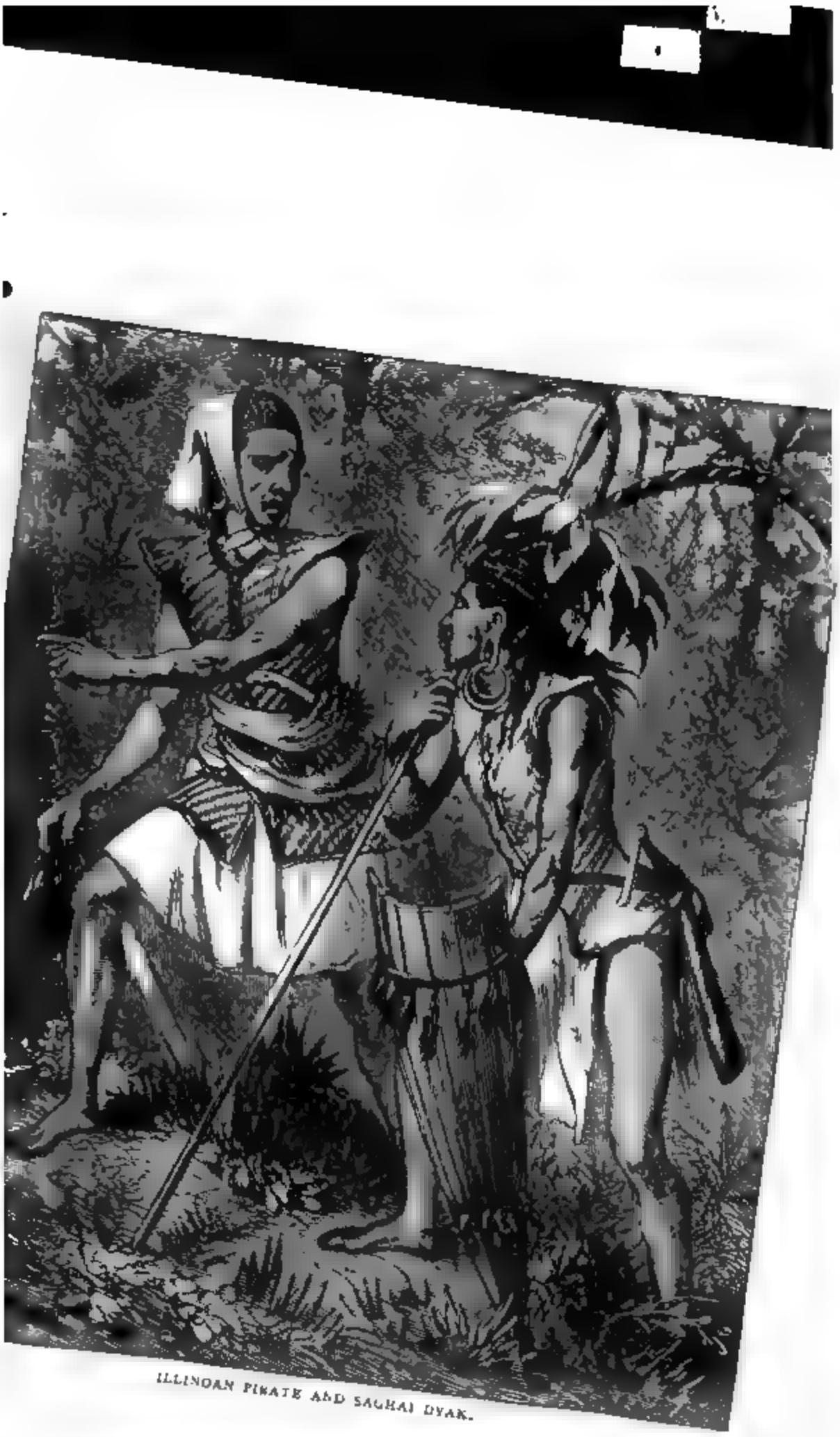
DYAK WARRIOR AND DUSUN

The Illinoans are the chief among the piratical tribes. They possess numerous large war-boats, which have an upper deck, serving as a platform for the combatants and a shelter for the rowers who sit beneath, while their chief has a little cabin astern, into which he can just creep. The paddles look like mere sticks with flat discs secured to their ends, and the boats are steered by an oar-rudder at the starboard side of the stern. Each is furnished with a mast and a large sail, which can be quickly raised or struck as may be required. They fight desperately, and neither give nor expect quarter. Their great ambition is to secure the heads of their enemies, and even when under fire and running every moment the risk of being shot, they will try to cut off the heads of those on the ground. In warfare they employ every stratagem they can think of to decoy their enemies into their power. One of their favourite tactics is to conceal their large boats, and then to send some small and badly manned ones forward; these being repulsed retreat, when their enemies, thinking themselves victorious, follow till they pass the spot where the larger canoes are hidden. They are then attacked in the rear, when all turn and join in the onslaught.

We were soon to become better acquainted with these people.

The ship continued burning during the whole night, and the flames, which could be seen through the openings of the trees, shed a melancholy glare around.

On Sunday morning, the 23rd, the boats were sent to the still smoking wreck. Just as Divine service, which was held in the main tent, was over, news was brought that some flour, a few cases of wine, and a cask of beer, had floated up. On the captain ordering that a pint of the latter should be served out to each man, three hearty cheers were given as a proof of their satisfaction. On some one observing to the captain that such a scene had never occurred at a church-door in England, he replied good-humouredly, "Perhaps you never saw a thirsty English



ILLINOAN PIRATE AND SAUKAI DYAK.

congregation dismissed with a promise of a pint of beer a-piece."

Our circumstances would not allow us to be idle, and we continued to improve our fortifications, clearing away a glacis immediately round the fort, that we might see and have fair play with the barbarians, should they approach. They had now retired to a little island about two miles off, where they appeared to be waiting for reinforcements.

The next day the boats brought from the wreck some casks of flour, only partially damaged, a few cases of wine, about forty boarding pikes, and eighteen muskets; and to supply us with ammunition, the gunner was actively employed in forming cartridges by melting down some pewter basins and jugs with a small quantity of lead, and casting the balls in clay moulds. Another well was also dug, which enabled us to indulge in the luxury of a long drink.

The next day some more casks of wine and a few boarding pikes were obtained, while on shore we were employed in completing the paths to the well and felling trees.

At daylight on Wednesday the 26th, Lieutenant Hay, who had charge of the boats, observed two of the pirate proas, each with a canoe astern, close in with the cove. He immediately dashed out at them with the three boats. On perceiving this they cut adrift their canoes and made all sail, chased by our boats; the leading boat closing, the Malays placed themselves in threatening attitudes, and fired their swivels. This was returned by Mr. Hay with the only musket he had in the boat, and as he got closer to them the Malays commenced throwing their javelins and darts, fortunately without wounding any of our men. Soon after they were grappled by our fellows, when three of them having been shot, and a fourth knocked down with the butt-end of the musket, five more jumped overboard and drowned themselves, while two, one of whom was severely wounded, were taken prisoners. The proa immediately went down.

Nothing could exceed the desperate ferocity of these people. One, who had been shot through the body, on

being removed into the boat with a view of saving him, fiercely grasped a cutlass which he found within reach, and it was not without a struggle wrenched from his hand. He died in a few minutes.

The consort of this proa, firing a parting shot, bore up round the north end of the island and escaped.

The canoes, with several articles of plunder from the ship

THE WAR DANCE.

in them, were secured. As one of them was drifting by Mr. Fisher, one of the officers who was on shore, anxious to secure her, swam out to get on board, when within a short distance a huge shark was seen crossing and recrossing him.

To have called out might have unnerved him, and it was resolved to allow him to swim on to the canoe. Happily, he succeeded in getting into her before the shark made its final dash at him.

One of the prisoners was an elderly man, the other young. When brought to shore they seemed to have no hope of being allowed to live, and sullenly awaited their fate. The wounds of the younger, who was badly injured in the knee-joint, being dressed, and food offered to them, they became more cheerful, and appeared especially gratified at seeing one of their dead companions, who had been brought on shore, decently buried.

A hut was built, and a blanket and other comforts given to the wounded man, his comrade being appointed to act as his cook and attendant. They both seemed satisfied when some rice was given to them to prepare in their own way.

Soon after the proa had disappeared fourteen others, with smaller boats, appeared standing across from the Banca side, and anchored behind the small island I have spoken of. At first we had some hopes that they might have been sent from Batavia to our relief. We accordingly hoisted a flag, and one of the officers advanced with the Union Jack, accompanied by some midshipmen, along the strand. In a short time some of the strangers approached also with a flag. As the parties drew near to each other the Malays dropped in the rear of their flag-bearer and laid down their arms; ours also fell astern, and the two flag-bearers, wading into a creek which separated them, cautiously neared each other. The Malay salaamed, as did our representative. Shaking hands was the next ceremony, and then, joining flags, they walked up arm and arm to the place where the captain and several others were stationed. Everyone now supposed that they must be friends sent to our assistance, but it quickly turned out that they were wanderers employed in gathering sea-weed on the coast. Mr. Hay, however, with his division well armed, proceeded down to their anchorage in the hopes of making friends with them, and their rajah

sent on shore a present of a piece of fish and some cocoa-nut milk.

It was now proposed to try and induce them to carry part of us to Java; but those who distrusted the Malays, knowing their generally treacherous character, greatly objected to the plan, and on the following morning the matter was set at rest when we saw our friends and the rajah and his suite begin plundering the wreck.

Probably at first they supposed we had come to form a settlement on the island, and were therefore anxious to gain our confidence, but the wreck informed them of our real condition, and we received no more presents of fish or cocoa-nut milk.

Our boats had been moved into another cove well out of sight, and a fort erected to protect them.

The next day the Malays were still employed on the wreck, and no relief having appeared from Batavia, we commenced constructing a firm raft, on which, with the aid of the boats, it was hoped we might make our escape before our stock of provisions was entirely exhausted.

On Saturday the 1st March, fourteen more proas appeared, and at night a still greater force joined them. At daylight, while a large party were on board the wreck, twenty or more of their heaviest vessels were seen approaching the landing-place, beating their gongs, and making a hideous yelling noise. We instantly got under arms; the party covering the boats were strengthened, and scouts were sent out to watch their motions.

About this time the old Malay, hearing the yelling of his people, left his wounded comrade and ran off into the woods. Finding that the strangers did not land, an officer was sent a little outside the cove in a canoe to try and establish relations with them. On this one of their canoes, with several men armed with creeses, approached.

A letter was now written to the chief authority at Minto, and it was explained to them that we desired them to carry it there, and that on their return they should be well paid.

However, none of their vessels were seen taking the direction to Banca.

We calculated that they mustered fully five hundred men.

The wreck by this time was nearly exhausted, and they, knowing that the chief booty was in our possession, blockaded us with increased rigour, especially at high water—fearful, probably, lest our boats, being floated at that period, should push out and escape them. In the afternoon some of the rajah's people appeared seeking a parley, and they gave us to understand that all the Malays, except their party, were hostile, and that it was their intention to attack us that night, offering to allow some of their people to sleep on the hill in order to protect us. Feeling sure that they meditated treachery, we replied that we could trust to ourselves.

On the envoys returning to their gang the whole assumed a menacing attitude.

In the evening our gallant captain addressed us all, pointing out that the enemy would probably attack us during that night. "I do not wish to conceal our real state from you," he observed, "because I think that there is not a man here who is afraid to face any sort of danger. They have neither matchlocks nor muskets, I suspect; but if they have, so have we. When we were first thrown together on shore we were almost defenceless, seventy-five ball cartridges only could be mustered; we have now sixteen hundred. The enemy cannot, I believe, send up more than five hundred men, but with two hundred such as now stand round me I do not fear a thousand—nay, fifteen hundred of them. I have the fullest confidence we shall beat them. The pikemen standing firm, we can give them such a volley of musketry as they will be little prepared for, and when they are thrown into confusion we will sally out among them and chase them into the water, and ten to one but we secure their vessels.

Seldom have three jollier huzzas been given than rang through the woods at the conclusion of this short but well-timed address. It was taken up by the picket at the

cove, and those stationed at the wells. That the Malays might come seemed to be the anxious wish of everyone among us.

After a slender but cheerful repast the men lay down as

CAMP AT NIGHT

usual on their arms, whilst the captain remained with those on guard to superintend his arrangements.

At night an alarm was given; all were at their posts like lightning, and returned growling because the alarm was false.

At daylight on Monday the 3rd, it was seen that ten more vessels had joined the pirates, increasing their number to at least six hundred men. Every hour our position became more critical; our stock of provisions was shortening rapidly, and it was now proposed that we should make a night attack with our four boats, and attempt to carry some of the pirates' vessels by boarding.

In possession of them, with our own boats, we might shove off for Java and keep them at bay should they follow us.

Awful as was our situation, starvation staring us in the face, without a hope of mercy from the savages, there were no symptoms of depression or gloom, and everyone appeared determined to dash at the foe and to be successful or to die, as became men in the attempt to be free.

We had been now nineteen days on the island, when about noon one of the officers, mounted on the look-out tree, descried a sail to the southward. Every eye was fixed anxiously on the tree for the next report, a signalman and a telescope being instantly sent up. She was now lost sight of from a dark squall overspeading that part of the horizon, but in about twenty minutes she again emerged from the cloud, and was announced decidedly to be either a ship or a brig standing towards the island, under all sail. We immediately hoisted our colours on the high branch of a tree to attact attention, lest she should be only a passing stranger. The pirates soon after this discovered the ship, as we knew by the stir among them, and a party was sent out in the hope of getting some of them under fire; they, however, escaped.

It was fortunate that they were driven away, for the ship was compelled to anchor eight miles to leeward of the island on account of the wind and current, and had they remained they might easily have cut off all communication between us. The gig was immediately despatched to the stranger, and brought back the satisfactory intelligence that she was the *Ternate*, a Company's cruiser, sent by Lord Amherst to our assistance, having on board Mr. Ellis and

Lieutenant Hoppner, who had embarked on the day of their arrival at Batavia. They, however, coming ashore in the cutter, were compelled to put back on account of the current, and were unable to land till the 5th. On that day two of the *Ternate's* boats arrived with a 12-pounder carronade, some round and grape shot, and musket ammunition, in case the pirates should return before we had all embarked.

On the 6th everything was packed up that we required to carry with us, and the rest being piled into a heap on the top of the hill, a superb bonfire was made. The majority of officers and men then embarked, some in the boats, and others on the raft, which carried forty-six men and a cow, and in about eight hours reached the ship, the captain being the last to leave the island.

We only lost the unhappy man who wandered away, and who must probably either have been bitten by a serpent in the woods and died there, or fallen into the hands of the savages, as we could gain no tidings of him. We had great reason to be thankful for the way in which we had been preserved, for had the ship fallen from the rocks on which she had struck into deep water all must have perished; also that no accident had happened to the boats which conveyed the Embassy to Batavia, for in that case we should never have been heard of. We found water, no mutiny occurred, we had been able to stand our ground against the pirates; while, lastly, the *Ternate* had succeeded in anchoring in sight of the island, which she was only enabled to do by a slant of wind lasting but an hour or two.

The *Ternate* being very small, a number of us crossed in the boats, which kept company with the ship, arriving late on the 9th, and on the 10th we landed, and all our dangers were over.

I should mention that the boats with the Embassy on board, which left on the 19th, reached Batavia on the 23rd. During the whole of the voyage the strictest equality was observed in the distribution of the provisions; and if any distinction was made it was in favour of the rowers,

those gentlemen who were unable to pull themselves taking a smaller portion than those who did. While still at a considerable distance from the shore they fell in with a stream of fresh water, which put all in high spirits. To prevent any ill consequences a little rum was put into a bucket, and every man drank about a pint. At that time they had but one gallon remaining for the forty-seven people on board. Their chief discomfort arose from being so crowded, while they suffered much distress from thirst; it was difficult indeed to keep the people from drinking salt water, one man who did so becoming delirious.

Another ship, the *Charlotte*, had been sent to our relief, with several of our officers on board. Finding a strong current against her, they had shored off in the barge with two casks of water and one of beef for us. They had tugged at the oars until the next day, when, arriving in sight of the place we had occupied, they saw a flotilla of the pirates, three of whom gave chase. There was no time to be lost; the barge made sail, but in addition to their sails the Malays pulled fast. The beef and water were now thrown overboard to lighten the barge, and, being tolerably armed, they prepared to sell their lives dearly. Happily, at this moment a strong squall came on, which compelled the Malays to lower their sails, whilst the barge carrying through all got ahead and escaped, the pirates hauling their wind again towards the island.

On our arrival in England Captain Maxwell was honourably acquitted for the loss of the *Alceste*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE "ARCTIC."

SOME years ago I made a passage, in the month of September, on board one of the fine ships belonging to the Collins' line of steamers, from Liverpool to New York.

Having kept to the northward to avoid the Gulf stream, whose warm current would have opposed our progress, we were passing across the Banks of Newfoundland, when we were enveloped in a dense fog. So thick was it, that when standing aft I could not see the fore part of the ship.

Still we continued gliding on over the deep at full speed. I observed to the captain that we were running a great risk, and might at any moment be foul of another vessel, which it might be impossible to see in time to avoid.

"Oh, we are in a pretty broad highway," he answered, laughing. "We are bound to make a quick passage, or people will grumble. There is no risk, or at least it is so small as not to be worthy of consideration."

"But suppose we do run into another vessel, or another vessel runs into us, or we go stem on to an iceberg; what then?" I asked.

"Ah, well, it wouldn't be pleasant, I guess; but it doesn't do to think of such things," was the answer.

Although we might have passed close to several vessels in the fog, we happily escaped collision, and reached New York in safety.

I have often, however, since thought how easily our fate might have been that of the *Arctic*, whose sad history I am about to recount.

The *Arctic*, commanded by Captain Luce, was a noble steamship, sister to the one I was on board. She sailed from Liverpool on the 20th September, 1854, with 233 passengers; her crew, all told, numbering 150 men.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the passage until noon of Wednesday the 27th, when she was on the Banks of Newfoundland, and about fifty miles from the coast of that bleak region, steering west by compass, with the wind about west by south. A thick fog had prevailed during the day; sometimes it cleared off so as to allow an object to be seen half a mile off, and then again it settled down as densely as before. Notwithstanding this, she was running at what may justly be considered the dangerous rate of twelve and a half miles an hour; the ordinary speed, however, kept up by the Collins' line (as it is stated), even in foggy weather in that latitude. Two men were on the look-out on the forecastle, and the usual vigilance is supposed to have been exercised.

Many of the passengers were gathered in the cabin preparatory to luncheon, and some of them were engaged in drawing the numbers of the daily lottery, the chances of which are based upon the number of miles run during the preceding twenty-four hours. Captain Luce had left the deck for the purpose of working out the ship's position, when, at about fifteen minutes past noon, a cry was heard from the officer of the deck of "Hard a starboard." A

steamer under all sail was seen running down on the starboard bow of the *Arctic*. The stranger the next instant struck her bow, and bounding off, as it were, passed rapidly astern, and was lost to sight in the fog. The stranger's bows, from the glance obtained of her, appeared to have been literally crushed off for about ten feet, and all on board the *Arctic* believed she must sink in a few minutes. Not aware that his own ship had materially suffered, Captain Luce's impulse was to endeavour to save the lives of those on board, and he accordingly ordered the first officer, Mr. Gourlay, to lower a boat and ascertain what damage she had received. A boat had also been despatched from the stranger to learn the state of the *Arctic;* this, unhappily getting under the *Arctic's* paddle-box, was stove in, one of her crew only being hauled on board. From this man, a Frenchman, it was ascertained that the stranger was the iron screw-steamer *Vesta* from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, bound and belonging to Granville. Severe as was the damage she had received, the injury she had inflicted on the *Arctic* was of a still more terrific nature. On hurrying forward, Captain Luce found that the *Vesta's* iron anchor-stock had been driven through the bows of the *Arctic* about eighteen inches above the water-line, and at the same instant the fluke of the anchor had made an immense hole two feet below the water-line, raking fore and aft the planking. The shank had finally broken, leaving the stock sticking through the side of the ship.

So furiously did the water at once begin to pour in, that in a few minutes it was over the cargo, and the lower fires were put out. Immediately bilge-injections were put on, the engines and steam-pumps were set to work with the remaining fires, and the fore-deck pumps worked by passengers and crew, while the ship was headed for the land. Efforts were also made to check the leak by getting sails over the bows, but all were in vain.

The chief mate's boat now appeared astern, but the captain dared not stop to pick her up. The *Arctic* had six other

boats. Captain Luce, hopeless of saving the ship, ordered them to be got ready, and the ladies and children placed in them. Two were lowered safely; but to the shame of manhood, no sooner had they reached the water than the firemen, several of the seamen, and some of the male passengers rushed into them, in spite of all opposition. On this, the captain ordered the boats to be veered astern, and to be kept in readiness until order could be somewhat restored; but to his dismay he saw the men cut the painters, the boats disappearing in the fog. A fourth boat was on the point of being lowered, several ladies and children being already in her, when, while she was yet hanging at the davits, a number of men frantically sprang in also; one of the falls giving way, and the others getting foul, she fell almost upright, nearly all being precipitated into the sea, the greater number of whom were drowned. The seamen, however, quickly righted her, but while she was still alongside numbers leaped in, and she was speedily loaded to her gunwale; of others still endeavouring to gain her, many were drowned.

The chief engineer, with some of his assistants, had taken the smallest deck boat and had pulled away with about fifteen persons in her.

Had discipline prevailed, and the crew remained by the ship, how different might have been the fate of many! There were, however, some noble exceptions to the dastardly conduct of those who deserted their comrades in the hour of danger. Mr. Walker, one of the engineers, with Patrick Tobin, a fireman, continued to work the steam-pumps as long as the fires remained alight. When about to go on deck Tobin was ordered back by Mr. Walker, and his last act was to throw in some coal, but the water reaching the furnaces, and all further effort being useless, they sprang on deck. There the passengers were working with desperate energy at the forward pumps; French, Germans, and English calling in their different languages—hurrying to and fro, now rushing to the pumps, and again rushing away

when relieved by others. Many, however, remained coolly courageous and resigned, placing implicit confidence in the captain and officers. Among others, a young gentleman named Holland, of Washington, who was on board for the purpose of getting instruction in engineering, exhibited the noblest heroism. He had been directed by the captain to fire the signal gun when all others had fled, and amid the melancholy outcry he steadily pursued his duty.

While the other boats were being lowered, Captain Luce was engaged in getting the starboard guard boat ready, and standing by the falls, he ordered the second officer, Mr. Baahlam, to take the command, and employ her in the best way he could for saving lives. Before, however, she had reached the water, in spite of his efforts, many made a rush to get on board; and when the mate and only three others were in her, it became necessary to cut away the falls to save her from being broken down. At that moment one of the passengers, as the steamer moved ahead, threw himself overboard, and was received into the boat. Others, with seamen and stokers, followed, till a number were seen struggling for life on the surface. Their wild shrieks for help were heartrending, and those already in the boat hastened to haul them in till the boat was full. The captain then ordered Mr. Baahlam to row after the ship, to be ready to take on board the women and children as soon as the engines stopped.

Another quarter-boat still remained, but she was broken down and hanging by one tackle. A rush was made for her, and some dozen or fifteen men succeeded in getting in, and having cut the tackle were soon out of sight.

The captain now discovered that scarcely a seaman, and not a carpenter, was left on board to assist in building a raft; Mr. Dorian, the third mate, who had gallantly supported him from the first, being the only officer who remained. He, with the assistance of a Captain Grann, a passenger, and a few others, mostly landsmen, set to work with coolness and energy to construct it. They succeeded,

after great effort, in getting the fore- and main-yards, main topsail, and two top-gallant yards overboard, and such other small spars and materials as they could collect, with ropes and rattlin-stuff for lashing them together.

It at length became evident that the *Arctic* could not float much longer, and before the raft could be put together it was necessary to launch the lifeboat, the only one remaining. This difficult task was successfully accomplished, and the captain ordered Mr. Dorian to take charge of her, and in order to prevent her being run away with he kept the oars on board, he still purposing to get the women and children into this boat at last. There was hope, but alas! it was faint indeed. Young Holland continued at his gun firing signals of distress, and they might possibly bring some vessel to the relief of the sinking ship. The two sea officers and their few assistants were labouring at the raft: sometimes they were on the spars, and frequently in the water; the captain, with a number of gentlemen, protecting the work by keeping back the crowd. While they were thus engaged the cry arose that the ship was sinking. A panic seized the passengers; a rush was made, and in spite of the efforts of the captain and a few gentlemen to prevent them, numbers precipitated themselves over the bulwarks on to the raft, making their way towards the boat.

This interfered fearfully with the task of those working on the raft. In vain the captain endeavoured to keep back the frantic multitude, pointing out to them that the boat was the last refuge for the hapless women and children. Nothing could stop them. Already the boat was completely full. The rope which held her to the raft was cut, and though they were without oars, those already in her began with their hands and axes to paddle away. Mr. Dorian, finding that he could do no more, leaped into the boat, and assisted Captain Grann, who followed him. Two other persons were picked up who swam for her.

Had they remained a moment longer, the boat would have been swamped by the numbers who were leaping down

the side, and rushing towards her across the raft. Those remaining on board ran to and fro, in vain crying out for help when no help could be afforded them.

Five hours only had passed since the *Arctic* had been struck by the French steamer. Numbers had leaped overboard and been drowned, probably a hundred were clinging to the imperfectly constructed raft, while others were still on deck lashing together doors, casks, stools, settees—indeed everything that would float—to save their lives.

The last fatal moment was rapidly approaching. The sea was flush with the dead lights. The captain had mounted to the starboard paddle-box, holding his young son in his arms. Lower and lower the ship sank. Even when her deck was almost level with the sea, young Holland was still labouring at his gun. His last shot boomed out sounding the knell of the sinking ship; he, alas! sinking with her, having persevered to the end in the strict performance of his duty.

And now the surging waters closed over the noble vessel. Down, down she went, into the depths of ocean; those who remained on deck, as she sank by the stern, being dashed forward against the funnel. Then, as the foaming surges went boiling over the tumbling heap of human beings, one wild piercing shriek arose. It sounded but for a moment; the next, the whole struggling mass was engulfed, and all was still. In a few seconds many rose to the surface, some bold swimmers striking out towards pieces of the wreck, others casting up their arms imploringly as they sank for ever beneath the waves. The sea, though strong, was not excessively heavy, and thus several were able to gain various objects on which to support themselves.

Mr. Dorian's was the only boat in sight, but, already overcrowded, those on board could do nothing for the preservation of their hapless companions. Nearly eighty persons, several being women, were clinging to the large raft. One of the spars of which it was composed catching

in the paddle-wheel, a portion was carried away, and several of those on it were engulfed.

Among those who had remained on board the ship to the last was Mr. Peter McCabe. He was engaged aft with two men in lashing some casks together, when, as she sank, he was engulfed in the surging waters. Down he went, and the terrible thought came upon him that he was drowning, and should never see his friends again. Still he retained his consciousness, and it was with a feeling of intense joy he found, in about half a minute, that he was rapidly rising to the surface. Before all was darkness, now he could see a dim light above him, and in a few seconds he was at the top of the water struggling for life. Being a good swimmer, and having, besides, the support of a life-preserver, he succeeded in reaching a door which was floating close to the spot where he rose.

Not a trace of the vessel was to be seen, except a few loose timbers and the rafts floating about, a few people clinging to some of them. Finding that he could not retain his hold of the door, he left it and swam to a barrel which lay a few feet from him. From this again he swam to the large raft, to which numbers of human beings were at that time clinging. He climbed up, and took his place in their midst. Awful was the scene. So crowded was it that many were holding on but by one hand. Very few words were spoken by any; the only sound that was heard was the splashing of the water, or the heavy gasping of the poor sufferers as they tried to recover their breath after a wave had passed over them. Nearly all were submerged to their arm-pits, while a few could with difficulty keep their heads above the surface.

There they were, far out on the ocean, without the slightest hope of assistance. In a short time one after another began to drop into their watery graves from sheer exhaustion. Those who had put on life-preservers did not sink, but floated with their ghastly faces upwards, reminding the rest of the fate that awaited them. Still McCabe, a strong hardy man,

retained his courage. Hour after hour passed by, another and another of his companions sank by his side and fell into the water. Some floated away and were eaten and gnawed by the fish which came around, greedy for their prey; others were washed under the raft, and there he could see their faces in the openings between the spars, as it was swayed to and fro by the waves, which threatened every moment to wash him off. The women were the first to go. Not a word did they utter, but sank back and yielded themselves up to their sad fate, worn out by the fearful exposure to which they were subjected. One poor girl alone, as she felt herself going, cried out in intense agony, "Oh, my mother and sisters!" her thoughts fixed rather on her happy home than on herself.

Night came on. What a night of horror to the hapless beings on that lone raft! The sun rose on the world of waters. No sail was in sight. Already not a third of those who had clung to the raft when the ship went down were there. The sun rose high in the heavens, still McCabe held on, struggling desperately for life.

Eighteen hours passed away, and but four remained. One of those gave him a small parchment, the title-deeds to property. A few minutes afterwards he too unloosed his hold, and was added to the number of those who floated about the raft. McCabe in vain endeavoured to place the document in his pocket, but finding this impossible on account of his cramped position, he held it in his teeth, till being overwhelmed by a wave he lost his hold of it, and it was washed away. Another of his hapless companions called in Heaven's name for his assistance, as his strength was rapidly failing, and promised if he ever got to New York that he would show his gratitude. As he was five feet off it was difficult for McCabe to reach him, but after considerable exertion he succeeded in doing so, and supported him by one of his knees, till he himself became so faint that he was obliged to leave him to his fate.

Oh, with what desperate tenacity did the poor gentleman

ALONE UPON THE OCEAN.

cling to life! but he too in his turn at length dropped off, and McCabe was left alone on the raft.

A second night was closing on him. Since the *Arctic* foundered not a drop of fresh water had cooled his lips, not a particle of food had entered his mouth; his strength was beginning to give way, his sight had become so dim that he could no longer perceive objects though but a few feet off; even the ghastly faces of the dead that looked up at him from beneath the raft were scarcely discernible. Still the love of life was strong; he would make one more effort to save it. He raised himself on his knees and gazed around. Did his fancy deceive him? Through the dusk of evening he saw, or thought he saw, a vessel. His strength seemed to revive; eagerly he listened, gasping for breath. A few more minutes passed. Yes, yes, he was not mistaken; the voices of persons in an approaching boat reached his ear. In a brief space he too would have gone. As he was about to sink back he felt himself seized by the collar, and dragged by a strong hand into the bow of a boat. There he lay in the last stage of exhaustion till he was lifted on board the *Huron*, providentially for him and others, sailing over the spot where the catastrophe had occurred.

The boat which had saved him was manned by the gallant third mate of the *Arctic*, Mr. Dorian, by Captain Grann and some seamen, who had just before been picked up by the *Huron*.

We must now give an account of the way in which the lives of others on board the ill-fated *Arctic* were preserved.

Captain Luce, her commander, whose cool and manly conduct had been admirable throughout, when urged to save himself, answered, "The fate of the ship shall be mine." When the last boat had shoved off, and the raft alongside was already covered with human beings, he was seen, as before stated, to mount the starboard paddle-box with his little boy in his arms. There he stood for a few seconds, waiting the final catastrophe.

Just five hours had elapsed since the *Vesta* struck the *Arctic*, when the latter went down, carrying with her every human being who remained on board. Captain Luce, holding his helpless child in his arms, sank with the rest, but quickly found himself returning to the surface. A second time he sank, nearly losing hold of his child. Once more he rose, when an awful and heart-rending scene presented itself to his view. Over two hundred men, women, and children were struggling together amid pieces of wreck, calling on each other for help, and imploring the aid of the Almighty. A short way off appeared a portion of the paddle-box; the captain, in the hope of preserving his child, swam towards it, when it rose edgeways lifted by a sea, and just grazing his head, fell with its whole weight upon that of his little charge: the next instant the father saw his child lying lifeless in the water at his side. Still the desire to preserve his own existence was strong within him, and he succeeded in getting to the top of the paddle-box, which eleven other persons had already gained. One of them, however, finding that it could not support so many, swam for another piece of the wreck. There they stood with the water at a temperature of 45° up to their knees, the sea frequently breaking over them. Gradually the paddle-box drifted away from the other parts of the wreck, and they were alone, each one expecting every hour would be his last. The night came on, and before long first one and then another dropped off, till seven only were left.

At length the wished-for morning came, dreary and cold, with a dense fog, and no other human beings in sight. In the course of the morning several water-casks and other articles belonging to the ship were washed near them, but in vain they attempted to reach anything that could afford them relief. Already the mass of wood as it absorbed the water had begun to settle down lower and lower. At noon another of their party was relieved from his sufferings by death. Most of the rest now began to feel severely the want of water, with the exception of Captain Luce and

another gentleman, Mr. Allen; they, happily for themselves, experienced but slight inconvenience from going without it.

Another dreary day passed by. It continued foggy except about noon, when for a short time they had a clear horizon, but no sail was in sight. Nothing could be seen but sky and water. Another night was approaching; it came on thick and dreary, and no one on that lone raft expected to see the light of the following morn. Three of the little party had their fears realized, and before long breathed their last, leaving Captain Luce, Mr. Allen, and a young German alone alive. A trunk was now discovered on the wreck, which was hauled up to the highest portion, and the captain, overcome with fatigue, lay down on it to rest. In this way obtaining a little sleep during the night, he became somewhat refreshed.

Darkness still brooded over the waters, when on the morning of the 29th, as he was casting his eyes around, a vessel's light appeared at no great distance. With their utmost remaining strength the three men exerted themselves in hailing. Again and again they shouted till their voices failed them. No answer was returned, and in about a quarter of an hour the light disappeared to the eastward.

At length daylight broke over the leaden ocean and revealed to them (the fog just then slightly lifting) a barque to the north-west. How eagerly they watched her! She was steering for them, but in a short time she was seen to change her course, and they were again doomed to disappointment. Still they could not help hoping that some of their fellow-sufferers on other pieces of the wreck might have been seen by those on board and picked up.

After they had given up all hopes of being rescued by the barque, a ship was discovered to the eastward, steering directly for them. They watched her with the most intense anxiety as she approached; now the wind shifted, and she fell off from her course. Again and again she was compelled to change it, each time making them dread that she

might pass by at a distance. At length, about noon, they saw her heave-to, apparently to pick up one of their suffering shipmates on another raft. With what intense eagerness did they watch her as she drew nearer! Almost three hours had passed since she was first seen, when at length, coming close, she lowered a boat which pulled swiftly up to them, and they were safely taken on board. She proved to be the *Cambria* from Glasgow, bound to Montreal, commanded by Captain Russell, who had himself once been rescued from a situation similar to theirs. The person he had first picked up was the Frenchman belonging to the *Vesta* who had been hauled on board when her boat was swamped under the *Arctic's* paddle-box. The *Cambria* sailed here and there on her errand of mercy, with look-outs at her mastheads. In a short time another person was seen waving a handkerchief with one hand, while he held on with the other to a piece of the wreck; she sailed towards him, and her boat being again lowered he was soon brought on board. Two more persons clinging to a raft were next seen, and happily rescued. They proved to be firemen belonging to the *Arctic*. Captain Russell, after continuing the search till he was convinced that no other human beings were floating in the neighbourhood, made sail for Quebec.

It is needless to say that Captain Luce and his rescued companions were treated with the greatest kindness by the captain and the passengers of the *Cambria*, which ship in a short time arrived safely at Quebec.

It has already been described how Mr. Dorian, the gallant third mate of the *Arctic*, and Captain Grann, were labouring to the last in the construction of a raft.

Scarcely had they leaped into the lifeboat, which was shoving off, about to leave them to their fate, and had succeeded, by means of pieces of plank picked up, in paddling to a short distance, when the ship went down. Numbers were yet clinging to the imperfectly constructed raft, but no assistance could be rendered them—the situation

A SAIL IN SIGHT.

never to be forgotten by those who heard it. doubtedly caused by the steam and heat in the suddenly condensed by the cold waters.

Still the overloaded lifeboat was in fearful there was not a particle of food nor a drop supply the wants of the numbers on board destitute of oars, she was slowly urged on b pieces of plank, which had been picked up, ov sea, avoiding with the greatest difficulty the nur ments of the wreck which were driven towards h choly too was the sight which met the eyes her, for on every side the bodies of the p who had been drowned were seen floating witl faces towards them; and here and there stror whom they could render no assistance, were ol struggling for life. Fortunately they fell in to which, having secured the painter, they l serving to keep the boat's head to the sea. secured a cabbage, and a pumpkin floated near assisted to stay the gnawings of hunger.

The night came on cold and foggy, with a and cramped, drenched, and half naked, tl greatly. Thus they remained floating till dayli to the spar, when they set to work to form oa planks to capstan bars, in the hopes of gaini as soon as the sea should subside. Soon after day, the weather clearing, they also cut up the s

they paddled eagerly towards her, passing on their way the large raft to which McCabe was clinging, but he must have been unconscious of their vicinity.

At length, to their intense joy, they saw the vessel standing towards them, and in a short time were taken on board the *Huron*, bound for Quebec, when immediately Dorian pulled back to the rescue of the poor fellow on the raft.

The fate of the *Arctic* should teach us the importance of maintaining the same strict discipline among the crews of merchant vessels, especially of passenger ships, which exists on board men-of-war. There can be little doubt that had all the officers and men remained by the *Arctic*, the greater number of the passengers who perished would have been saved. The crew fled, and it was not until two hours after their desertion that the mainyard was lowered to enable those who remained to form a raft. The sea at the time, though rough, was far from tempestuous, and had the hurricane-deck been cut off, with it and the masts, spars, planks, and casks which could have been secured, a raft or rafts might have been formed capable of carrying everyone on board.

Had the first boats also been carefully lowered, many who perished might have been saved. Out of one of those which broke down, a number of ladies and children were precipitated into the water and drowned, yet so comparatively calm was the sea that she was again righted, when sailors and passengers, regardless of the captain's commands, threw themselves into her.

Most of the gentlemen passengers behaved with the greatest coolness and courage, placing implicit confidence in the captain and officers of the ship, many of them working bravely at the pumps, hoping to keep the ship afloat till the last. The ladies also exhibited the most admirable coolness, and faced death with a heroism which should have put to the blush the men who deserted the ship, and left them to their fate. At the last, as the lifeboat drifted under the ship's stern, several were seen in the cabin locked in each

other's arms, knowing that all hope was gone, and thus awaiting their sad doom.

I will narrate a few more of the incidents which occurred at that awful time.

As one of the other boats was shoving off, a gentleman, it is said, offered thirty thousand pounds if her crew would put back and save him; they turned to do so, but before they reached him he sank. Another still on the deck of the ship, called to a friend who had leaped into the boat, bidding him farewell, and requesting him to bear his last message of love to his wife.

Among the last to leave the ship was a brave fellow, Tom Brennan by name. He had had an opportunity of escaping in the chief engineer's boat, but having charge of a young lad named M'Laughlin, he would not abandon him. By desperate efforts he made his way with the boy across the raft, and was among those who succeeded in reaching the lifeboat before she shoved off.

It is said that a gentleman threw a purse of gold from the ship to the lad after he had got into the boat.

Among those who attempted to gain one of the boats was the Duke de Grammont; he leaped forward, but fell into the water, and had it not been for the almost superhuman efforts of his servant, who hoisted him again on board, he would immediately have perished. The servant then sprang towards the boat, urging his master to follow his example; he reached it, but the Duke, feeling himself incapable of leaping so far, remained on deck in company with another French noble, the young Duke de Guynet, both of whom perished.

We are thankful to come to the end of the mournful history. Most, if not all the boats, were ultimately picked up by different vessels; and, strange to say, the sorely battered *Vesta* succeeded in safely reaching port.

CHAPTER VIII.

WRECK OF THE BARQUE "MERIDIAN."

THE *Meridian*, a very fine vessel of her class, being almost new, was a barque of nearly six hundred tons, commanded by Captain Richard Hernaman. She was a fine specimen of a clipper ship, with timbers and fittings of live oak, and teak spars of great size and strength—large enough indeed for a craft of nine hundred tons, but though they enabled her to carry great press of sail, they made her crank and uncomfortable as a passenger ship.

She left Gravesend on the 4th June, 1853, with twenty-six chief cabin and fifty-eight steerage passengers, including forty-one children, making with the crew one hundred and eight souls, and a valuable cargo, bound for Sydney, New South Wales.

She had a remarkably fine passage, up to the twentieth degree of South latitude, but was afterwards delayed by calms, contrary winds, and squally weather, especially after passing the Cape of Good Hope. She then encountered a somewhat smart gale, but it did not last long. Continuing her course, she reached the latitude 38° 50′ S., and longitude 74° 20′ E., when, on the night of the 23rd August, a heavy

gale sprang up, and the captain, who had previously been steering for St. Paul's, which he wished to sight in order to correct an error existing, as he supposed, in his chronometer, bore up instead for the Island of Amsterdam.

The gale increased the next day, and the weather was very thick, but the course steered, E. by S., enabled the vessel to run freely before the wind. A few minutes before seven o'clock a sea struck her, and partially inundated the 'tween decks, on which the course was altered to E. The tea-things in the cuddy had just been cleared away, and the children were being put to bed, when at about a quarter past seven a sudden shock made the vessel stagger violently. There being no look-out on the forecastle, it was at first supposed that she had run foul of another ship, but five or six more violent shocks, and a peculiar grating sound, which came up from the lower depths of the hold, soon convinced the passengers that she had struck upon rocks, and horror and dismay took possession of their minds. In an instant a tremendous sea, with a loud roar, struck the ill-fated ship, sweeping over her decks, and pouring down in torrents on the hapless people below. The captain, on the first shock, rushed up the poop stairs, when the sea, which broke on board, washed him away, and before help could be rendered to him he was drowned, as were also the cook and one steerage passenger.

The chief cabin passengers remained below, awaiting the death which for a time seemed impending over them. The situation of the second cabin passengers was even still more distressing. The water poured down the hatchways, the cabins on the lee side of the 'tween decks filling so fast that it was with the utmost difficulty they got over to the starboard side, where they remained for more than two hours up to their waists in water, many of them having no other covering than their night-clothes.

Most of the officers and crew, and some of the male second cabin passengers, had in the meantime sought

refuge in the rigging and maintop. At length Mr. Edward Tulloch, the second mate, and Mr. Worthington, the third mate, and Charles Snow, one of the seamen—whose names deserve to be recorded—descending on deck, made their way to the assistance of the unfortunate people below, and succeeded in conveying the second cabin passengers to the cuddy, where they were more secure than in their former situation. It was indeed providential that they were removed at that time, for in an hour or two afterwards the vessel parted in two at the after hatchway. The main-mast, however, with all the rigging standing, fell over the side towards the rocks, thus forming a bridge between the wreck and the shore.

Words can but inadequately describe the fearful position of the unfortunate passengers, cooped up in the cabins, every moment expecting the remaining part of the ship, in which they had sought refuge, to be washed away. The gale, however, was gradually subsiding; and it was hoped that, as the sea fell, by means of the mast they might be enabled to reach the shore; the brave mates doing their utmost in the meantime to keep up their spirits.

At length the wished-for morning dawned, when, as they looked out, a small portion of the forecastle alone was seen remaining, the central part of the ship having totally disappeared.

The *Meridian* they found had struck on some rocks on the south-west point of Amsterdam, the smallest of two solitary uninhabited rocky islands, situated midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. At about six o'clock the mates announced to them that the sea had sufficiently gone down to enable them to make their way to the shore, which the rest of the crew and passengers, who had been in the rigging, had already reached. It was an undertaking of difficulty and danger for women and children, but aided by the three brave men who had remained by them, the whole party were conveyed one by one in safety to the rocks.

THE "MERIDIAN" ON THE ROCKS.

Among those who had first landed was a young gentleman who had been so severely injured as to be unable to move, and he had lain the whole night upon the rocks, where the surf continually washed over him.

Among the passengers was the Rev. Mr. Voller with his wife and family, who, with many others on landing, knelt down to offer up their thanksgivings to Heaven, for

THANKSGIVING FOR PRESERVATION.

having been thus far mercifully preserved from the fearful danger in which they had been placed.

Their condition, however, was still very precarious. They now found themselves upon a mass of fragments of rugged volcanic rock, extending from forty to one hundred yards, and terminating in a steep, inaccessible precipice of rock, two or three hundred feet high.

The mates still did their utmost to preserve order, and to provide for the more urgent wants of their fellow-

sufferers. Amongst the cargo were some bales of flannel and red and blue serge shirts. Happily some of these were washed on shore, and the women and children and those of the men who wanted clothing were at once supplied with them. Search was also made among the rocks for provisions. A small quantity was got together, but when all that could be found was collected, there was not more than enough, it was calculated, for ten days' consumption, and that according to a dietary scale which was barely sufficient to support life. Thus the first day was spent. When night came on, the few sails which had been secured were only sufficient to afford inadequate shelter for some of the women and children, the remainder and all the men having to lie down on the bare rocks, with no other covering than their clothes and the pieces of blanket which had been collected.

On that and the following day a biscuit was served to each adult, with half a pound of fresh pork; but this ration was afterwards reduced to half a mouldy biscuit and a herring a day for all hands, children included. Parties had in the meantime been exploring the island, and on the third day brought back word, that it had been found practicable to ascend the cliff, about a third of a mile distant from the wreck. A general move was therefore made to the point indicated, and having climbed the cliff to the top of the island, an encampment was formed and a signal post was erected, with two red shirts and some yards of white flannel to serve as a flag. Water had been found about a mile from the encampment, without which not a human being would have survived. Some cabbages also, and other articles of food, had been washed ashore, but in scanty quantities, adding but little to their small stock of provisions.

With straining eyes all the shipwrecked people gazed out over the wide ocean, in the hope of seeing some vessel approaching, but in vain; and another night closed in on them since they were cast on that inhospitable shore.

A fourth morning dawned—Monday, the 29th August—when the shouts of those on the watch announced that a sail was in sight in the offing. How eagerly all gazed! Some thought that the vessel was passing by—but no! she came on; nearer and nearer she approached. Their signal flag had been seen; of that there could be no doubt. The weather, however, had again become bad, the wind was blowing strong, a heavy surf broke on the shore, and before the stranger drew near enough to communicate with the party on the cliffs, a heavy gale springing up, she was seen again to stand off the land. Their hopes again sank, and many began to despair; but they knew not the noble heart of the brave man who commanded the ship they had seen. She still continued in sight in the far distance.

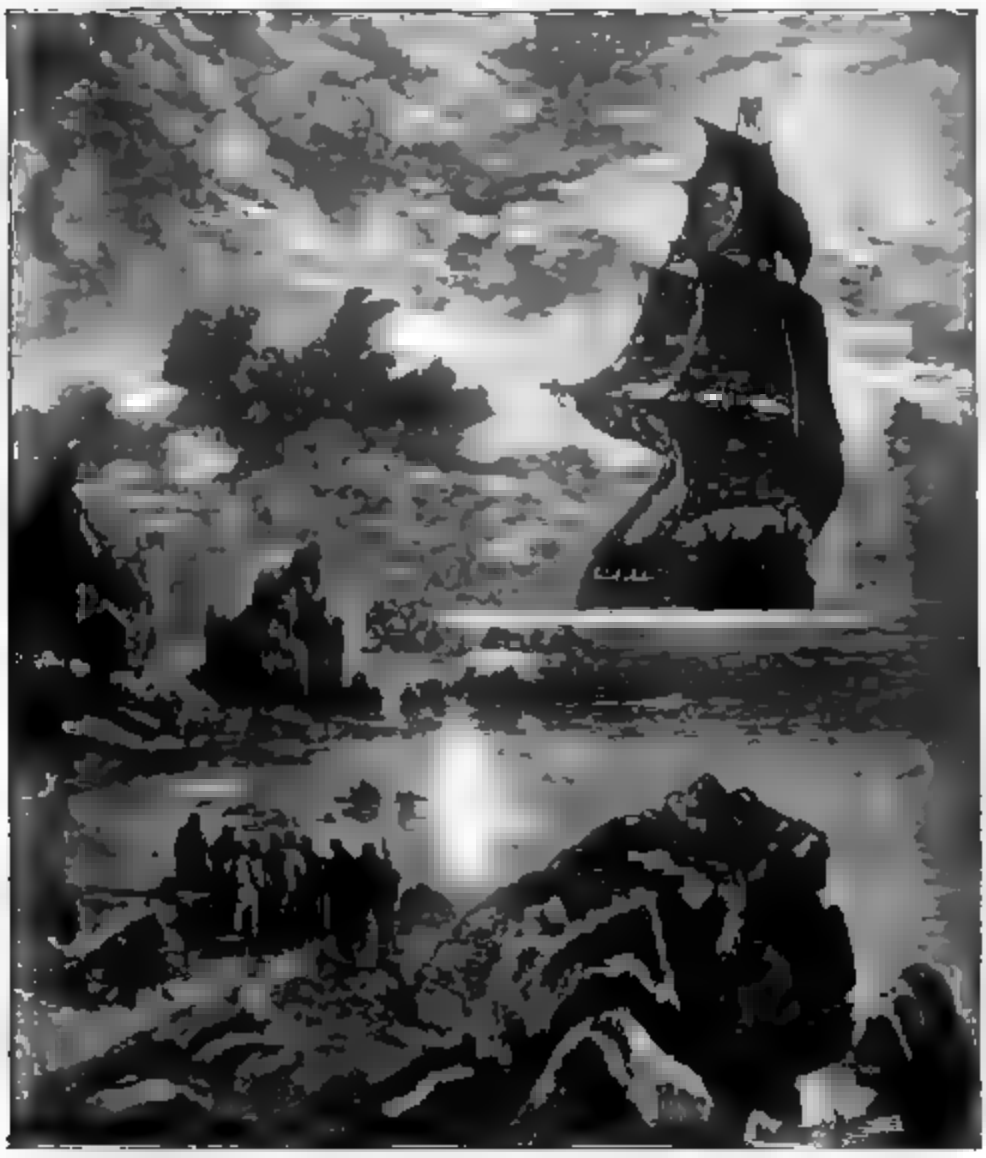
All the following night and next day the gale continued; but just before darkness closed in she was again seen hovering around them. On Wednesday morning she once more approached, when she hove-to, towards the eastern end of the island, and after some time a boat was seen pulling along the coast towards them. The sea still continued beating too violently on the rocks to allow them to embark, and the people in the boat signalled to them to set out at once, and travel in the direction from which she had come.

The poor young man who had been injured had been left all this time on the rock, none of those wishing to move him having strength to do so. One or two friends, however, taking compassion on him, brought him food and water, and there now appeared too much probability that he would be left alone to perish.

The emigrants and crew now at once set out, hoping to embark that very evening, but their journey was far longer and more laborious than they had expected. Instead of a day's walk, they had to accomplish a three days' journey of an appalling nature through a dense jungle by the side of the cliffs, their allowance of food being still scantier than before. When at length they reached the

THE SICK PASSENGER RESCUED.

north-east side of the island, the ship was not there. Another heavy gale had sprung up, and compelled her again to stand off the land. The only food they now had was raw cabbage, and a few limpets collected on the rocks. At



THE WHALER "MONMOUTH" APPROACHING THE ISLAND OF AMSTERDAM.

length—on Monday, September 5th—the weather moderating, the ship approached, and her boat came to land with her commander, Captain Ludlow, of the South Sea whaler *Monmouth*, a barque belonging to the United States.

At that time they had cabbage only sufficient for a single day, while water was not to be procured within the distance of a mile, which it was impossible for most of them, in their exhausted state, to have walked.

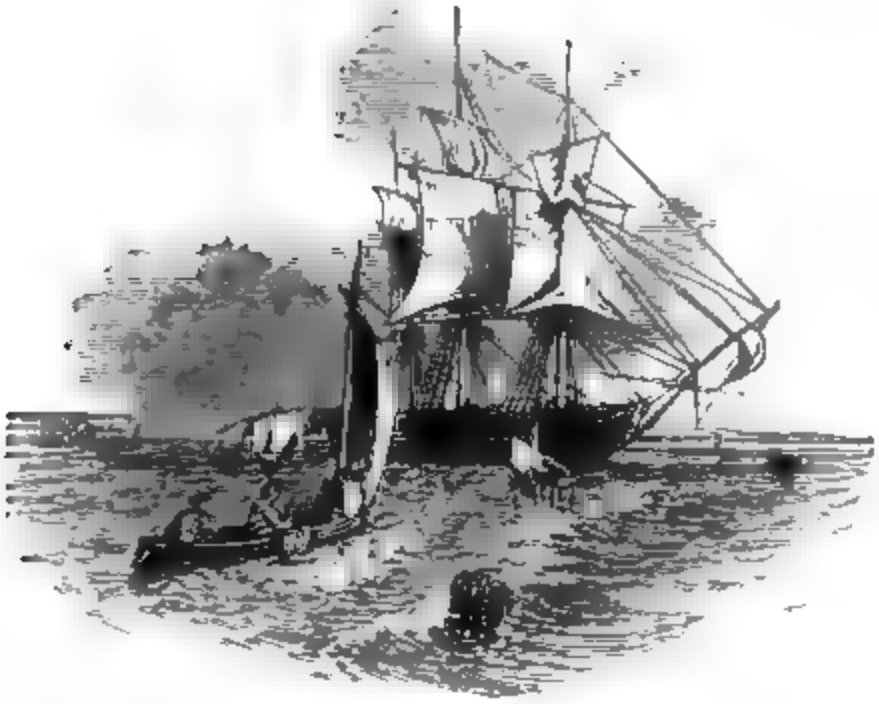
Captain Ludlow, without loss of time, sent off his boats with as many as they could carry, and when he heard of the young gentleman who had been left on the rocks, he despatched four strong seamen to bring him over to the landing-place, declaring he would not leave the coast while a soul remained on the island. A faithful friend had gone back to assist him, but would in all probability have been unable to support him as far as the boat. We may conceive his thankfulness when another appeared waving his hat, and announcing the approach of the seamen with a hammock, in which they proposed carrying him on board the *Monmouth*.

The passengers and crew received every attention which a large-hearted benevolence could bestow, and they reached the Mauritius just three weeks after they had been rescued from a triple death—from drowning, cold, and starvation.

The Government immediately apportioned to the use of the shipwrecked people the houses at the Quarantine Station, and took measures to provide for their wants; while the inhabitants of Port Louis manifested a praiseworthy and generous sympathy, not less honourable to themselves than it must have proved cheering to the destitute people. Supplies of clothing were readily provided by the inhabitants of Port Louis on the day the shipwrecked party landed; and as soon as their destitute circumstances were known, ladies in their carriages repaired to the place, with packages of women's and children's apparel; gentlemen sent the contents of their wardrobes, or purchased and forwarded such articles as seemed most needed and suitable.

The noble conduct of Captain Ludlow secured for him the esteem and gratitude of the entire community. The Governor acknowledged his gallant and disinterested efforts on behalf of British subjects, and the Chamber of Commerce

accompanied the expression of their admiration of his generous and humane behaviour, and of that of his officers and crew, with the present of a piece of plate, as a memorial of their deep sense of his heroic courage and distinguished worth. A subscription was also set on foot by the inhabitants of the island, and the magnificent sum of £1,200 was raised and distributed amongst the passengers, who were sent on to Sydney, their original destination, by the Government.



CHAPTER IX.

BURNING OF THE BRIG "HELEN," AND THE ADVENTURES OF MR. WALLACE THE NATURALIST.

SCIENCE has frequently suffered by the loss of ships with valuable collections of natural history and antiquities on board. Many will recollect how Sir Stamford Raffles, after making a most extensive collection of subjects of natural history in Java and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, had the result of all his labours lost by the wreck of the ship in which he was conveying them to England. A similar misfortune happened to Mr. Wallace the naturalist. He had been for many years exploring the shores of the river Amazon in South America and several of its tributaries, observing and noting the habits of the animals found in that region, and associating with many tribes of wild people who dwell on the shores of its mighty streams.

Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriance of the vegetation which clothes the banks of the Amazon, from its source among the lofty Andes in the West, to its mouth on the shores of the Atlantic, during a course of eighteen hundred miles.

Among the savage tribes visited by Mr. Wallace, one of the most numerous and warlike are the Mundurucos. Many of them have been partially civilized. They are a fine athletic race, their colour a warm coppery brown, with thick, black, and straight hair. They cover their faces and bodies with tattoo marks unlike those of any other tribe; instead of curved or scroll-like patterns, they draw straight lines either across each other diagonally, or at right angles, thus forming a sort of trellis-like pattern. This operation is performed by a large comb with sharp points to the teeth; these are tapped sharply on the skin till a row of little holes is made, and then a charcoal pigment is rubbed into the wounds.

Like the Dyaks of Borneo, the Munduruco of South America places great value upon the heads of the foes he has slain in warfare, and he delights in exhibiting them as trophies of his prowess as a warrior. He is aware, however, that white men do not approve of this custom of his, and consequently keeps them out of their sight. Some of the customs which they still retain are barbarous in the extreme.

Before a youth can be admitted to take his rank among men, he has to submit to an extremely painful ordeal. Among the insects of South America there are numerous venomous ants, one as large as a wasp, with a terrible sting. There is also the fire ant, whose bite is like a red-hot needle piercing the flesh, and many others. On the day appointed for testing the youth's courage, two tubes or gloves are prepared, within which a number of these venomous ants are placed. He then has to thrust his hands and arms into them, when they are secured so that he cannot shake them off. Accompanied by a number of drummers and a band of friends, he has to go the round of the village, dancing and singing as if he was never so happy before in his life. He performs a dance and sings a song in front of every hut, and were he to exhibit the least sign of suffering, he would be refused admission among the men of his tribe. At length, when he reaches the house

of the chief, he dances and sings more vehemently than before, and is at length admitted by the acclamation of the people as a man among them. He then, as may be supposed, rushes off to the nearest water to cool his throbbing arms.

The style of cooking of the Mundurucos is generally very simple. Though they eat almost anything that comes in their way, and live chiefly on fish, they are especially partial to monkeys, which they kill either with their two-stringed

COOKING THE MONKEY.

bows or their curious blow-pipes. When encamped for any time, they form a large fire, which is allowed to burn down till only the hot embers are left. On these a number of green sticks are placed to form a sort of gridiron, on which the monkey is thrown with its skin on, the inside being seldom cleaned out. If the native is on a journey, and has no time to form such a fire, he makes up as large a one as he can, and then having impaled the monkey

on a wand, sharp at each end, he fixes it diagonally in the ground, so that the body of the creature hangs close over the fire.

The weapon almost universally used by the tribes of the Amazon and Orinoco is the gravatana, or blow-pipe. The blow-pipe is formed from a stem of a species of palm which grows perfectly straight to the length of fifteen feet. These stems vary much in thickness, so that by removing the pith from the interior of one, a smaller stem can be passed completely through it. This one corrects any irregularity in the stem of the other. The bore is next rubbed clean, and polished with a little brush of roots; a conical wooden mouth-piece is then fitted on to one end, and the whole is spirally bound with the smooth black shining bark of a creeper. The arrows are made of the spinous leaf ribs of another species of palm; the points are anointed with the famous Wourali poison, the other end being bound round with a little conical tuft of tree cotton, so as exactly to fill up the bore of the tube. With one of these blow-pipes, which are very heavy, an Indian can hit a bird fifty or sixty yards off.

It is curious that in Borneo, on the other side of the globe, a weapon of an exactly similar nature should be used by the equally savage inhabitants; indeed, the use of that weapon and many customs common to both people might make us suppose that they are descended from one stock.

Numerous other tribes, differing considerably in habits and customs, are found on the banks of the Amazon and its many large affluents. Some have made slight advances in civilization, from their intercourse with the Portuguese; but others are still barbarous in the extreme. They wear little or no clothing, the heat of the climate rendering it unnecessary. Some adorn themselves with feathers and other ornaments, and wear belts of brass round their waists. Among some of the tribes, the men alone adorn themselves, and dress their hair in a feminine fashion;

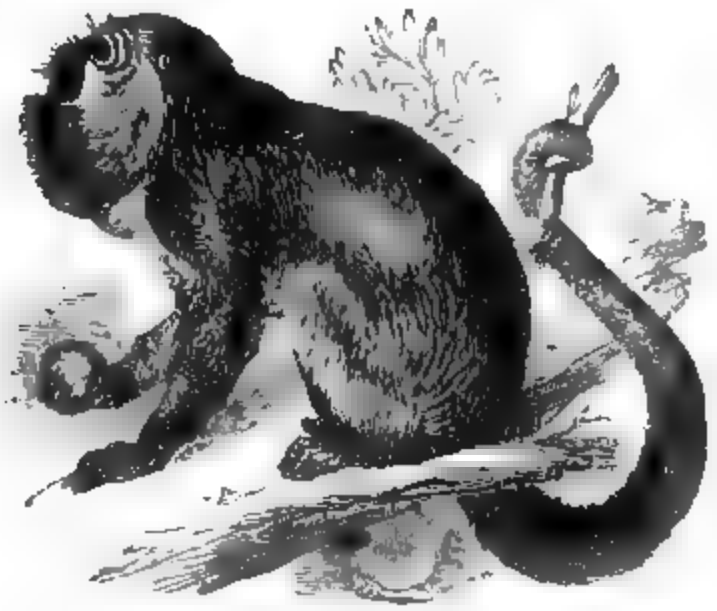
while the women, who go entirely naked, have their hair cut short, and are allowed to wear no ornaments whatever. In consequence of this custom, the Spaniards, when attacked by the savages, naturally mistook the men for women; while the women, whom they might have seen in the distance carrying burdens and watching the fight, they supposed were men. They therefore, not unnaturally, concluded that the banks of the stream down which they were descending were inhabited by a nation of female warriors, and consequently gave it the name of the Amazon.

THE COAITA OR SPIDER MONKEY.

Mr. Wallace gives us very interesting accounts of the natural history of this wonderful region. Among the many curious creatures he describes, who dwell amid its mighty forests, are numerous tribes of monkeys. The most curious of these, perhaps, is the Coaita, or Spider Monkey, very appropriately so called; for it has long slender limbs, and a tail with wonderful prehensile power in its tip; the tail indeed answers the purpose of a fifth hand. It holds on by it while making its leaps amid the trees, and when it wishes to rob a bird's nest, deep down in a hole into which it cannot get its paws, it manages to hook out the eggs

with the tip. So rapidly do these creatures move among the trees, that they might be mistaken, at a distance, for a covey of birds.

Another curious creature is the Howling Monkey. It is larger, but not so agile as the Spider Monkey, and gains its name from the peculiar loud noise which it makes with its throat. A number collecting together and howling in concert, at the rising and setting of the sun, make a fearful din, which echoes through the forest, and is apt to alarm

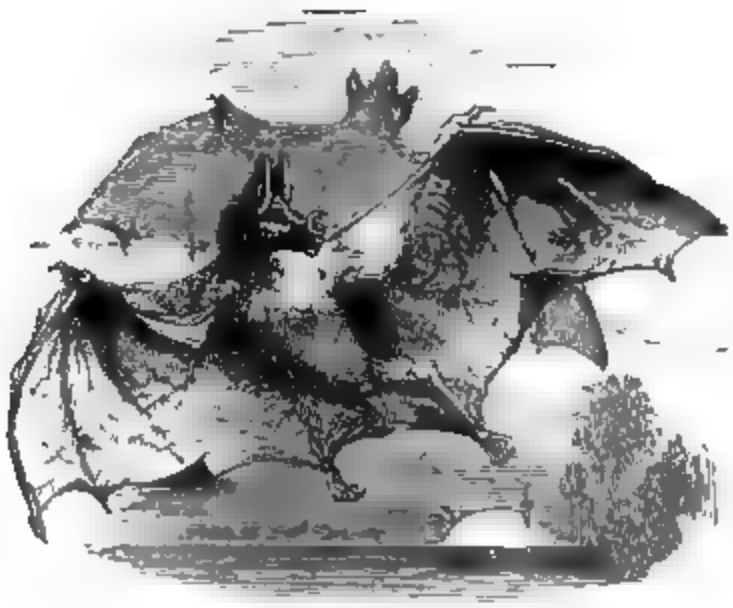


THE HOWLING MONKEY.

those who have never before heard it. They would be wise to keep silent, for the natives follow them with their deadly blow-pipes, and, as their flesh is considered excellent, numbers are killed for food.

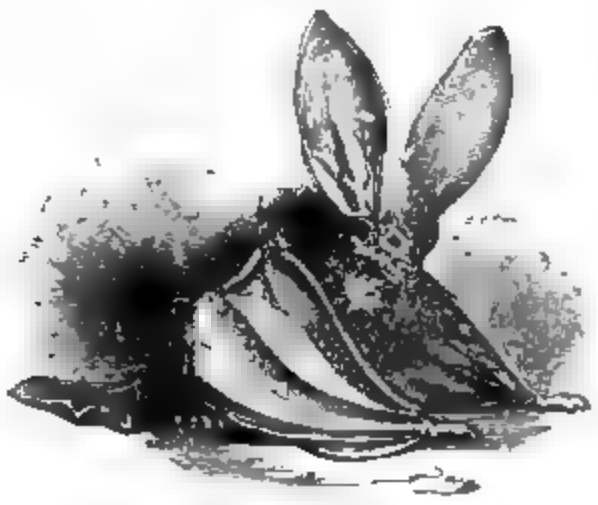
He describes also the Collared Tee Tee, or White-throated Squirrel Monkey, which looks so mild and inoffensive that we could not suppose it capable of harming a living creature. No sooner, however, while creeping along the branch of a tree, does it catch sight of a small bird perched on a neighbouring bough, than it springs upon its prey like a cat, and speedily devours it.

This is the region of Bats, and woe betide the unfortunate traveller who sleeps in an open hut with his feet uncovered ;



THE VAMPIRE BAT.

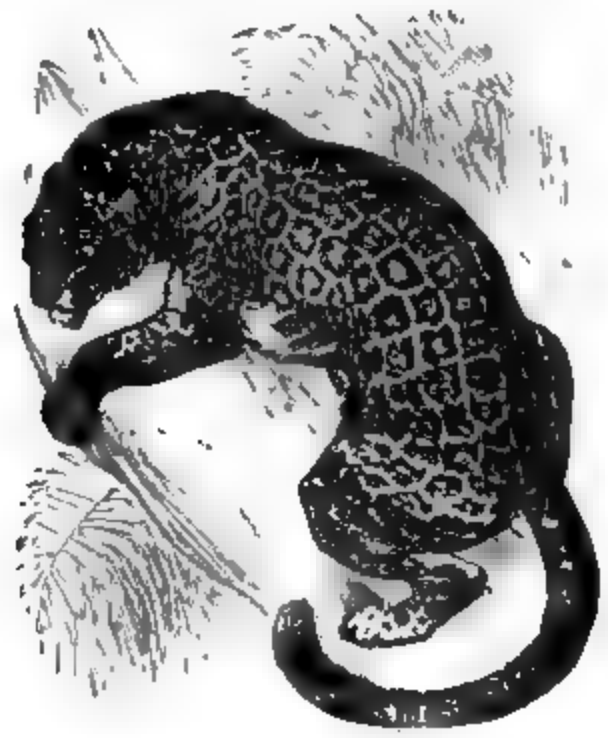
he may chance to find in the morning a red stream, which one of the silent depredators, having tapped, had left flowing after it had satiated itself with his blood.



THE LONG-EARED BAT.

Only two animals, of any size, are dreaded in those regions ; the largest is the Jaguar, or Onça. It is known

as the American tiger, but resembles the leopard in colour, though it is larger and more powerful. It ascends trees, from whence it leaps down on its passing prey, and so



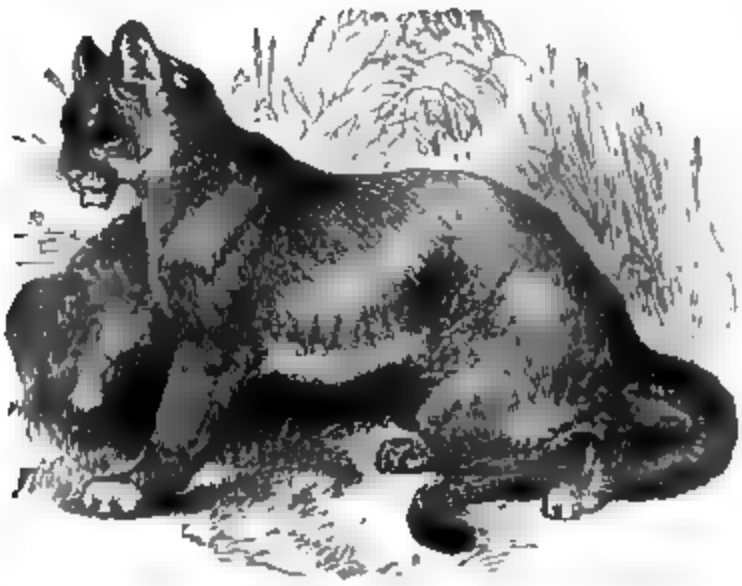
THE JAGUAR.

great is its activity, that few animals can escape from it. It catches monkeys, turtles, alligators, and will watch by the river's brink for the huge Manatee, or Sea-cow, as it swims by. It springs on the back of the thick-skinned Tapir,

THE CAPYBÁRA.

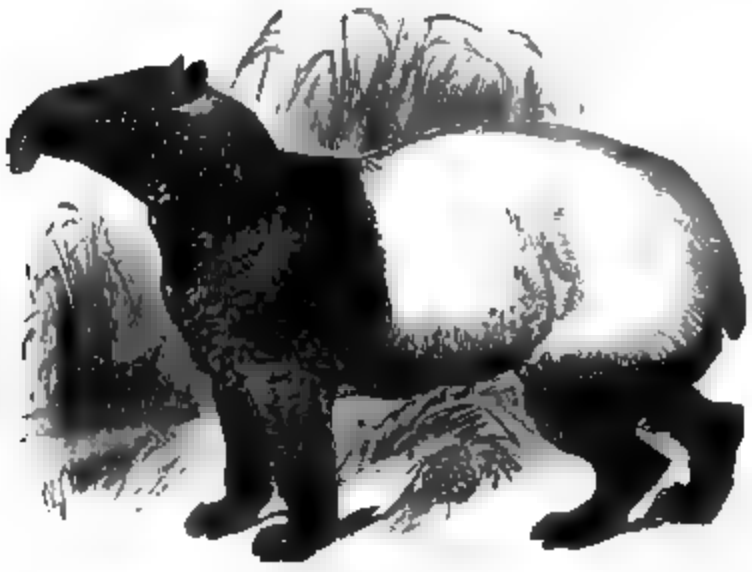
but it has an especial fancy for the flesh of the Capybára, though it treats with respect the Great Ant-eater, and dares not face the sharp teeth of the little Peccary.

The Puma, or South American lion, incorrectly also called "the Panther," wanders occasionally along the banks of the river in search of prey; it also mounts trees, and pounces



THE PUMA.

down on any unwary creature passing beneath the bough on which it lies outstretched, scarcely to be distinguished



THE TAPIR.

from the bark. It will, it is said, follow men by scent, and track them on their journey, waiting for an opportunity to

spring upon them unobserved. It dare not, however, meet the human eye, and, as long as the traveller keeps his gaze fixed on the creature, it is perfectly harmless.

The tapir is also seen among the Amazonian forests; it is the largest creature found in South America, being from five to six feet high, with a remarkably thick skin, and a snout which possesses prehensile power like the trunk of an elephant, which enables it to gather leaves or the long grass from the pools in which it delights to wallow. When a jaguar springs on its back, it frequently manages to dislodge its enemy, sometimes by rushing through the forest, and brushing him off against the low, hanging, thick

THE PECCARY

branches of the trees, or it makes for the water, and, plunging beneath the surface, compels the savage creature to let go his hold.

Neither the jaguar nor puma are, however, so much dreaded as the little ferocious and vindictive peccary. It seems utterly devoid of all sense of fear, so that it will charge any object which comes in its way. Many a hunter has been compelled to take refuge on the branch of a tree, or on the high fence of a plantation, as our friend here is pictured doing, when pursued by a herd of these savage animals. Nothing will drive them away, and they will fight on till the last is slain. The peccary is a small creature,

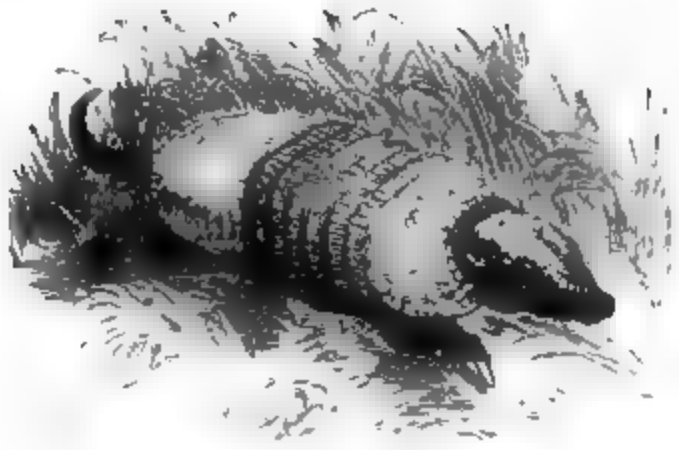
HUNTER AND PECCARIES.

rarely exceeding eighteen inches in height, but it is armed with tusks like those of a boar, though only about an inch and a half in length, but they are straight instead of curved, and are as sharp at the edge as razors. So great is the muscular strength of the creature's neck, that with these little weapons he can inflict a most horrible wound. They are, however, easily killed by a simple stratagem. A whole herd of them take up their abode at night in the hollow of some ancient tree: the hunter, by the marks they leave, discovers their sleeping-place, and conceals himself with his rifle ready just before daybreak. The warlike little peccaries

THE SLOTH.

have the custom of placing a sentinel on duty. As soon as the hunter sees him he fires, and the sentinel peccary falls dead. Another instantly takes his place: he is also rolled over. Thus one after the other is killed till the whole herd has ceased to exist, unless the hunter should make any noise, when the sentinel would dash forward, not waiting to be shot, followed by his companions, who rush impetuously towards the hapless sportsman, he having to take to his heels or climb the nearest tree or fence to save his life.

In the Amazonian forests a hairy creature is seen moving along under the boughs, hanging by its strong curved claws around them: it is the Sloth, or Aï. Unwieldy as it looks, no creature could be better adapted for the existence it is



THE ARMADILLO.

destined to live. It feeds chiefly on the leaves of the trees, which it can thus with perfect ease strip off. When occasionally found on the ground it can barely shuffle along,

THE LITTLE ANT-EATER.

and appears to be utterly helpless, but when among the branches it moves with exceeding rapidity, especially in a gale of wind. As the tree bends it passes from branch to branch, making its way through the forest till it reaches some

tree the leaves of which suit its fancy. Though possessing great tenacity of life, it yields to the effect of the all-powerful Wourali poison, when the hunter's sharp arrows shot from his blow-pipe penetrate its flesh.

The Armadillo is another curious animal, covered with scales of armour. Its chief employment appears to be that of consuming carrion, insects, and sometimes fallen fruit, and it thus acts as one of the principal scavengers of the country, tending greatly to preserve the purity of the atmosphere—an important business in so hot a climate.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

Frequently the traveller through the forest sees what appears to be a huge bushy tail protruding from the root of some giant tree. If he makes a noise, from beneath the tail may be seen uncoiling itself an animal with an exceedingly long thin snout, from which extends a tongue like a great red worm. It is the Great Ant-eater. It is armed with long powerful claws, with which it can both break open the ants' nests, and defend itself against any foe, even the jaguar,

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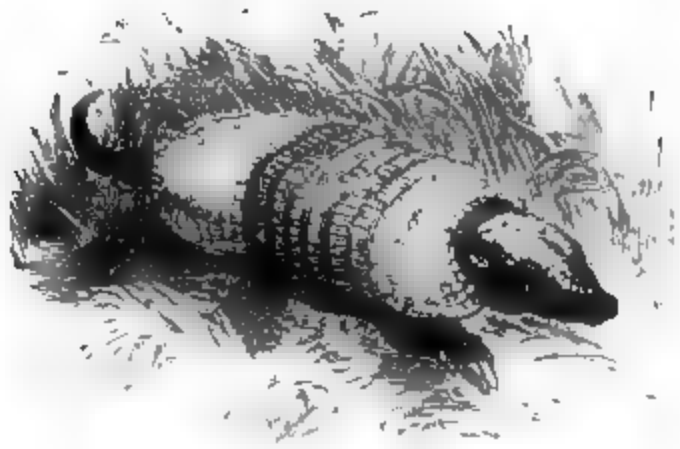

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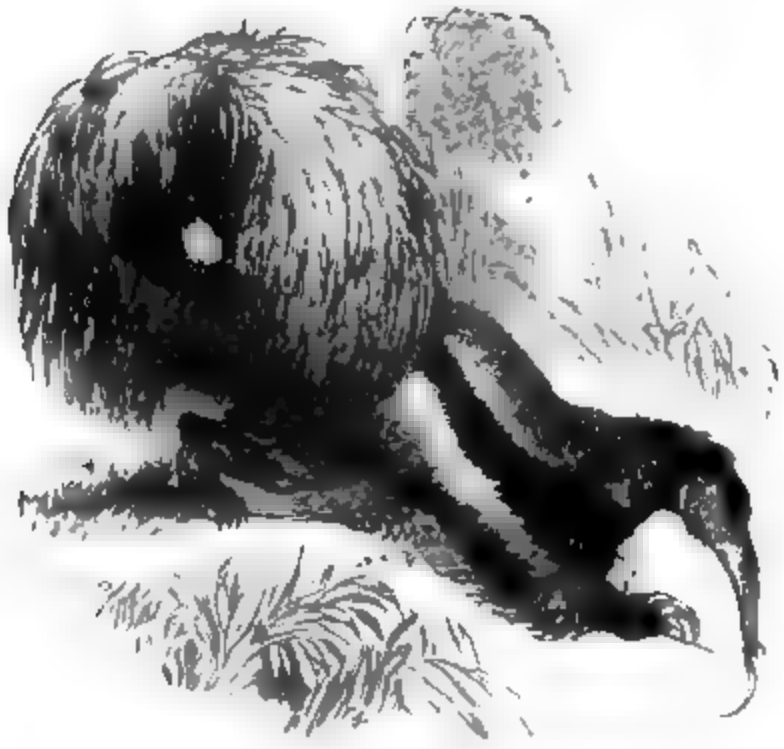

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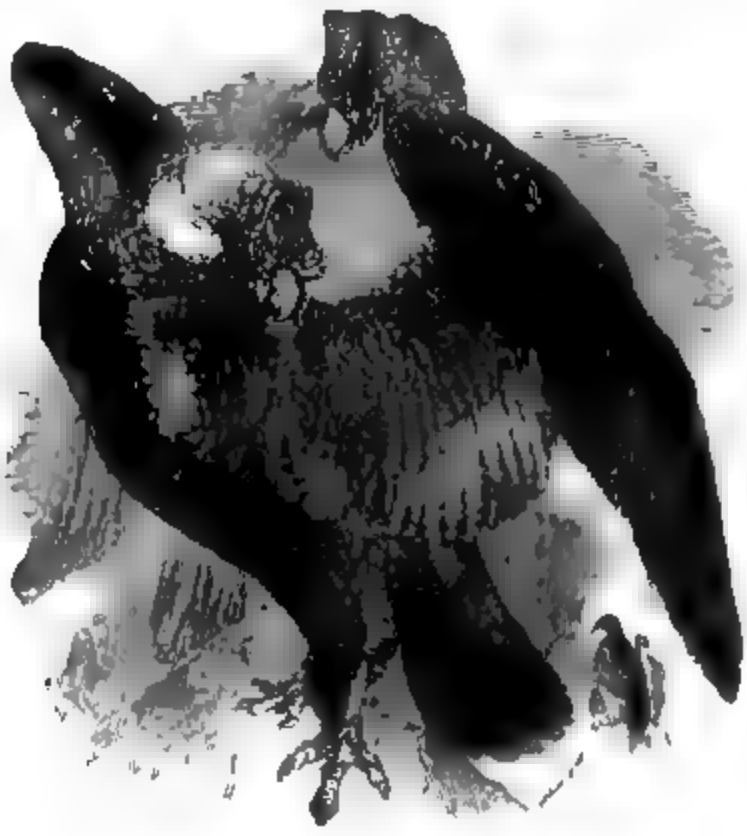
who may venture to interfere with its proceedings. There are several other ant-eaters inhabiting the forests, some of which live exclusively on the trees, and contribute to free them of the pests which might otherwise destroy their existence.

The mighty Condor rarely wings its flight from the lofty Andes down to the forests of Brazils, but his occupation as scavenger is there followed by the huge Papa, or King



THE CONDOR.

Vulture. The feathery monarch of the woods keeps all his subjects in awe, and will allow, it is said, none other of the vulture tribe to approach the animal until he has completely satisfied his own no small appetite.

The forests of the Amazon are inhabited by birds of the most resplendent plumage. Surpassing all in beauty are the Trogons, which, however, do not equal the magnificence of the resplendent Trogon of Mexico. Here, as in other parts

of America, numberless Humming-birds flit amid every open space found in that land of forests. Though least in size, as Waterton observes, the glittering mantle of the humming-bird entitles it to the first place in the list of the birds of the New World. It may truly be called the bird of paradise, and had it existed in the Old World it would have claimed the title instead of the bird which has now the honour to bear it. "See it darting through the air almost as quick as

HUMMING BIRDS.

thought; now it is within a yard of your face, in an instant it is gone; now it flitters from flower to flower, sipping the silvery dew. It is now a ruby, now a topaz, now an emerald, now all burnished gold." Humming-birds, however, do not live entirely on honey-dew. Almost every flower of tropical climes contains insects of one kind or the other, which the humming-bird, as it dips its beak into their cups, without difficulty extracts. Many humming-birds are not larger than moths. One species of moth is called the humming-bird

moth, from its strong resemblance to the bird in its habits and mode of flight: the natives indeed believe that it turns into a bird. Small as they are, they exhibit a courage and boldness unsurpassed by any of their larger brethren. The humming-bird has been known to attack even the Eagle, and by its rapid movement manages to mount on the back of its huge foe, which it assails with its sharp beak till the

EAGLE AND HUMMING BIRD.

eagle has been glad to escape from the neighbourhood of the little hero's nest.

On the topmost branches of the towering mora are seen frequently a number of birds with wonderfully long beaks, which appear as if they must be greatly in the way of their wearers. Huge as is the beak of the Toucan, it is, however, exceedingly light, and enables the bird to procure food which would otherwise be beyond his reach. Nothing comes

amiss to the toucan in the way of food; it devours mice, small birds, and fruit of all description. Taking the morsel with the tip of its huge bill, it throws its food down its throat with a peculiar jerk. It is said also regularly to trim its tail, using its serrated beak in lieu of a pair of scissors. As soon as its tail is full grown, it begins about an inch from the extremity of the two longest feathers, and cuts away

THE TOCO TOUCAN.

the web on both sides of the shaft, making a gap about an inch long, which gives it a remarkable appearance amongst other birds. A vast number of Macaws of blue and yellow and red plumage inhabit the forest, which resounds with their strange cries and shrieks as they make their way going to or returning from their favourite feeding grounds.

There are many others of the bird tribe, their superb plumage adding greatly to the beauty of those tropical woods.

More dreaded than the jaguar or puma or the pugnacious little peccary, are the various serpents which lie hid either along the river's edge or in the damp woods of the interior. Most of them are exceedingly venomous: the rattle-snake is especially so; its disposition, however, is very sluggish, and it sounds without fail its warning rattle when irritated or disturbed, so that people have time to get out of its way. The huge Boa Constrictor, though not venomous, is dangerous on account of the tremendous power of its muscles,

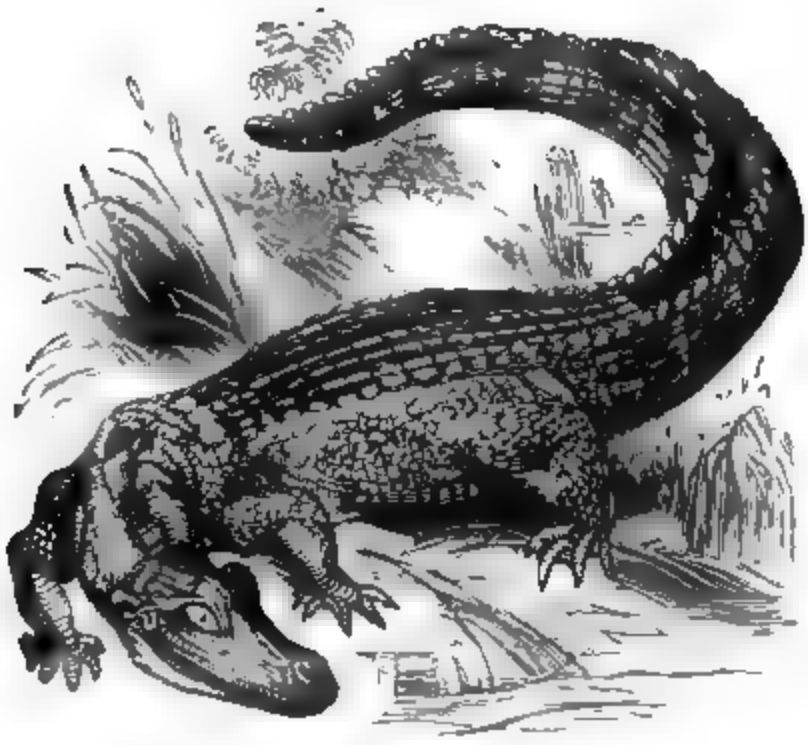
THE BOA.

which enables it to crush with the coils of its body the prey on which it has fixed. Allied to it is the huge Anaconda, a water-snake, which can manage to crush and swallow an ox or a horse; and many instances are known of animals having been carried off from farms in the neighbourhood of rivers' banks and devoured.

The Amazon abounds with Alligators, who frequently seize human beings as well as animals who venture, unaware

of their presence, near the water where they lie hid. Mr. Wallace mentions several instances he had known, both of men, women, and children carried off by these monsters: bathing in the open stream is thus rendered very dangerous.

In the broad waters of the Amazon revel several kinds of Dolphins, and the huge Manatee or Sea-cow. On its sand-banks countless numbers of turtle lay their eggs, and provide many a banquet for the natives, as well as for jaguars and



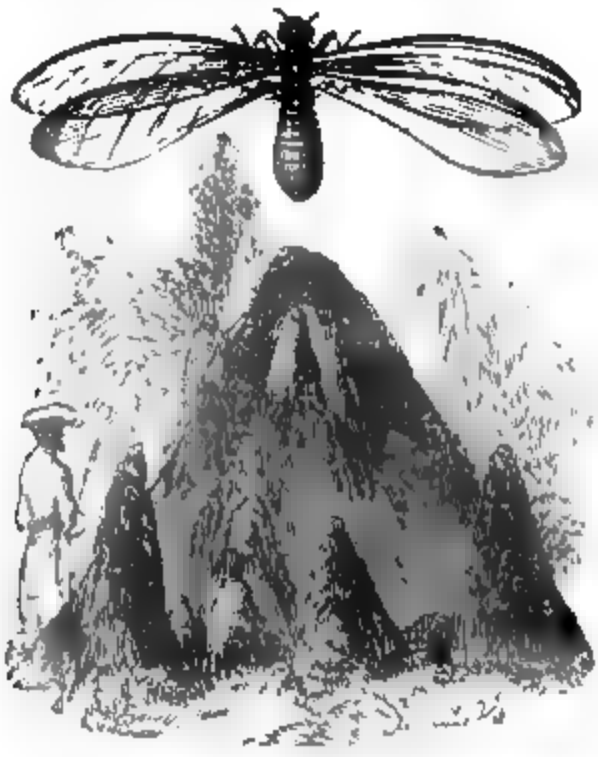
THE ALLIGATOR.

alligators. In the streams and ponds in its neighbourhood are also found in vast numbers that curious creature the Gymnotus, or Electric Eel, a shock from one of which is sufficient to knock a man down and completely benumb him.

Mr. Wallace gives us an interesting description of the habits and customs of the vast colonies of Ants of numerous species, some of which have their abodes in arid wastes, others in the dense forest. He gives us also an account of the huge Bird-Spider, which not only seizes the helpless

nestling, but creeps stealthily along and, springing on the full-fledged bird, quickly destroys it with its deadly bite.

Were we to attempt to give anything like a description of the beasts, birds, reptiles, and fish mentioned by Mr. Wallace, we should find ourselves led into writing a work of natural history instead of the shipwrecks and disasters at sea, which it is our object to recount. It is time, how-



THE WHITE ANT.

ever, that we should follow Mr. Wallace on his voyage. Fortunately, during his stay on the Amazon, he had sent home some of his collections and journals.

Having escaped the numerous dangers to which he had been exposed during his voyages on the Amazon, from fever, storms, the bites of snakes, and the attacks of jaguars —not to mention the risk he had run of being murdered by treacherous natives—he embarked on board the *Helen*, of 235 tons, commanded by Captain John Turner, on the 12th July, 1852. The cargo consisted of about one hundred and twenty tons of india-rubber, and other articles,

among which was balsam of capiva, mostly of a combustible character. He suffered much from fever, caught on the swampy banks of the Amazon, and, being very weak, spent most of his time in the cabin.

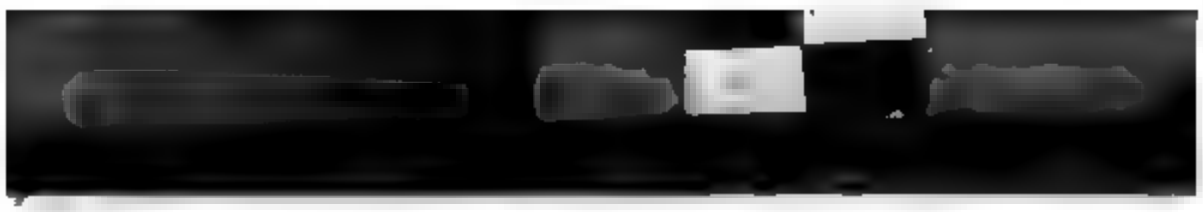
During the first three weeks of the voyage the weather was fine, and the wind fair, and on the 6th August the brig had reached latitude 30° 30′ N., longitude 52° W., when in the morning, as he was reading in his cabin, the captain said to him, "I am afraid the ship is on fire : come and see what you think about it." After examining the small after hold, where the provisions were kept, and finding no signs of fire, they proceeded to the fore part of the ship, when a dense vapoury smoke was seen issuing forth from the fore-castle. The fore hatchway was immediately opened, and the smoke issuing from thence, the men were set to work to clear out part of the cargo. In a short time the smoke became so suffocating that the crew could no longer remain below, and were set to work pouring water upon it, while others went to the after hold, whence by this time the smoke was also bursting forth. A vain attempt was made to break the bulkhead down, and then a hole was cut in the cabin floor, so as to pour water immediately on the seat of the fire, which appeared to proceed from the balsam stowed there. This took some time, owing to the suffocating smoke which continued to pour in dense volumes out of the hatchway. It was now evident that there was little chance of extinguish-ing the fire ; the captain therefore gave orders to get out the boats, and stow them with such necessaries as would be required should they be compelled to leave the ship. It took some time to lower the long boat, which was stowed on deck, though the gig was easily and at once let into the water.

"All were now in great activity," says Mr. Wallace. "Many little necessaries had to be hunted up from their hiding-places. The cook was sent for a cork to plug the holes in the bottoms of the boats ; now no one knew where to find the rudder, which had been put away ; now the thole-pins were

missing, the oars had to be searched for, and spars to serve as masts, as well as spare canvas, twine, cordage, tow-ropes, sail-needles, nails and tacks, carpenters' tools, &c. &c. The captain was looking after his chronometer, sextant, barometer, charts, compass, and books of navigation; the seamen were getting their clothes into huge canvas bags, and were lugging about blankets, pilot coats, sou'-westers, and oilskin coats and trousers; and I went down into the cabin, now suffocatingly hot and full of smoke, to see what was worth saving. I got my watch and a small tin box containing some shirts, and a couple of old note-books with some drawings of plants and animals, and scrambled up with them on deck. Many clothes, and a large portmanteau of drawings and sketches, remained in my berth, but I did not care to venture down again; and in fact I felt a kind of apathy about saving anything, that I can now hardly account for."

Provisions had, in the meantime, been got into the boats, a cask had also been lowered empty, and, being fixed in its place, was filled with buckets from those on board. The boats having been so long drying in a tropical sun were very leaky, and were quickly half full of water, wetting everything in them, two men in each being required to continue baling to keep them afloat. Dense volumes of thick yellow smoke were now rising from the hatchway, and the balsam could be heard bubbling in the hold like some great caldron, which told of intense heat, and that the flames must soon break out. In less than half-an-hour, indeed, the fire burst through the cabin floor into the berths, and, consuming rapidly the dry pine wood, flamed up through the skylight. The captain at length ordered all hands into the boats, and was himself the last to leave the vessel.

There they lay in the midst of the ocean, which heaved and swelled with mighty billows a thousand miles on either side around them. As night was approaching, in the hopes that the fire might attract some passing vessel, the boats lay astern of the ship with long painters, the people watching



THE BRIG "HELEN" ON FIRE.

the progress of the flames. They soon caught the shrouds and sails, making a magnificent conflagration up to the very summits of the masts, for the royals were set at the time. As the sails burned, the vessel, not having them to steady her, rolled heavily, and the masts, no longer supported by the shrouds, bent and cracked, threatening every minute to fall overboard. The mainmast went first, breaking off about twenty feet above the deck, but the second mast stood for a long time, resisting the heavy rolls and lurches of the vessel. At length, being partly burnt at the foot, it went over, more than an hour after its companion.

The decks were now a mass of fire, and many of the parrots, monkeys, and other animals which had been on board, were already burnt or suffocated, but several had retired to the bowsprit out of reach of the flames, appearing to wonder what was going on, and quite unconscious of the fate that awaited them. Efforts were made to get some of them into the boats, but they did not seem aware of the danger they were in, and would make no attempt to reach their friends. As the flames caught the heel of the bowsprit some of them ran back and jumped into the midst of the fire. Only one parrot escaped; he was sitting on a rope hanging from the bowsprit, and this burning above him, let him fall into the water, where, after floating a short time, he was picked up.

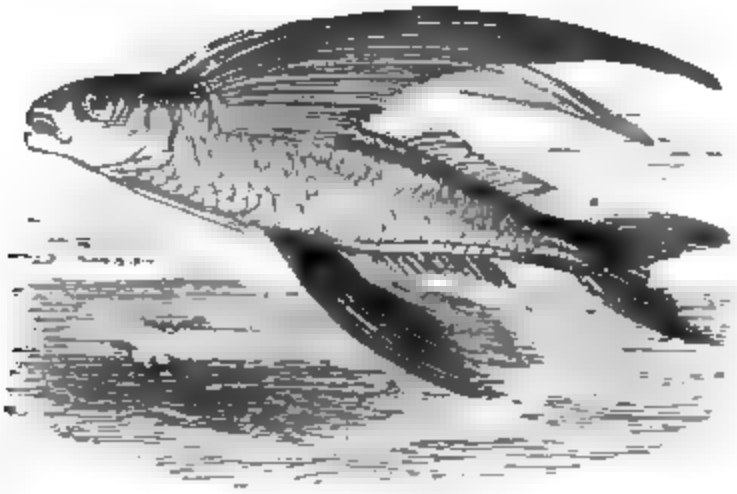
Nothing had been eaten since morning, but the evening air beginning to get cool and pleasant, all hands had got an appetite, and supped well on biscuits and water. The mooring ropes having been burnt, the boats were sent adrift, and to prevent them getting to a distance from the vessel they were secured to a portion of one of the masts floating near her, but, for fear of their being stove in by the numerous portions of half-burned spars floating about, and as there was a heavy swell on, it was deemed necessary to keep at a greater distance.

Thus they continued during the night, rowing when necessary to regain their position, near the burning ship.

She had now become a magnificent spectacle, for, the decks being completely burnt away, as she heaved and rolled with the swell of the sea she presented her interior filled with liquid flame, a fiery furnace tossing restlessly upon the ocean.

At length morning came, the dangers of the night were past, the masts were set up, the sails hoisted, and, bidding adieu to the still burning wreck, the voyagers went gaily bounding along before a light easterly breeze.

Bermuda, it was calculated, was the nearest point of land in the vast waste of waters around, and that was at least seven hundred miles away; but the wind was fair, and it was calculated that if it did not change a hundred miles might be made in a day, and that so in seven days they might reach the longed-for haven.



THE FLYING FISH.

As they had supped but scantily the night before, they could eat with good appetites their ham, pork, and biscuit, and wine and water, and made a hearty meal, finding that uncooked meat was not to be despised where a fire could not be got to cook it with. The boats still required almost incessant baling, and though not many seas were shipped, yet there was spray enough to keep them constantly wet. The long boat now took the gig in tow, that they might not be separated during the coming night, and as they sailed

equally they kept their sails set. The following day numerous flying fish were seen for immense distances over the waves, and several fell into the boats. During the night two boobies, large, dusky sea-birds, with very long wings, flew about them, and a flock of small birds passed by making a chirruping noise.

Not a sail appeared in sight, though on the 9th they were crossing the track of the West India vessels. On the 10th the weather became squally, and the wind shifted to the south-west. The boats could no longer keep their direct course for Bermuda. The sea too began to run high, and sudden squalls frequently made the boats heel over almost to their gunwales. Heavy showers too came on, but the sails were so saturated with salt that no addition could be made

THE DOLPHIN.

to their stock of fresh water. The only satisfactory circumstance was that the boats, having become swollen with the water, had almost ceased to leak. On the 12th the wind was foul, and they had got completely out of the track of ships, having but little chance, they feared, of reaching Bermuda. Several dolphins were seen swimming about, their colours superb, being of the most gorgeous metallic hues of green, blue, and gold. On the 13th the wind was due west, directly in their teeth, and as they were only half-way to the island all hands were put on a short allowance of water. The sun was extremely hot, and they suffered much from thirst. On the 14th it was perfectly calm; the sun was scorching them, they having no shelter; they were parched

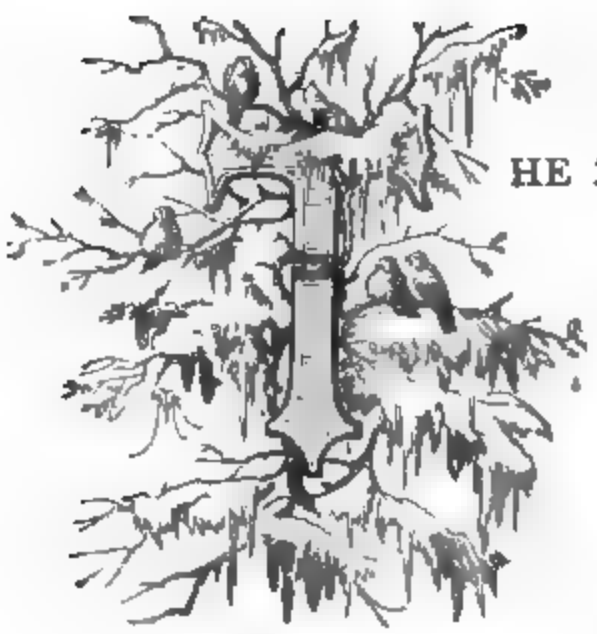
with thirst the whole day, but their clothes by this time having become pretty dry, they slept better than before. A favourable breeze too sprang up at night, which again raised their spirits, but the next day the wind again died away, and the sun being excessively hot they suffered extremely from thirst, and began to despair about ever falling in with a ship or reaching the Bermudas, when towards evening, as the party in the gig were at dinner, they saw the long boat, which was at some distance, tack. "She must have sighted a sail," said the captain, and looking round they saw a vessel standing almost directly towards them, and only about five miles distant. They thankfully felt that they were saved, and the men with joyful hearts drank the rest of their allowance of water, seized their oars, and pulled with hearty goodwill towards the stranger. By seven o'clock they were alongside the *Jordesan*, Captain Venables, from Cuba, bound for London, with a cargo of mahogany, fustic, and other woods, being then about 200 miles from Bermuda. They were received with the greatest kindness. The first thing the men did was to run to the water-casks and take long and hearty draughts, in which Mr. Wallace and the captain joined them, and then enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of tea.

The naturalist's dangers were not over. A heavy gale sprang up, the sails were blown to ribbons, and as the ship rolled about fearfully the water came pouring completely over her bulwarks. They ultimately, too, got short of provisions, though as they proceeded they obtained small supplies from other vessels, and even when they reached the Channel another violent gale sprang up, and caused the destruction of many much more seaworthy vessels than the *Jordesan*.

The next morning she had four feet of water in her hold.

At length, on the 1st of October, the pilot came on board, and after a voyage of eighty days from Para, Mr. Wallace, with Captain Turner, landed in safety at Deal.

CHAPTER X.



THE WRECK OF THE "TWEED," WEST INDIAN STEAM-SHIP.

THE *Tweed* was one of the line of magnificent steam-vessels which run between Southampton and the West Indies, touching at numerous ports in that part of the world. She was of 1800 tons and 500 horse-power, and was commanded by Captain Parsons.

She sailed from the Havana, bound for Mexico, on the 9th February, 1846, with sixty-two passengers, her officers, crew, and other persons belonging to her numbering eighty-nine. The wind blowing hard from the north and a heavy sea running, the weather having been so thick that during the previous day no observation could be taken, at three in the morning of the 12th, while the passengers and all hands, with the exception of the watch on deck, were below asleep, the look-out uttered the startling cry of "Breakers ahead!"

The captain, who was on deck at the time, ordered the engines to be reversed and the helm put a-starboard; but before the ship's way could be stopped she struck with terrific force, and, continuing to drive on, crashed again and again, four times in succession, on the rocks. The last concussion drove in her bottom, and literally sent the machinery, boilers, and funnel upwards, the engines immediately stopping, and the steam rising in thick clouds from the hatchways.

The people below, alarmed by the terrible blows the ship was receiving, rushed in their night-dresses on deck, and as she fell over at that instant on her starboard side, the sea, which came dashing on board, swept several of them away, together with three of the boats.

The night was dark as pitch; the foaming seas rose up around; a fearful grating and grinding noise was heard as the stout ship heeled over, now to one side, now to the other, the seams of the deck opening and shutting, while fragments of the wreck bruised and maimed many of the hapless people, several being carried off by the billows which swept furiously over it. Those who had escaped held on to the bulwarks, hoping that when the morning dawned they might find the means for reaching the land.

The captain gave the order to cut away the masts, but no axes were to be found; and the whole inside of the ship being driven in, it was impossible to go below to procure any. The lanyards were, however, cut with knives, when the masts quickly fell overboard, one after the other, with all their rigging standing. Two boats remained uninjured, and these being lowered, as many persons as they could hold were placed in them, and pulling away they were quickly lost to sight in the gloom. In a few minutes the loud and piercing shrieks which reached the ship told of their fate—they had been swamped, and many in them had perished. In a few minutes more the noble ship herself, yielding to fierce assaults of the raging seas, parted in two, and the larger number of those on board found themselves strug-

gling amid a mass of shattered timbers, planks, and spars, driven towards some rocks which rose out of the water at a short distance from the wreck. Some reached the reef alive, and clinging to the rock, or to the larger pieces of wreck driven on to it, there awaited the dawn of day.

When the morning light broke no land was in sight, and all that remained of the *Tweed* was the fore part of the ship with the bowsprit still standing, to which some forty persons were clinging, every sea dashing over them; while for a mile along the edge of the reef was seen a confused mass of timbers, planks, the wrecked boats, chests, beds, casks, and packages of all sorts piled up several feet in height. Those who had been washed on to the reef were standing in one foot of water, some of them dreadfully hurt, while few had altogether escaped.

The captain and officers, and several others who had retained their presence of mind among those now assembled together, addressed their companions in misfortune, and pointed out to them the importance of at once making every possible effort in the dreadful position in which they were placed.

Their first care was to search for the highest part of the rock inside the breakers. Here, although it was under water, hopes were entertained that with the fragments of the wreck a platform might be built upon which they might take refuge. It had been low water when the ship struck, and it was feared that as the tide rose they would all be submerged; many, indeed, might with reason have doubted that any structure they could erect would enable them to escape destruction.

While some were thus engaged a greater number were breaking open all the trunks and packages they could get at in order to obtain clothing to protect themselves from the cold, many having nothing on but their shirts, and few being entirely dressed.

Their chief hope of escape, however, depended on their being able to send off one of the boats to the mainland to

give notice of their condition. Of the three boats which had been driven on the reef the mail-boat was the only one which, although dreadfully shattered, it was thought possible to repair. The carpenter had been among those lost, and they had no tools with which to work. A copper bolt was, however, found in one of the timbers, and which torn out served as a hammer, and all hands set to work to pull out nails from the fragments of the wreck, while the most expert at carpentering attempted to patch up the boat. Others searched for oars and sails, which were fortunately discovered, as was one of the ship's compasses, which in the most extraordinary manner had been drifted on to the rocks uninjured.

During the day many eyes were turned towards the wreck to which their shipmates clung. Now one, now another was seen to throw themselves into the surf and attempt to reach the rocks. Too often shrieks for help were heard from those to whom no assistance could be rendered. Some sank close to the wreck, others were struck by pieces of timber when midway, and several who had actually reached the edge of the reef, exhausted by their efforts, were carried back out of reach before a friendly hand could be stretched out to save them. A few were assisted by their companions, or were cast clinging to planks high on the reefs and rescued. The best swimmers perished, while those who could not swim a stroke were cast on the rocks and saved. Among the latter was the second officer, who was totally unable to swim. Having stripped off his clothes and plunged into the surf he laid hold of a piece of timber, to which he clung till he was hauled up by his friends, and was quickly among the most actively engaged in arranging for the safety of the rest. At first the tops of the engine and boilers could be seen besides the fore part of the ship; but in a few hours they began to move backwards and forwards with every sea which struck them, and gradually they disappeared. The lifeboat was next washed away, and the fore and after part of the ship alone remained above water. As the evening

approached only about twelve unfortunate people were still clinging to the wreck.

The greater part of the day was occupied in getting the boat ready, and by four o'clock in the afternoon she was considered to be in a fit condition to swim. A bulkhead was formed about three feet from the bow, the intervening space being stuffed full with anything to keep out the water, while a piece of sail was secured under the bows and bottom so as further to strengthen her. Her mast and sail had been discovered, and they, with half-a-dozen oars, were put on board. She was provisioned with a few bottles of wine, a ham, a piece of cheese, and a little oatmeal and flour. The captain directed Mr. Ellison, the chief officer, to take charge of her with a crew of six men, and they were accompanied by the Admiralty agent, an old officer, and the Vera Cruz American Consul, that he might act as interpreter on the coast.

The ship, I should have said, had been struck on the north side of the Alacranes reef, about seventy miles from Yucatan, which lies due south of it, and in which direction the boat was to proceed.

The gale blowing from the north, the wreck, as it broke up, was driven towards where the people were collected. The boat, however, was to make her way over the reef towards the south, and as the water was comparatively smooth the chief danger she had to encounter was that of striking against the rocks which might be found in her course. All hands being assembled, prayer was offered up for the safety of those about to embark in the frail and shattered bark. Mr. Ellison then took his seat in the stern, placing the compass on his knees, and the crew, cautiously using their oars, shoved off in silence. Three cheers were then given them as they pulled away, and they soon vanished out of sight in the darkness. Small as appeared the chance of their making the passage in safety, few of those who remained on the rocks would have hesitated to accompany them.

The people on the reef, under the direction of the officers, now commenced piling up the proposed platform, on which the preservation of their lives now mainly depended. As the water deepened, the pieces of wreck, which had hitherto grounded on the edge of the reef, began to float in towards them. These were collected and piled up one above the other, first without any attempt at order, but as the erection increased in size it was squared, all the flat boards they could find being placed on the surface. At length a raised platform, of twelve or fourteen feet square, was formed, on which they crowded with such provisions as had been collected.

Not a particle of food had been tasted during the day. The purser, however, now concocted a mixture of oatmeal and flour with some butter and wine, which he formed into little balls the size of a small potato, one of which was given to each person. The neck of a bottle with a cork in it serving as a glass was also filled with wine, and a measure to each being in like manner distributed, the crew being first supplied, then the passengers, and lastly the officers.

Night had now commenced, and the shipwrecked people, overcome with fatigue, sat down, wet and cold as they were, side by side on their platform, covering themselves as well as they could with the damp garments which had been picked up. Thus they prepared to pass the anxious hours of darkness. The tide continued flowing, and rose to the very level of the raft. How much higher it would rise few could tell. Sometimes, indeed, the water washed over it, and the breakers appeared to be approaching nearer and nearer. At midnight an alarm was raised that the raft was giving way; but on being inspected it was found still secure, and some casks were shifted over to the side next the sea in order to keep it down, as the water dashed against it.

Dangerous as was their own condition, that of their shipmates on the wreck was still more so. At daylight only seven continued clinging to it; five had perished during the night. A party immediately went down to the nearest point

to it, and endeavoured to induce the survivors to attempt reaching the reef, but they appeared unwilling to trust themselves to the breakers. Others were sent along the reef to look after provisions and any articles likely to be of use; while a third party was engaged in collecting timber to strengthen the raft, and a fourth in carrying up stones with which to erect a breakwater around it. Those who were unable from injuries to do any hard work remained to dry the wet clothes as they were picked up, to stow the provisions, and to increase and strengthen the raft.

Another small ball of the purser's manufacture was served out as a breakfast to each person. By the evening the size of the raft had been almost doubled, and made much stronger. At this time the five poor fellows who still clung to the wreck appeared about to quit it. They had lashed two spars together, and at length committed themselves to the raging sea. The surf bore them onwards; but now one, now another was washed off, till three alone reached the rocks and got within the grasp of those who had ventured out to meet them.

There were now sixty-nine persons on the raft. Thus, including the ten who had gone away in the boat, seventy-nine were saved out of the 151 souls who had embarked at the Havana; no fewer, therefore, than seventy-two had perished. By this time three casks of flour and one of oatmeal, one of butter, one small cask of brandy, and one of vinegar, one case of claret, and about three of other wines, with two cheeses, a basket of preserved apples, and a piece of bacon, had been collected. In addition, there were two live pigs, a dog, one live sheep, and one dead sheep, affording thus a supply of food for some time. A box of candles, which proved very useful, was likewise washed up. The ship's signals had also been found, and a spar being set up a flag was hoisted in the hopes that it might be seen by any passing vessel.

The people were dressed in all sorts of clothes, having appropriated whatever they discovered in the chests, and

though several saw their garments on the backs of others, no complaints were made. To alleviate the thirst which many were beginning to feel, a little vinegar was given to each person, which considerably allayed it for some time. One poor Spanish gentleman had lost several of his fingers, and though many were injured his was the most severe case. Another had, however, to bewail the deaths of his wife and child, who had been torn from his arms, he himself having afterwards been washed up in a state of unconsciousness on the reef. As he stood there with but the remnant of a shirt on his back, he exclaimed in his grief that he had now nothing left in the world but the rag which covered him. Everyone who had strength to move about was busily engaged. Among other prizes was a writing-desk, within which a small box containing about a dozen wax lucifer-matches was found. They were wet, but it was hoped that by drying them a fire, so much desired, might be produced. For this purpose they were carefully stuck in the flour cask. That night, the raft being much increased in size, after prayer had been offered up all lay down to sleep. Again fears were felt for the safety of the frail structure on which they rested. The tide rose to the depth of four feet and a half round them till ten o'clock, when soon afterwards it began to ebb.

Another day broke: no sail was in sight. All were suffering from thirst, which, however, was much relieved by the distribution of a small quantity of vinegar; some swallowed it, but others merely washed their mouths. Everyone was occupied as before. At last the sun burst forth, and the flour-cask being opened to try the matches, what was the dismay of those who stood around to find that they had disappeared, some of the flour having been also abstracted! Several of the matches were, however, recovered, and the depredator was found to be one of the Spanish deck passengers. The matches were soon dried, and after considerable anxiety, several having failed, a light was produced. A candle was then ignited and placed in an empty cask, when

a watch was set over it, with orders not to allow it to go out by night or day. A large piece of board lined with iron having been found, there being no lack of fuel, a fire was soon blazing on it. The dead sheep was quickly skinned, and, a portion being cooked, a small piece was served out to each man. In the afternoon, a few fish and two fine lobsters were caught, and several other articles picked up. The cook also manufactured some small cakes, which were baked on the sheet iron; and a cake and a little claret were served out to each person. The want of water was now chiefly dreaded, and it was suggested that a still might be constructed for producing fresh water. After several experiments, to the joy of all, the engineers formed an apparatus which slowly distilled a small supply. As the masts and spars of the vessel floated in, they were secured, and the captain proposed to build a raft which, should no vessel come to their rescue, might convey them to Yucatan. During the night the distillers persevered in their labours, though not more than one bottle of water was produced.

At length the dawn of Monday the 15th February broke on the waste of waters, but still no sail was in sight. Considerable progress was made with the large raft, and, the distillery being remodelled, hopes were entertained that a larger supply than at first of fresh water would be obtained. In the meantime the people quenched their thirst with a mixture of brandy and vinegar, some adding salt water. The cook baked another batch of cakes, which were served out with a piece of mutton or fish. The distillers finally produced a bottle of water in fifteen minutes.

The boat had now been absent four days, and great anxiety was felt as to her fate; still all were supported with the hope that she would reach the shore in safety.

The floating raft had now been completed in a substantial way, and the shipwrecked people began to feel more secure, as it would afford them a place of refuge should their fixed raft be dashed to pieces. By noon, just as six bottles of water had been distilled, the joyful shout was

heard of "A sail! a sail!" Eager eyes were looking out for the distant vessel; but to many she appeared but a

THE WRECKED PEOPLE ON THE PLATFORM.

white speck on the dark waters, and some supposed that the object seen was merely a rock rising above the surface

in the distance. At length all were convinced that a vessel was really in sight, but still it was doubtful whether she was standing for the reef. In a short time she was pronounced to be a brig. Were they to be disappointed? No; she drew nearer and nearer, and was now seen to haul round the east point of the reef at the distance of some six or eight miles, then to the joy of all she bore right up towards them, keeping about three miles outside the reef.

Melted by gratitude at the thoughts of their expected deliverance, instead of giving way to expressions of joy the shipwrecked people fell on their knees, and together returned thanks to God.

At 1 P.M. the brig had got within four miles of them outside the surf, where she hove-to, and a canoe, which had been towing astern, hoisted sail and stood towards the reef. As she neared the surf the sail was lowered, and eight natives, who formed her crew, began to guide her in amid the breakers. In the bows stood Mr. Ellison, the chief officer of the *Tweed*, and thus they knew that their friends had performed their adventurous voyage in safety. She shortly afterwards arrived alongside the raft, and all the party were crowding round the brave officer, offering their congratulations, and eager to hear an account of what had occurred.

It was briefly told. After escaping great danger in passing over the reef the boat had sailed on during the following day and night, and when Sunday dawned had sighted a vessel in the offing. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Emilio*. Her chief mate, Señor Villaverde, received them on board, and directly he was informed of what had occurred steered towards Sisal, eleven miles off, where the commander was on shore. The captain, Don Bernardino Campo, without a moment's hesitation, when he heard the disastrous news, getting some water on board and having hired a canoe, crowded all sail towards the dangerous shallows. His cargo was waiting for him on shore, but he thought not of that. He hazarded also the loss of his

insurance, and he knew well the risk he ran by approaching a lee shore in the norther season.

He was now introduced to the party, for he also had bravely come off in the canoe, bringing provisions and necessaries, and he at once took his place among the ship-wrecked party, assuring them by this free participation of their lot that his vessel would never leave them till all were rescued. Twenty-five persons were immediately selected to go off in the canoe, the invalids being the first called out. She was watched with deep anxiety while her crew attempted to pull her through the breakers. The oars were just got out, and the sail was about to be hoisted, when a sea striking her she turned broadside to the surf, into which she was driven, and thence on to the reef, narrowly escaping being capsized. As she was evidently overloaded thirteen were lifted back on to the raft, when she conveyed the remaining twelve persons on board the brig in safety.

The canoe returned in the evening bringing the brig's small boat, which was sent in, while she remained outside for fear of being bilged on the reef. On her first trip the small boat, reached the canoe in safety, but on the second she was capsized and all in her were cast into the surf. Happily they gained a footing on the reef. In her next trip she carried only four, and succeeded in getting alongside the canoe, which pulled away for the brig, while the boat returned to the raft. As it was too late for more to go off the brig stood out to sea, while the gallant Spanish captain remained with those he had come to rescue on the raft. The night was passed in comparative comfort with a lantern hoisted on the flagstaff above their heads, while the boat alongside gave them a greater sense of security than they had before enjoyed. It blew, however, very fresh, and the water at times washed over the raft.

When morning dawned the brig was not in sight, and she did not appear till 2 P.M. When the canoe arrived, the surf breaking with far more violence than before, it was arranged that, as the danger of passing through it would be very great

with passengers on board, she should make her way to the raft, and then that she and the small boat should convey them over the reef to the southward towards the little island of Perez, some miles away. The brig meantime was to stand round to the island, and there to pick them up.

The day was almost spent before the canoe had conveyed this message to the brig and had returned to the raft. She brought a cask of fresh water and some biscuits, and a sheep being killed and cooked, all hands enjoyed a substantial meal. Orders were then issued to prepare for embarkation. Captain Parsons would allow nothing to be taken, as it was important not to load the boats more than necessary in order to enable them to pass amid the sunken rocks extending over the entire reef. The sole occupants of the raft were two pigs, and as no one could be found to kill them, they were left alive to their sad fate. Forty-two people embarked in the canoe and ten in the small boat, which at half-past five shoved off to make their way over the dangerous reef. Darkness coming on, they at length brought up by a grapnel. The night was a trying one, as the spray drove over them, and no one could venture to move, sleep being impossible. The following day was fine, and at 2 P.M. they reached Perez. A fire was lighted and provisions cooked, while they waited till the brig reached them. At length, by five in the afternoon, all were safely on board, and at noon the following day the *Emilio* came to an anchor off Sisal. Here the rescued people were treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality, the noble Captain Campo undertaking to pay all expenses, which were to be repaid to him when Captain Parsons reached the Havana.

In the meantime clothes for the cabin passengers were procured from Merida, the inhabitants of which place raised a handsome subscription to supply them to the crew. The *Emilio* was also engaged by Captain Parsons to convey him and his officers and men, with some of the passengers, to the Havana. The inhabitants of that city, on hearing of the noble conduct of Captain Campo and his chief mate, raised

a subscription of four thousand dollars to present to them. The Spanish commander, showing that he was as generous as brave, at first declined to receive the money, desiring that it might be paid to the widows and families of those who had perished. The subscribers, however, insisted on his receiving it.

The Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company also presented him with a considerable sum, to which the British Government added 500*l.*, in addition to gold medals to himself and mate, and silver medals to the crew of the vessel. Lloyd's Association likewise presented a silver medal to Captain Campo, a bronze medal to the mate, and 21*l.* to the crew, while the relatives of Mr. Ellis, one of the passengers, sent Captain Campo a beautiful gold chronometer. Subscriptions were also raised for the benefit of the widows and orphans left destitute by the loss of the *Tweed*.

The honours and rewards bestowed on the noble Spanish commander and his mate were, it will be agreed, well merited. We cannot fail also to admire the cool courage and judgment displayed by the officers of the *Tweed*, and the patient heroism of the passengers under the fearful circumstances in which they were placed, on the water-covered reef, with the raging sea around them, when the impulse of any but brave men would have been to give way to despair.

Their example, and the wonderful way in which their lives were preserved, should induce us ever to trust to the superintending hand of God; and, however great may be the danger in which we are placed, to exert all our energies, and never to give way while life lasts to faithless despondency.

CHAPTER XI.

WRECK OF THE "ANTELOPE."

THE *Antelope*, the interesting adventures of whose captain and crew are about to be narrated, was an armed ship of three hundred tons, in the service of the Honourable East India Company. She was commanded by Captain Henry Wilson. Mr. Benger was her first officer, Mr. Barker her second, Mr. Sharp was her surgeon, and Mr. Matthias Wilson, the captain's brother, acted as purser; her ship's company consisting of fifty persons, including sixteen Chinamen.

She had been lying at Macao for about a month, when, on the 20th July, 1783, she sailed with despatches for the Company's Settlements in the East Indian Archipelago.

Soon after sailing, a heavy gale created so high a sea that she was compelled to lay-to, in order to secure the cattle and live stock, and harbour gear. Standing to the eastward the gale again came on, and continued for several days, the sky being overcast, with thunder, lightning, and hard rain.

After this the Bashee Islands were sighted, five being seen, one of which had very much the appearance of a Tartar's hat. The weather being now fine, with tolerably

smooth water, all hands were set to work to air the ship, and to get up a new foretop-mast in lieu of one which had been sprung. On Sunday, the 3rd August, Divine service was held on deck, a ceremony which was never omitted when the weather would permit. In the middle of the week another gale sprung up, when the ship had to lay-to under storm stay-sails, and all the cattle perished; but by the end of it the wind went down, and a continuance of favourable weather was expected. Soon after midnight of Sunday the 10th, however, the sky again became overcast, with heavy rain, vivid lightning, and thunder, but Mr. Benger, who had the watch, judging from the thunder that the gale would only prove a passing squall, and not thinking it necessary to call all hands or arouse the captain, who was below, merely lowered the topsails, intending to reef them with the watch on deck. The people were on the yards reefing sails, when the man on the look-out uttered the startling cry of "Breakers ahead!" Scarcely had the words reached the ears of the officer on deck, when the ship struck. In an instant the captain and all those below sprang upon deck, too well guessing what had occurred. A glance showed them the fearful position in which the ship was placed, for on either hand foaming breakers roared up alongside, the black rocks appearing amid them as they passed onwards.

It was at once seen that there was no hope of getting the ship off. While the crew thronged round the captain, earnestly entreating him to say what was to be done, the ship heeled over and began to fill. His first order was to cut away the mizen-mast, the main and foretop masts, and lower yards, to ease the ship, and to prevent her from upsetting, which it seemed very likely she would do. The gunpowder, small arms, bread, and such provisions as would spoil by wet, were brought on deck and sheltered with tarpaulins from the rain. The water meantime rushing in, before an hour was as high as the lower deck hatchways. The boats were in consequence hoisted out and filled with provisions and a supply of water. A compass and some

small arms and ammunition were put in each, while two men were directed to keep them under the lee of the ship, both to prevent their being stove in, and to be ready to receive the crew in case she should go to pieces, which, from the fearful violence of the storm, it seemed probable she would do.

Every order was carried out with unexampled alacrity and obedience. The darkness prevented anything being seen beyond a short distance from the ship, and no one could tell whether they had been cast on some solitary reef in mid-ocean, or in the neighbourhood of islands inhabited by cannibal savages.

Every proposed arrangement having been completed, the captain assembled the crew on the quarter-deck, which was still high out of the water, while the quarter boards afforded them some little shelter from the sea and rain. He then endeavoured to arouse their sinking spirits, reminding them that shipwreck is a calamity to which seamen are always liable, and that they must depend mainly on their own exertions to rescue themselves from the dangerous position in which they were placed. He observed, also, that similar misfortunes to theirs had often been rendered more dreadful by the despair and disagreement of the crew. Lastly, he urged them on every account to refrain from tasting spirituous liquor. Ready assent was given to the captain's wise advice, and, all hands being wet and exhausted with excessive labour, it was thought advisable that some refreshment should be taken. A glass of wine and some biscuit was therefore served out to each person, and after they had eaten, a second glass of wine.

They now anxiously waited for the return of day, in the faint hopes of seeing land. The first officer, indeed, and one of the seamen, declared that during a vivid flash of lightning they had caught sight of what they were certain was land, at no great distance off, but most of their shipmates believed that they were mistaken. During those anxious hours the ship's company endeavoured to cheer each other,

while the captain advised every man to clothe himself and prepare for quitting the ship when it should become necessary. In this case also the utmost order and regularity were observed, not a man offering to take anything but what truly belonged to himself, nor did any one of them ask for or attempt to obtain spirits.

The dawn at length broke, and as it increased, a small island was seen to the southward, three or four leagues distant, and soon afterwards some other islands appeared to the eastward. The ship having been driven out of her course, even the captain could not tell what islands they were, while the crew naturally dreaded that the inhabitants might prove hostile. The boats, however, were manned, and Captain Wilson, placing them under the care of Mr. Benger, despatched him with directions to endeavour to obtain friendly intercourse with the natives, should any be found, and not to use their arms unless in the last extremity. The sea still running very high, and the wind blowing a gale, great anxiety was felt for the safety of the boats. As soon as they had shoved off, Captain Wilson, with the remainder of his crew, set to work to get the booms overboard, and form a raft on which to save their lives, should the ship go to pieces, as it was hourly expected she would.

They were thus occupied the greater part of the day, during which time many an eye was turned towards the shore in hopes of seeing the boats. Still they did not appear, and fears were entertained that they had either been swamped, or that some disaster had happened with the natives. Unhappily during this time one of the crew fell overboard, and, before assistance could be rendered him, was washed away and drowned.

In the afternoon, to the joy of all on board, the boats were observed coming off. At length they got alongside, and brought the satisfactory intelligence that there was no appearance of inhabitants on the island where they had landed, and that there was a sheltered harbour with fresh water to be found near it.

The raft, which by this time was in great forwardness, was soon completed, and the crew having taken a second refreshment of bread and wine, began loading it with as large an amount of provisions and stores as it could carry. The pinnace was also filled with provisions, ammunition, and small arms. The ship had now begun, in consequence of the tide rising, to move on the rocks, and there was much danger of the masts falling over the side: had they done so they would have crushed the raft, and all their labour would have been fruitless. The people were, however, still so eager to save whatever they could, that it was difficult to get them into the boats. The boatswain was therefore directed to go on board, and sound his whistle as a warning to all who remained. One man, however, the carpenter, was so intent on saving his tools and stores, that he did not attend to the summons, and the raft and pinnace having shoved off, the jolly-boat had to put back to receive him. The pinnace took the raft in tow, and the jolly-boat assisted by towing the pinnace. The sea running very high, those on the raft and in the pinnace were exposed to great danger while crossing the reef; the spray dashing over them, frequently shut them out from sight of each other, the men on the raft being also obliged to lash themselves to it to escape being washed off, the screams of the Chinese, less accustomed to such perils, increasing the horrors of the scene.

No accident, however, happened, and as soon as the reef was cleared, the jolly-boat, with the captain on board, proceeded alone to the shore, leaving the pinnace still towing the raft. The jolly-boat reached the harbour about eight at night, when those who had been left there in the morning were found in a state of considerable alarm from having discovered traces of natives in the neighbourhood. As soon as the jolly-boat had left her, the pinnace hoisted sail, the water having become much smoother than before. It being found, however, that she drove to leeward, the oars were got out, but even then the strength of the current, which carried them away from the harbour, could with diffi-

culty be resisted. At last it was determined that, for the safety of all hands, the pinnace should take the people off the raft, and that it should be brought up by a grapnel and

THE CARPENTER LEFT ON BOARD.

left there till the morning, when they hoped to be able to return and bring it into the harbour. The additional men thus taken on board the pinnace enabled them to double-bank the oars, though at the same time so crowded her that

she could scarcely be kept above water. She therefore advanced slowly.

Meanwhile Captain Wilson, having unladen the jolly-boat, pulled off with four hands to look for the pinnace. Believing that he saw her through the gloom, he hailed, but the reply came in so shrill a tone, that his crew, supposing that a canoe full of natives was approaching, pulled back in alarm to the shore. The arrival of the pinnace soon afterwards dissipated their apprehensions.

The party who had remained on shore in the morning had cleared a spot of ground, and erected on it a small tent with a sail. Under this the whole party, after hauling the boats on shore and drying their clothes at a fire, took shelter for the night, setting a watch lest they should be surprised by the natives. The heavy rain came through the tent and made them very uncomfortable, while the wind continued so strong that they became exceedingly anxious lest the ship should go to pieces before they could obtain the necessaries they required from her. At dawn the pinnace and jolly-boat pulled off to the raft, but it blew so hard that they were unable to tow it in; they, however, recovered the provisions and sails which had been left on it. In the afternoon, the weather moderating, the boats were sent to the wreck to bring away some rice and other necessaries.

Great anxiety was felt when night came on and the boats did not appear, the gale blowing heavier than ever. At length, at 10 o'clock at night, the pinnace returned, with the intelligence that the ship would probably not hold together till morning, as she was already beginning to part. Thus all the hopes which had hitherto been entertained by the shipwrecked seamen of getting her off the rocks and making their escape in her, were extinguished.

The next morning it still blew so hard that the boats could not venture to sea; all hands were therefore employed in drying stores and provisions, and erecting better tents.

While they were thus occupied, Captain Wilson and the linguist, Tom Rose, when collecting water which dropped

from the rocks, observed canoes coming into the bay. They at once gave notice to the men, who instantly flew to arms. As, however, there were only two canoes, with but few men in them, the captain ordered his people to keep out of sight until he should see what reception he and Rose met with from the strangers. Rose was desired to speak to them as they approached, in the Malay language. This the natives did not at first understand; but in a short time one of them got up and inquired in Malay who they were, whether friends or foes. Rose replied that they were English and friends, whose ship had been wrecked on the reef. After speaking together, eight of the natives stepped out of the canoe into the water, leaving one in each canoe, on which Captain Wilson waded in to meet them, embracing them in a friendly manner, and leading them on shore introduced them to his officers and people. They were apparently apprehensive of being betrayed, and, declining to sit down near the tents, kept close to the beach, that they might, in case of danger, immediately regain their canoes.

The people were going to breakfast, and the strangers were presented with some tea and sweet biscuits, the captain and officers breakfasting with them. The Malay informed them that he had commanded a trading vessel belonging to a Chinese of Ternate, cast away ten months before on an island to the southward, whence he escaped to Pelew, the island on which the king of the group resided. This was the first time they had heard the name of Pelew, which has since been given to the whole of the surrounding islands, which are the most western of the extensive Caroline group. The Malay next introduced the principal man of the party as Raa Kook, the brother to the king, and another as Arra Kook, a second brother.

The strangers sat down an hour with the captain, tasting the tea, but preferring the biscuit, and they soon appeared to be perfectly relieved from all their apprehensions. They now expressed a desire that one of the English would accompany them to visit the king, Abba Thulle, that he

might *see* what they were like. On this Mr. Matthias Wilson agreed to go with them. The captain sent a present to the king of a small piece of broadcloth, a canister of tea, one of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusk, at the particular request of the king's brother.

Captain Wilson also instructed his brother to solicit the king's friendship, and likewise permission to build a vessel to carry them back to their own country.

The natives were of a deep copper colour, perfectly naked, their skins being soft and glossy from the constant use of cocoa-nut oil. Their legs were thickly tattooed from a little past the ankles to the middle of their thighs; their hair was fine, black, long, and rolled up behind close to the back of the head in a neat and becoming manner. When they felt at their ease with the English, they began stroking their waistcoats and coat sleeves, having some dourbts apparently whether their garments and bodies were not of the same substance. When the Malay told them that, from the coldness of their climate, the English wore clothes, they requested the strangers to turn up their sleeves, to ascertain whether their arms were the same colour as their faces. Evidently they had never seen white men before, and they walked about, showing the greatest curiosity at everything they beheld.

Captain Wilson was much affected by the departure of his brother, who went off in the canoe with Arra Kook, for though their present visitors appeared well disposed, he could not tell how the rest of the natives might behave. Raa Kook meantime, with three men, voluntarily remained on the island as hostages with the English, proving, at all events, their good intentions. Raa Kook, indeed, stayed in the tent all night, endeavouring to accommodate himself to the manners of the strangers. He even sat at table as they did, without squatting, according to native custom, on his hams. Nothing escaped his notice; he asked for an explanation of all he saw. He also imitated whatever the English did, and lent his assistance to whatever was being

done, offering even to aid the cook in blowing the fire. In the morning the pinnace was sent off to the ship. When she returned, the boatswain who went in her reported that the natives had gone on board, and found their way to the cock-pit, where, rummaging among various articles, they had found the medicine chest, but probably not liking the taste of the medicines, having thrown out the contents they had carried off the bottles. Fortunately Mr. Sharpe, the surgeon, had brought away some of the most useful medicines. When this was communicated to Raa Kook, and apprehensions were expressed that the natives might have poisoned themselves, he begged Captain Wilson to feel no uneasiness on that account, as even should they have suffered it would be owing to their own misconduct. For this he expressed himself greatly concerned, and he inquired why the English did not shoot them, begging that they would do so on the next occasion, when he would undertake to justify it to the king.

Some of the crew having taken some liquor when on board, without anything to eat, had become somewhat noisy and elated. Captain Wilson, therefore, proposed to his officers that all the spirit casks should be staved. Having called the crew together, they unanimously agreed to this proposal, and on their next visit to the ship four casks of strong liquor were stove in.

The following morning two canoes, with Arra Kook and one of the king's sons, returned with Mr. M. Wilson, bringing a present of ready boiled yams and cocoa-nuts. Mr. Wilson reported that, on landing amidst a vast concourse of natives, he was conducted by Arra Kook to the king's house, and when there, directed to sit down on a mat outside. The king appearing, received his presents graciously, and, ordering refreshments to be brought, ate some of the sugar-candy. A numerous assemblage of both sexes surrounded them during the meal. Mr. Wilson taking off his hat by accident, all present seemed struck with astonishment, and still more so when he unbuttoned his

waistcoat and put off his shoes, that the natives might see they were no part of his body. At dark he was invited to accompany the king and other chiefs into the house, where supper, consisting of shell-fish and yams, whole and mashed, was served on small stools. At night he was led to another house, in which were at least fifty men and women, and there it was signified to him that he was to sleep. Unable to close his eyes, after some time he observed eight men rise, and begin to make two great fires at each end of the house, when the horrid idea seized him that the natives were going to kill and roast and eat him. His apprehensions were relieved, however, when after they had sat a little while to warm themselves, they all retired to their mats. The next day he intimated to the king that he was anxious to return to his friends, but his majesty made signs that there was too much wind to allow the canoes to venture on the water, and that he must be content to remain with him another day.

Everyone was inspirited by the favourable intelligence brought by Mr. Wilson. The weather also being fine, the people were employed in recovering rice and other stores and iron from the wreck. A number of canoes were seen about her, and Raa Kook sent his brother and nephew off in a canoe to recover some iron and a cutlass which the natives had taken, and to drive them away.

In consequence of the number of people now visiting the island, the whole company was divided into five guards—nine men in each—and a watch-word was given, which was called and answered from the different posts every five minutes. Captain Wilson communicated this arrangement to his guests, so that they might not be alarmed by the sudden turning out of the guard with arms. They were, indeed, highly delighted on seeing the men going through their exercises, which seemed to make a forcible impression on their minds.

The wreck was again visited on the 15th of August—the king's brothers and son accompanying the boats in their canoes—and a considerable quantity of stores were obtained.

They were going a second time, when several canoes appeared at the entrance of the harbour, and notice was given that the king was approaching. Several canoes came first, which lay-to while the king's canoe advanced between four others, the rowers of which splashed the water about with their paddles, and flourished them over their heads in a very dexterous manner. As the king's canoe proceeded onwards, the others closed in and followed him into the cove, sounding conch-shells. At his request, Captain Wilson entered his canoe, and embraced him, taking the opportunity at once of begging permission to build a vessel. The king replied that he was welcome to do so, either there or at his own island; observing, however, that the one they were on was thought to be unhealthy. In return, the captain intimated that he would rather remain there, as the place was near the wreck, and that, with regard to its unhealthiness, he had a person with him skilful in curing sickness. The king, then stepping into the water, waded ashore, when Captain Wilson presented him with a scarlet coat. His majesty was perfectly naked, having nothing to distinguish him from his subjects, with the exception that the hatchet he carried on his shoulders was made of iron, while those of the others were made of shell. About three hundred persons followed him on shore. He then sat down on a sail spread for him, and was presented with cloth and various coloured ribbons, which he immediately distributed among his attendants. The ship's company, observing that every chief fixed his attention on some particular person, became greatly alarmed, believing that the individual so noticed was singled out as the chief's prisoner. But they soon found that it was quite the reverse, and that he was to be his particular friend or guest. The captain then introduced his officers, and when the surgeon was pointed out as a person skilful in curing disease, the king was wonderfully surprised, and kept his eyes fixed on him. His majesty having expressed a desire to see the men exercise, they were ordered under arms and drawn up on the beach. They

then marched before him, and fired three volleys, the natives exhibiting their surprise by hooting, hallooing, chattering, and leaping. Various articles were also exhibited to the king, all of which created the greatest amazement among the savages. After a time a loud cry was uttered by one of the chiefs, immediately on which the natives, who were dispersed in different directions, darted into their canoes—no word of command being ever obeyed with greater promptitude.

The next day the king begged that Captain Wilson would permit some of his people to accompany him with muskets, as he was going to make war upon his enemies. Accordingly, the third mate with four others, and Rose the interpreter, went to Pelew, each of the chiefs taking one in a canoe. The expedition ended successfully, and much gratitude was expressed for the assistance so readily afforded.

The crew, though legally free in consequence of the wreck of the ship, unanimously requested Captain Wilson to continue to act as their commander, promising implicitly to obey his orders.

Preparations were at once made to build their intended vessel, and Mr. Barker, having in his early days served in a dockyard, undertook with the aid of the captain to design her. It was resolved that she should be a schooner, as easier for working. The boatswain, who had served an apprenticeship to a blacksmith, now resumed his old vocation; while Mr. Sharp and the captain's brother were appointed to saw down trees, the captain himself often assisting them. The gunner kept the arms in order, and occasionally assisted the carpenter's crew, while the Chinamen who formed part of the crew were employed in bringing up the trees when felled, and in collecting water. A fort, armed with several guns, was also erected, and two large swivels were mounted on stumps of trees.

The boats continued visiting the wreck, and among other stores, two casks of beef, some empty water-casks, and a cask of arrack, were recovered. The latter was brought to

the captain, and he determined to keep it, to use it as might be required.

The island, it should have been mentioned, on which the English had taken refuge was called Oroolong, and Raa Kook informed Captain Wilson that the king had made him a present of it. The captain hoisted the British pennant, and fired three volleys of small arms, in token of his having taken possession.

At the end of the month the captain himself went to Pelew by an invitation from the king, and was hospitably entertained. The king received him on the beach, and conducted him and his companions to the town of Pelew—about a quarter of a mile from the shore—where they were led to a large square paved with stone and surrounded by several houses. On entering one of these they found a number of women—the wives of the chiefs—assembled to see them. They were rather fairer than the rest of the women, and had a few little ornaments about their persons. The ladies, having conducted them into the house, seated themselves, and began making mats from leaves. The guests were now presented with sweet drink and cocoa-nuts. They afterwards paid a visit at her request to the queen, at her dwelling beneath a grove of cocoa-nut trees. As they approached, her majesty opened a window, and desired Raa Kook to beg that the strangers would sit down on the pavement before the house, on which a number of attendants brought out refreshments. She then, having requested her guests to come near the window, drew up their coat-sleeves, that she might see the colour of their skins. She shortly afterwards signified that she would not trespass longer on their time, so they rose and took their leave. Other visits were paid to various chiefs, all of whom treated their guests with the most perfect, well-bred courtesy. The elaborately ornamented lady and gentleman, whose portraits are here introduced, will give us some idea of the appearance of the high-born dames and rupacs of Pelew, with the exception that while the former, who are the inhabitants

of the eastern part of the group, tattoo the upper portion of their bodies, the latter bestow their chief care on their legs.

A few days after the captain had returned to Oroolong, the king appeared, and was struck with the greatest surprise

ISLANDERS OF THE CAROLINE GROUP.

at the appearance of the vessel, and the way in which the parts were wedged and bolted together. Still greater was the astonishment of the natives when, at the request of the

king, a six-pounder was fired. It seemed to stun them all for everyone kept his fingers a quarter of an hour in his ears, calling out, "Very bad, very bad."

The king again started on another warlike expedition, accompanied by several of his English allies. He soon returned, having obtained a great victory, six canoes and nine men being captured. Notwithstanding the earnest interposition of the English, the whole of the nine prisoners were put to death. The captain therefore informed the king that he must not expect any further assistance unless such an inhuman practice was discontinued.

One evening the captain and his party were entertained by a dance of the warriors who had just then returned.

Every individual had a quantity of plantain leaves, which, being split into the form of ribbons, were twisted and fixed round their heads, wrists, waists, ankles, and knees. The leaves, of a yellowish hue, had a not inelegant appearance when attached to their dark copper-coloured skins. They also had bunches of the same, which they held in their hands. The warriors first formed themselves into a circle of two or three deep, one within another, and the oldest man apparently among them began in a very solemn tone something like a song or long sentence, and when he came to a pause a chorus was struck up, and the dancers all joining in concert began their part of the performance. The dance did not so much consist in capering or exhibiting their agility, as in a particular method of balancing themselves; now they leant over on one side, now on the other, singing together all the while. During this they flattened their circle so as to bring themselves face to face with each other, while they lifted up the tassels they held in their hands, and gave them a clashing or tremulous motion. Then there was a sudden pause, and an exclamation from everyone of "Well!" Then a new stanza was repeated and danced to as before, and the same ceremony continued till every man engaged in the dance had in his turn repeated his verse and sung in the chorus. The effect was

heightened by fires burning before them, making the leaves shine and glitter as they moved about, while the chiefs and some of the women sat beneath the trees, looking on the moon shining brightly across the calm waters of the ocean.

Captain Wilson much wished to make a survey of the islands, but his people fearing some accident opposed his desire, and Mr. Sharpe, who had gone to Pelew, returning with the intelligence that the king intended in a few days to visit them, made him abandon his design.

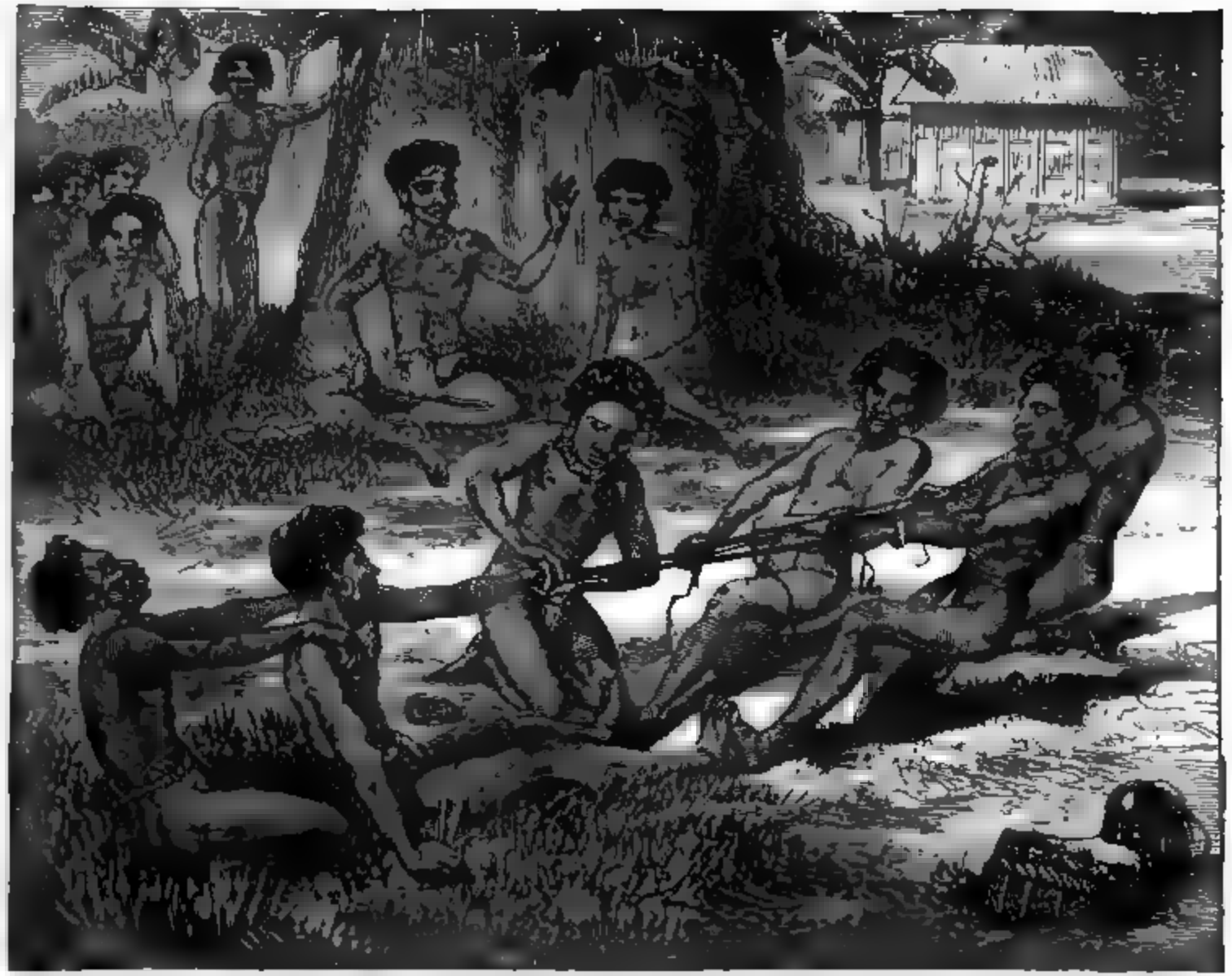
THE WARRIORS' DANCE.

The king having just returned from another battle, in which he had conquered his enemies, festivities were taking place with feasting and singing. The king of Pellelew, the island which had submitted, had been brought to Pelew. He was an old man, of rough manners and appearance, curiously tattooed up to the navel

The schooner was now nearly ready for launching. The seamen had at this time taken it into their heads that the natives intended to prevent their departure, and they therefore kept a quarter watch at dark, loaded the swivels and six-pounders with grape-shot, and were constantly on the look-out to prevent surprise. They, however, carefully avoided any appearance of suspicion, but they had resolved if they were attacked to single out the chiefs, and had marked for vengeance the humane and liberal king, the manly and benevolent general, and the facetious and inoffensive Arra Kook. The captain did his utmost to dispel these apprehensions, and the wonted good-will of the people towards the natives returned with the cool reflections of the night.

One of the seamen, named Madan Blanchard, now informed Captain Wilson that he had resolved to remain at Pelew, and the man's wish being explained to the king, he promised to make him a chief, and to give him two wives, together with a house and plantations.

The vessel, with no little risk, was launched. The English gave three loud huzzas on her going off, in which they were joined by the natives, and hearty congratulations were exchanged. Next morning the king sent a message to Captain Wilson, desiring him to come to the watering-place. On his arrival, he acquainted him that it was his intention to invest him with the order of the Bone, and formally make him a Rupac or chief of the highest rank. This badge is conferred only by the sovereign himself, and is conducted with a ceremonious solemnity, denoting the estimation in which it is held. The rupacs are assembled in formal order, the rupac elect being seated at a little distance from them. The king, or a rupac appointed by him, takes the bracelet, and directs the candidate to throw a stone as far as he can. This is done in order to ascertain which hand he habitually uses, so that if he be a right-handed man the bracelet goes on the left wrist, and if a left-handed man, on the right wrist. A string is then tied to each finger of the



INVESTITURE OF THE RUPAC

hand, strings are passed through the bracelet, which, together with the hand, is plentifully anointed with cocoa-nut oil. The principal rupac then places himself behind the candidate, and holds him firmly by the shoulders, while another hauls at the strings. The king, in the meantime, squeezes together the fingers of the hand, and by degrees draws the bracelet firmly on to the wrist. He then makes a speech, telling the new rupac to polish the bracelet daily and keep it bright, never to suffer its honour to be tarnished, and never to part with it but with his life.

This mark of distinction is given and received in these regions as a reward of valour and fidelity, and held out as the prize of merit.

The captain, expressing his sense of the king's favour, was desired to sit down at a little distance from his majesty and his chiefs. Raa Kook having received the bone from the king, anointed the captain's hand with oil, and endeavoured to draw it through the bone, other chiefs assisting at the ceremony.

The operation being at last accomplished, the whole assembly expressed great joy. The king then addressing him, said that the bone should be rubbed bright every day, and preserved as a testimony of the rank he held among them. All the rupacs next congratulated the captain on being admitted into their order, and the inferior natives flocked round to look at the bone, calling him "Englees rupac."

In the evening, the sails being bent and all hands going on board, the vessel was carried round to the west side of the island, and moored in six fathoms, abreast of the well which supplied fresh water.

The king now informed Captain Wilson of his determination to send his second son, Lee Boo, to England under his protection, a charge which after due reflection was accepted His father described him as a sensible young man, of a gentle and amiable disposition, and said that he had been under the care of an old man, that he was now at Pelew

taking leave of his friends, and would be at Oroolong next morning. Several other natives wished to go, but the king refused his permission.

At the king's request, the vessel was called the *Oroolong*, in remembrance of the place where she had been built.

Before leaving, Mr. Barker gave Raa Kook a plan for building a vessel, as he was very desirous of constructing one after the English fashion.

Young Lee Boo now arrived, and was introduced by his father to Captain Wilson and all the officers. Everyone was prepossessed with his ease and affability, and the good-humour and sensibility of his countenance.

On a tree, near the place where the vessel had been built, a plate of copper was nailed, with the following inscription:—"The Honourable East India Company's ship, the *Antelope*, Captain Henry Wilson, Commander, was lost on a reef north of this island, in the night between the 9th and 10th of August, 1783, and here a vessel being built she sailed hence on the 12th day of November."

The union-jack being hoisted at the masthead, a swivel was fired as a signal for sailing, when immediately a number of canoes came alongside with yams, cocoa-nuts, sweet-meats, and other things which the king had provided for the voyage. He also presented them with a small canoe, instead of the jolly-boat, which they left behind. Towed by the pinnace, and accompanied by a multitude of canoes, the *Oroolong* proceeded out for the reef, which she cleared without difficulty. Raa Kook seemed to feel their departure very acutely. As he had been the most valuable friend to the English, they presented him with a brace of pistols, and a cartouche-box filled with cartridges, and not till they were out at sea could he bring himself to leave them.

The king accompanied the vessel almost to the reef; he then gave his son, Lee Boo, his blessing, wishing him happiness and prosperity, and shook all the officers by the hand, next embracing the captain, and assuring the people of his affectionate wishes for the success of their voyage.

Not without some danger from leaks, &c., the schooner, after sighting the Bashee Islands and the Island of Formosa, arrived safely off Macao. Hence a boat came out to meet her, as it was judged from the smallness of the vessel that she had on board some English ship's crew that had been wrecked.

CHINESE JUNKS AT MACAO.

Lee Boo was naturally astonished at all he saw, and especially delighted with a string of large beads which was presented to him. In his simplicity, he earnestly entreated Captain Wilson at once to send a vessel to carry his treasures to his father.

From Macao Captain Wilson went to Canton, where the *Oroolong* was sold for seven hundred Spanish dollars.

Here the officers and men dispersed, and Captain Wilson, with Lee Boo, embarked in the *Morse*, East Indiaman,

bound for England, where they arrived in safety on the 14th July, 1784.

The young prince excited great interest in England by his intelligence and amiability, but unfortunately he caught the small-pox, of which distemper he died rather more than five months after his arrival.

The East India Company having resolved to send out some vessels, to acquaint the king with the death of his son, the *Panther* and *Endeavour* sailed on the 24th August, 1790, having on board two officers who had been shipwrecked with Captain Wilson. They reached Pelew on the 22nd January, 1791.

In one of the first canoes which came off was seated the king. He received the account of his son's death with fortitude, saying that he never entertained any doubt of the goodness of the English, or of Captain Wilson, who, he was sure, would guard and protect him to the best of his power; and then immediately recognizing the officers, gave them an affectionate reception.

The English learned that the king, in consequence of the people of Pelew having carried off the inscription which had been left at Oroolong, made war on them, when, in an obstinate engagement which ensued, Raa Kook, Arra Kook the king's eldest son, and many old warriors known to the crew of the *Antelope*, had been killed.

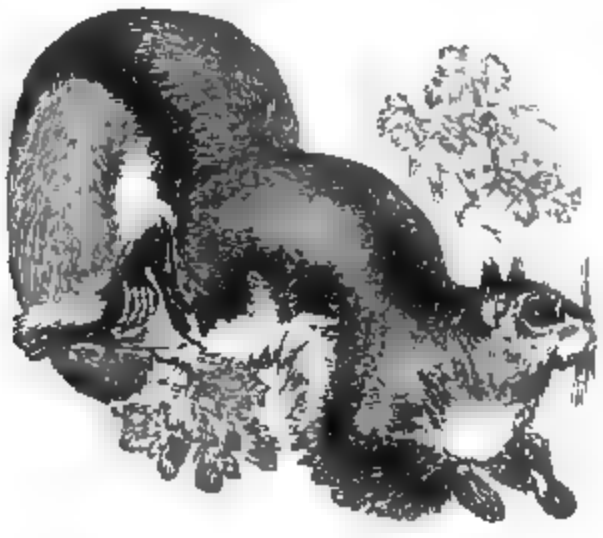
The East India Company had sent a large number of useful presents, besides live stock which was to be landed for the purpose of breeding on the Pelew Islands, where the only known animals were rats and flying squirrels. A variety of seeds also were sown, a large piece of ground having been prepared for them.

Captain M'Luer, who commanded the *Panther*, having resolved to make a survey of the islands, his vessel was sent back to China, while the *Endeavour*, commanded by Captain John Proctor, remained, that the natives might be instructed in the use of the tools and implements of husbandry they had received.

The *Panther* carried four of the natives to China. One of them died; the three who survived returned in her, more impressed in favour of the English than the Chinese. A few days after her arrival, the king solicited the captain's assistance against his enemies of Artingal.

Happily, the overpowering force thus exhibited induced the inhabitants to come to terms, and the king of Pelew was acknowledged as the undoubted sovereign of all the neighbouring islands. On a subsequent visit in the *Panther*, Captain M'Luer came to the extraordinary resolution of resigning the command of his ship and spending the remainder of his days on the Pelew Islands. He was accordingly left there, with arms and various stores. But after an absence of a year, he unexpectedly appeared at Bombay. He again, however, returned, and was subsequently lost while coming back to India with several natives, in a vessel he had purchased. Neither he nor they were ever heard of more.

Captain Wilson was appointed to the command of the *Warley*, East Indiaman, in which ship he acted as second in command to Captain Dance, when the fleet of British East Indiamen so gallantly beat off a French squadron under Admiral Linois. He died near London, in May 1810.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

CHAPTER XII.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER "FORTH."

THE *Forth*, a vessel of 1,900 tons, one of the largest of the magnificent fleet owned by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which run between England and the West Indies, left Southampton, for her seventeenth voyage, on the 2nd of September, 1848, under the command of Captain Sturdee, a careful and experienced officer.

She had had a successful passage. Having touched at Jamaica, where she took on board fresh passengers, and amongst them Lieutenant Molesworth, R.N., she was continuing her voyage, when, on the 13th January, as she was approaching the Campeacy coast, Captain Sturdee, anxious to keep as far as possible from that dangerous lee shore, shaped his course as much to the northward as he

thought would enable him to pass the Alacrane's rocks at a safe distance.

Lieutenant Molesworth has given us a vivid description of what occurred.

"While sitting on deck we had been talking about the wreck of the *Tweed*, which took place just two years ago, within about a month, and about a hundred miles from where we then were, and the captain was saying that we should not be off it till nine o'clock next morning.

"At eleven I retired to my berth. How long I had slept I could not tell, when I was suddenly awoke by a slight bump, then another, and again a most awful crash. The first too clearly told me what was the matter; indeed, I could not have been long in suspense, for people were rushing about the deck exclaiming, 'Oh, good God! we are all lost!' I got out of bed and put on as many things as I could find in the dark.

"The crashes now became fearful, and the vessel seemed to be going to pieces fast. As I was springing on deck I heard cries, 'Stand clear of the mast—she is breaking up!' and such-like sounds. At this moment I remembered my watch; I therefore returned to the cabin, and, placing it round my neck, hastened on deck. I was about the last up, and found most of the people, in their night-dresses, clinging to the masts, ropes, and sides of the vessel, some crying, others praying.

"Never shall I forget that scene. The ship now swung from side to side, the decks working and the timbers breaking. It was perfectly impossible to stand on deck. On looking round a frightful scene presented itself: nothing, as far as the eye could see, but a ridge of breakers; no land anywhere; the rock through her bottom into the engine-room soon put an end to the order issued by the captain of 'Turn her head full power!' which I could see was useless. The engines stopped of themselves, the water ran out at the bottom of the boiler, and the sea rising inside soon put out the fires; so there we lay powerless as a log in the midst of

the breakers on the top of the rocks, the sea every now and then lifting her, and then sending her down with renewed force and a heavy crash on the rocks again.

"To see the decks opening and shutting, and the passengers crying to God for assistance and forgiveness; to see the mothers holding their children, and husbands and wives taking leave of each other, is a sight more easily imagined than described. I knew that we should probably all be lost, especially as I had seen the chart and discovered that there was no land within seventy miles; but still I did not despair.

"I observed to the captain that it was an ugly-looking job, and said I should go to my cabin and get such things as might be useful if we got clear of the rocks. He said, 'Mind what you are about, for I expect she will go to pieces directly.' However, I went to my cabin, struck a light, and, opening my desk, took everything not too heavy to convey about my person. I again proceeded on deck, where I found everything much as I left it, except that the paddle-box boat had been launched in safety. I then endeavoured to console the ladies and passengers by telling them there was no immediate danger and not to give way to despair, and I managed to get some of them aft out of the way of the mainmast, which seemed inclined to come down by the run, and in doing this I experienced many heavy thumps on the deck. I then went to the captain, and pointed out the necessity of getting some of the people into the boats, and he asked me to take command of the large boat. This I of course agreed to do. The difficulty now was to get the ladies into the boat, which was no easy matter, for at times she was twenty feet below the bulwarks, and the next moment close to. There was a stout rope made fast to the deck, so taking a lady round the waist with one arm and with the other holding the rope, I swung myself from the ship into the boat alongside. In this way I put every lady in the ship, besides four children, safely into the boat. Then came my friend Mr. ——, who from infirmity and fear had nearly lost his self-

possession. He weighed about thirteen stone, and could not get into the boat; so I said, 'Take hold of me and hold on, and do as I tell you;' so he caught me tightly round the neck with both arms. 'Now,' I said, 'jump when I tell you;' which he did with a vengeance, for he took a spring that might have cleared the boat altogether, and as I could not well bear my own weight and his, we came down about ten feet together into the boat. Fortunately for him I was underneath, and he has since told me that he never went more comfortably into a boat in all his life. I then took command of the boat, but finding a great lack of rope and other necessaries (to ask anyone to get them was useless), I jumped on deck. After getting everything I wanted, I again got into the boat and made preparations to get round the ship's bow to seaward, which had we attempted many lives would have been lost, as I was going to try the reef; but, just as we were starting, a boat managed to get partly into the breakers, and was turned over and over, and the bare rocks could be discovered after the wave broke. The passengers in my boat became terribly frightened, and the captain called to me not to go on. A small vessel was now discovered, and hailed with three cheers by the despairing passengers; but no one could tell whether she was approaching or standing from us. Guns of distress were fired to attract her attention, but still the vessel seemed going away. I therefore once more left the boat to speak to the captain, and said, 'Why not try the reef? The wind is increasing and the sea getting heavier; and, if the worst comes to the worst, our only chance must be to the reef. I will volunteer it in a boat, and if I succeed I will go for assistance to the vessel.' He replied, 'If you attempt it you will be dashed to pieces, for no boat can live in such a sea, and the rocks are hardly under water.' I said, 'If I can get volunteers, will you let me try?' to which he replied, 'Very well.' At this I jumped on to the bulwarks, and, at the top of my voice, asked for four volunteers. Some who were in the boat got out, and

there was a pause for a moment, at last one said 'I'll go,' and then another. I got my four men. Taking off my coat and giving it to a man to take care of for me if I returned, I swung myself into the boat, wished all the people good-bye, and then, to keep their spirits up, I gave a cheer to the men, and with a loud hurrah dashed into the breakers, which followed high and fast, but the men gave way. Just as we were over the worst she grounded on a rock; a towering sea was about to break, which would have swamped us, when she fortunately rose a little; one pull sent her ahead. The sea broke just astern, and striking me on the back prevented the force of it coming into the boat; we therefore only shipped a little water, and in about three more strokes cleared the breakers altogether, at which all the people on board gave three hearty cheers, but the noise of the breakers prevented our hearing them; so, waving my cap to them, we pulled away to the vessel. Finding we did not near her much, I rigged up a sail on one of our oars, and away we went most gloriously. In about an hour I discovered three small boats under sail, which turned out to be canoes, and we ran towards them, and, getting into one of the canoes, put one of their men into the boat and sent three for assistance, whilst I returned to the wreck to tell them of an island about eight miles from the ship, which the men in the boat told me of. I was very much astonished, and not a little delighted, at the joyful news.

"When I got back to the wreck I found all the boats had crossed the surf, but there were still some hands on board the steamer, so I told the Spaniards they must cross, but they at first refused to do so; at last we tried, and had just got into the middle of the breakers when a heavy sea broke into the boat and nearly filled her. The next following close after, broke completely over us, and washed me out of the boat, turning me head over heels; but somehow I managed to get hold of the boat and clung to her, and was at length thrown inside the breakers, where, standing on some rocks, we baled the boat out, and putting two or three

of the Spaniards out of the boat made preparations for another trial. I was in the water for about twenty minutes, having my watch round my neck; but the old fellow never stopped going, though the steel parts got rusty. The boat being at length all clear we again tried the breakers, and this time our labours were crowned with success, though we were more than half-full of water when we got alongside, and I was the first person that returned to the wreck.

"After getting a few things of my own and some of the passengers', I recrossed the reef to go for the paddle-box boat, which I took command of, and brought her off in safety to the ship. I now got everything I possibly could for the comfort of the people when on shore at the little island called Perez, and having loaded the boats pretty considerably, the ship giving some most awful wrenches and twists, and working like a basket, which made us think she was going, we left her, and pulled away to the island.

"On our arrival there, everyone came up to thank me and shake hands, declaring that I had saved their lives; for, had I not crossed the reef, they most probably would have tried to go ahead of the vessel, and I am sure many would have been lost. As it was, there were only two men hurt; one broke his arm, and the other smashed his fingers.

"We found the island to be about a mile in circumference, with two wretched huts letting the daylight in all round, but luckily furnished with six barrels of water. Passengers and crew, we were in all 136. We were afraid the provisions would fall short, so we were put on allowance of half a pint of water and three biscuits about the size of a crown, each. We then threw ourselves down on the ground and tried to sleep, after offering up thanksgiving for safe deliverance from shipwreck. Many slept well that night, but I was far too much fatigued; my arms and neck were so burnt with the sun, and the skin off the inside of my hands, that I could not sleep.

"We found a small brigantine, which we engaged to take us to Campeachy, and the next day they went to the wreck and

succeeded in getting provisions and water, and a great deal of passengers' baggage, amongst which I got some of mine. I was so stiff that I could hardly move, but the next day I went off to the wreck and got some more of my things, besides lots of provisions. A Spaniard and myself crossed the reef in a small boat, and were only capsized once; altogether I crossed the reef thirteen times.

"Having got as many things as we could from the wreck on the night of the 16th, we embarked on board the *Isabella* brigantine, and on the 17th sailed for Campeachy, where we arrived on the evening of the 18th."

Greatly owing to the courage and presence of mind of Lieutenant Molesworth in making his way over the reef, and thus reaching smooth water, not one of the large number of human beings on board the ship was lost. The ship herself was a complete wreck; though, the weather being fine, many weeks passed before she finally went to pieces.

CHAPTER XIII.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "GRAFTON" ON THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

ON the 2nd January, 1864, the schooner *Grafton*, belonging to Sydney, New South Wales, and commanded by Captain Musgrave, having sailed from that port some months before on a sealing voyage, was beating up Carnley Harbour at the southern end of the Auckland Islands, where her master hoped quickly to obtain a cargo and return to his wife and family, to whom he was fondly attached. A heavy gale commencing, he was compelled to come to an anchor in an insecure position to save the vessel from being at once cast on shore.

The wind increasing to a hurricane, she dragged her anchors, and in spite of the efforts of her crew was during the following night driven on the rocks, when the sea began to break furiously over her, threatening destruction to all on board. The captain, his mate Mr. Raynal, and the three men who formed her crew, managed, however, to escape to land in their boat with their few remaining provisions and clothes. Although they had saved their lives, their

prospects were sufficiently forlorn to damp the spirits of any but brave men. There were no human inhabitants on the island to render them assistance. Their scanty store of food would soon be exhausted, months might pass before any vessel appeared to take them off, they had ample reason

SCHOONER "GRAFTON" ENTERING CARNLEY HARBOUR.

in that latitude to expect a severe winter, while they knew not what means of subsistence the island would afford. On either side rose high, rocky, bleak hills, surrounded by broad belts of stunted trees bending with the blast. They, however, at once set bravely to work to make the best of their position, put up a tent near a stream of pure water, cut down fire-wood, kept a fire blazing, and killed a seal and some wild fowl for food. As soon as the weather moderated they landed the remainder of the vessel's stores, and with part of her woodwork, and the trunks of trees which they

CREW OF THE "GRAFTON" BUILDING THEIR HOUSE.

f-lled, they commenced building a house. The walls and roof they thickly thatched with long grass, while they formed a flooring with planks from the vessel. The fireplace was constructed of stone, with the chimney of copper, tin, and zinc; stretchers raised six feet from the ground along the walls formed their beds; in the centre was their dining-table, with benches on each side, while two smaller tables and a few shelves composed the furniture of their house. The captain and his mate occupied one end, the men the other.

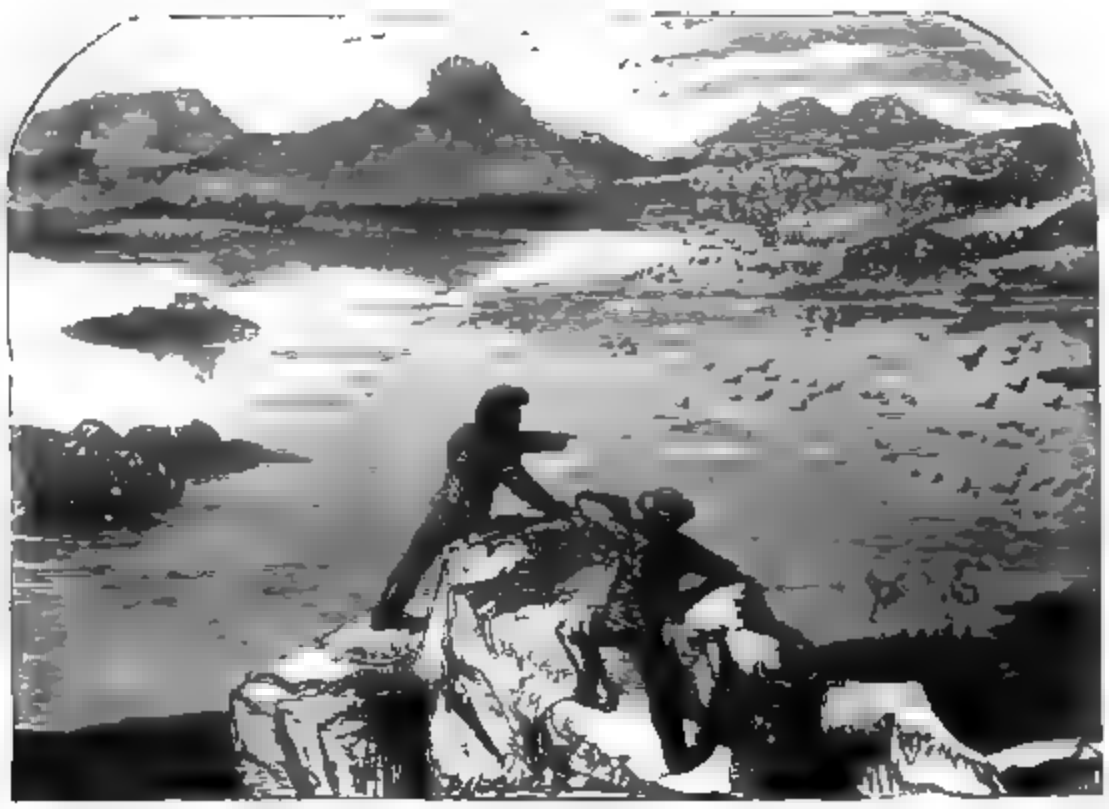
Happily the harbour abounded with large seals, of a species called the sea-lion. These creatures have enormous heads with manes and huge teeth, and their flippers being very strong, and furnished with strong claws, they can make their way over the land at a rapid rate. So fearless were these creatures from being long unmolested, that during the first nights the party spent on shore, they came in numbers close to the tent, almost forcing their way into it, but on a shot being fired at one of them they took to flight. They were heard also bellowing about the woods like wild cattle. As, however, they were easily killed, they furnished an abundant supply of food to the shipwrecked seamen, whose fears of perishing from hunger were thus at that time set at rest. A further number of widgeon or other wild fowl were also shot.

The boat, which had been much knocked about when the schooner was wrecked, having been repaired, an island in the harbour frequented by seals was visited, and a number killed. Sometimes they were shot or harpooned in the water. One day the boat being surrounded by a number of the creatures, one monster, an old bull, swam forward with open mouth, as if about to seize the gunwale. Captain Musgrave, slipping a ball into his gun as the creature put its head over the stern, fired the whole charge into its mouth, which was blown to pieces, but, as is always the case when a seal is killed in the water, it sank before it could be secured. The seals were, however, far more easily killed on shore, where they were often found in mobs thirty to forty in each,

with young calves among them. The flesh of these being the most delicate, they were killed in preference to the old ones. One morning the captain and two of his men found three of such mobs fast asleep on the shore. Taking their clubs, the weapons they chiefly used for the purpose, each man attacked a mob, going in right amongst them. The animals thus unpleasantly awakened, stared at their assailants, and were so confused that before they could make their escape to the water fully ten calves had been knocked over. The business, however, was not altogether free from danger, for a tremendously large bull tiger-seal, turning on one of the party, rushed so fiercely at him that the man had to take to flight and save himself by climbing a tree. There he clung till his cries brought the captain and the other man to his rescue. The seal, as they approached, rushed towards them, and being in a thick bush they had considerable difficulty in getting out of his way. The fugitive now joining them, the three assaulted the brave seal, but so fiercely did he fight that it was fully ten minutes before he was killed.

Several other articles of food were obtained in this region where they had at first expected to have been unable to support existence. They procured milk from the cow seals, which they found superior to goats' milk ; they managed to tan the skins also of the animals, and manufactured shoes from the thicker portions, the finer skins serving for bed coverings and clothing, when their garments wore out. Mussels were found at low water, and having hooks among their stores, they at times, in fine weather, caught cod and other fish. The birds were excessively tame, and came in large flocks round the house. Several times numbers of the smaller birds, being pursued by hawks, took refuge within their doors, rewarding their entertainers for the protection afforded them by singing cheerfully in the neighbouring woods. There was among them a species of parrot, which they little expected to find in that latitude : a nest with a number of young ones was discovered at the end of March,

the autumn of that region. They were preserved, and thriving well, soon learned to talk. Dogs were frequently heard barking in the bush, and on one occasion two were seen which had the appearance of sheep dogs, but they could not be overtaken. They were supposed to have been the descendants of some which had run away from a ship either visiting the island or wrecked upon it. Burrows were found



NUMEROUS WILD FOWL SEEN.

which were supposed to be formed by cats, several of which were seen: one was caught, and soon became domesticated. A root which was discovered contributed much to preserve the health of the party. When grated it served them instead of bread or potatoes, and they also made beer from it. They likewise met with a plant which produced red berries. These were found very wholesome, but they would not keep, and were only in season for a short time.

Thus month after month passed by. Contrary to their

expectations the winter proved tolerably mild, the snow seldom remaining for many hours together on the lower ground, though the summit of the hills was covered with it. The captain at length bethought him of establishing a look-out station near the mouth of the harbour. Here he erected

SEAL SHOOTING.

a flag-staff in the hopes that it might be seen by some passing vessel. Occasionally, as he wandered by himself along the desolate shore, he could not help bemoaning his hard fate at being thus cruelly separated from his home and family, and gazing with longing eyes over the wild ocean which rolled between them. In vain, however, did he watch for

the expected sail. Month after month went by, and none appeared.

The seals had left the harbour, the wild fowl had also quitted the island, and even mussels could no longer be obtained. Occasionally, however, a seal was met with in the woods. Several times the creatures turned on their assailants, and on two or three occasions when the men had gone without their clubs they had to take to flight to escape from the savage jaws of the fierce animals. Still at no period were the shipwrecked seamen without food, though occasionally reduced to short commons. The captain describes their daily fare as "Seal stewed down to soup, fried roots, boiled seal or roast ditto for breakfast;" ditto, ditto, for dinner; ditto, ditto, supper. Mussels or fish during the winter became quite a rarity; one day he heard one of the men wishing that he had but a bucket of potato peelings as a variety.

Furious gales prevailed at this time, and during the height of one of the heaviest the spray frequently dashed over their house in dense showers, although it stood fifty yards from the beach, and was elevated thirty feet above the ordinary tide level. Happily it was well secured, or it would have been blown down. As the schooner kept together Captain Musgrave, finding no other means of leaving the island, began to entertain hopes that he might repair her; but after getting all the ballast out, and pumping and baling to keep the water down, it was found that the injuries she had received were so severe that the attempt had to be abandoned. At last he and the mate resolved to pull the schooner to pieces, and to build a little vessel out of the materials. Mr. Raynal understood blacksmiths' work, and a forge being erected, he manufactured a saw, some chisels, gouges, and other tools; he failed however, after many attempts, to form an auger, and without this necessary tool they had no hopes of being able to construct the proposed craft. It was truly deplorable to view the faces of all as they stood round him when he decidedly pronounced it

impossible for him to make one. The captain then proposed to increase the size of the boat, and to strengthen her by such means as they possessed, though as she was clinker-built, only twelve feet on the keel, and very old and shaky, despair alone induced him to make the attempt, for after all that could be done to her she would be very unfit to cross the ocean intervening between the Auckland Islands and New Zealand. They at once set to work, but were sadly impeded by the bad weather or, when the wind moderated, by the sand-flies, which attacked them with the most malignant pertinacity. From daylight to dark the venomous insects alighted in clouds, literally covering every part of the skin which was exposed, and sometimes getting under the clothes. Mr. Raynal laboured at the forge, having everything to make, and a great number of nails and small bolts being required. The party were greatly pinched too at the time for food, but fortunately, when almost starving, a cow seal and a calf were met with; the cow fought desperately and got off, but the calf was killed, and served to restore the strength of the almost famished party. A few wild fowl were also shot.

The boat was finished and launched on the 27th June, but was found to be excessively crank. She was ballasted with salted sealskins. The crew became alarmed, and entreated their officers not to proceed; the captain had, however, resolved to make the attempt rather than remain longer banished from his home and family. The only provisions he was able to secure were seals' flesh, and the few widgeon—or rather shag—which had been shot on going down the harbour. Perceiving that it would be dangerous to take all the crew, he persuaded two of them to remain, while he, Mr. Raynal, and another man prepared to sail for Stewart's Island, at the southern end of New Zealand. For several days the little vessel remained at Camp Cove, on the shore of the outer harbour, the weather being too boisterous to allow of her putting to sea. On the morning of the 19th July, with a light air from the southward, she

sailed out of the harbour. Scarcely had she got 200 miles from the island before she was overtaken by a furious south-westerly gale. The boat proved very leaky, and it was necessary to keep the pump constantly going. As the captain's anxiety would not allow him to leave the deck, he performed this part of the work, while his companions

THE "RESCUE" SAILING OUT OF CARNLEY HARBOUR

relieved each other at the helm. Though the wind was fair it was so violent that the vessel was constantly hove to, the sea breaking completely over her, and frequently it seemed impossible that she could live through it. For five days and nights the frail little craft continued buffeting with the gale, the captain holding on by a rope with one hand and

pumping with the other, and not till land was sighted and the weather had moderated did he lie down on deck for the first time during the passage. On the following day the boat reached Port Adventure, in Stewart's Island, at the south end of New Zealand, where Captain Musgrave and his companions were kindly received by Captain Cross, of the schooner *Flying Scud*, then lying there. The name of the *Rescue* was given to the boat in which the hazardous voyage had been made, and Captain Musgrave presented her to his hospitable entertainer. He and his two companions proceeded in the *Flying Scud* to Invercargill, the chief town of Stewart's Island. Here they were received in the most kind manner by the inhabitants, who at once raised a subscription, and sent the *Flying Scud* to the Auckland Islands to bring off the two men who had been left there. Captain Musgrave accompanied the vessel, and the men were brought safely away.

Captain Musgrave's residence on the island, from the day the *Grafton* went on shore till he sailed in the little *Rescue*, was eighteen months and a half, and during the whole ot that period none of the party had suffered materially from sickness, nor were they ever altogether destitute of food.

It is remarkable that at the very time Captain Musgrave and his people were leaving at the south end of the island a large ship, the *Invercauld*, sailing from Melbourne for Callao, and commanded by Captain Dalgarns, was wrecked towards the northern end. Six of her crew were drowned, and nineteen, including the captain and chief officer, were washed ashore. They however, unable to procure provisions, suffered fearfully. One by one they died from scarcity of food, till only the captain, his mate, and one man were left alive. They were rescued, after thus existing on the island a year and ten days, by a Portuguese vessel, the *Julian*, from Macao, bound to Callao with Chinese passengers. She had sprung a leak, and her captain observing a fire burning on shore, sent a boat to see if he could obtain assistance in repairing the damage the ship had received.

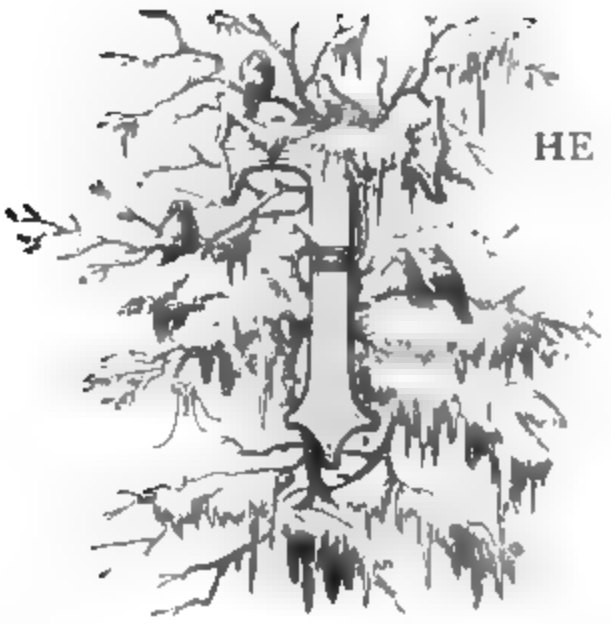
The contrast between the fate of the two parties of shipwrecked seamen is very great: but then it must be remembered that the crew of the *Invercauld* were washed on shore without a boat, clothing, or arms, on the open beach; while Captain Musgrave and his party were in a comparatively sheltered harbour, and were able to obtain everything on board their vessel. Still Captain Musgrave, by the fertility of his resources, his perseverance and courage under difficulties, was able to preserve his own and his companions' lives, and finally to escape from the island. His example kept up the spirits of the rest: had he yielded to despair all would probably have perished.

The account of their residence on the island is therefore well worthy of record, and as it may serve to encourage others under similar circumstances, a place has been given it in our collection of shipwrecks and adventures at sea.

THE CAPTAIN MEDITATING ON THE SHORE.

CHAPTER XIV.

WRECK OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."



THE story has often been told of the Roman sentinel whose skeleton, with helmet and breastplate, was found at the gate of Pompeii. Rather than desert his post, he stood calmly amid the showers of hot ashes, which, as they rained down from Vesuvius, arose higher and higher around him till he perished.

On numberless occasions British soldiers and sailors have proved that their courage is equal to that of the most warlike people of old. We have now to tell how, when a British ship was sinking, not one solitary sentinel, but many hundred men gave an example of discipline and devotion to duty unsurpassed in the annals of history. With the deck gliding from beneath their feet, and the waves rushing up to overwhelm them, undaunted they remained at their stations, till the waters closed over their heads.

Towards the end of the year 1851, her Majesty's

magnificent troop-ship, the *Birkenhead*, commanded by Mr. Salmond, a master in the navy, sailed from Cork, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, having on board drafts for various regiments to be landed on different parts of the coast, with the wives and children of several of the officers and men—the troops alone numbering upwards of five hundred, and the ship's company one hundred and thirty-two.

The passage to Simon's Bay, which the noble ship reached on the 23rd of February, 1852, was prosperous. A small party of the troops were landed at Capetown. Little were they aware of the fearful danger they were thus to escape. The *Birkenhead* again sailed about six in the evening of the 25th, from Simon's Bay, on her passage to Algoa Bay, where she was to land some of the drafts, and thence to proceed on to Buffalo, where the remainder were to be disembarked. As night closed, she was within False Bay, when her course was pricked off by the master, giving Cape Hangcliff a berth of about four miles. The night was fine and starlight, and the sea calm, except that a long treacherous swell was setting in towards the shore.

The soldiers, and women and children, were below in their berths, most of the military officers in their cabins, the watch alone remaining on deck.

All went on well, no one dreaming of danger, but about half-past ten Captain Wright, of the 91st Regiment, came on deck, when the officer of the watch, Mr. Skeer, pointed out to him a light on the port side, remarking that it was that on Cape Agulha. "Surely not," observed Captain Wright, "for if so it is nearer Cape Point than formerly." So exactly had it the appearance of one from a lighthouse that neither doubted such to be the case. For several hours the ship ran smoothly on at the rate of about eight knots. The usual look-out men had been placed, and a leadsman was on a paddle-box. Who on board could have supposed that danger was nigh? Thus the ship con-

tinued her course till about ten minutes before two o'clock, in the middle watch, when the leadsman's voice was heard "By the deep twelve." Again he prepared to heave the lead, but before he could get another cast a terrific shock was felt, the stout ship quivering from stem to stern, and seven fathoms were found alongside; under the bows were but two fathoms, while there were eleven by the stern.

The deck, before so quiet and deserted, was in another instant crowded with human beings, who, aroused out of their slumbers by the fearful concussion, hurried from below. The commander was among the first on deck; he inquired the course that had been steered, and was satisfied that it was correct. Then came the orders in quick succession: "Stop the engines." "Let go the small bower anchor." "Lower the quarter boats, and let them lie off alongside." "Out paddle-box boats." "Give a turn astern." While the crew were endeavouring to carry out these orders, Major Seton, in command of the troops, summoning the military officers around him, charged them to preserve order and silence among their men. Not a cry of alarm, not a voice was heard, except that of command. In silence the brave soldiers as they came from below mustered on deck—nearly a hundred, however, did not appear. So rapidly had the water rushed in through the first fearful rent that the poor fellows sleeping on the lower poop-deck had been drowned ere, aware of what had occurred, they could spring from their hammocks and make their escape from the lower depths of the ship. Calm and composed, Major Seton with his officers stood on the poop deck. He directed Captain Wright to receive and have executed whatever orders the commander might give him. "Rig the chain pumps" was the first, and sixty men instantly proceeded to the lower after-deck, and were told off in three reliefs to work them; a like number were put on to the tackles of the paddle-box boats, under the command of Mr. Brodie, the master; the remainder of the soldiers were ordered on to the poop, in order to ease the

fore part of the ship. She at this time was rolling heavily, the engines turning astern. The next order, which was carried out by Cornet Bond, of the 12th Lancers, was to get up the horses and throw them overboard, the animals making their way instinctively towards the land. Several of the officers and men were meantime engaged in bringing up the women and children, who were collecting under the poop awning. The second cutter, which, happily, had been got into the water, was now prepared for these helpless beings, who were lowered into her, and placed under the charge of Mr. Richards, master's assistant, he being ordered to stand off and keep about one hundred and fifty yards from the ship. Scarcely had this important task been accomplished, when the ship, moving astern, the engines having made from sixteen to twenty revolutions, again struck directly under the engine-room; the bottom was torn open, the starboard bilge buckling upwards, plates and ribs starting, and the water rushing in as through a mill sluice. The fires were instantly extinguished, the engineer and stokers making their escape with difficulty to the upper deck.

The utmost order and regularity had prevailed even up to this awful period; not a murmur, not a cry had been heard, and the men received their orders, and implicitly obeyed them. The stars overhead shone as brightly as before in the clear blue sky, the land could be distinctly seen about two miles away broad on the port side. A light wind was blowing, and though the sea appeared smooth to the eye at a distance, the heavy rollers which glided stealthily in from the offing, moved the ill-fated ship to and fro with merciless power. The men at the pumps continued working them, although all hopes of saving the ship had gone. The crew were either forward or moving about the upper deck; the soldiers, told off for the purpose under the master, were endeavouring to haul out the paddle-box boat on the port side, when, as she was nearly hoisted out, the tackle broke, and she remained fixed in the air. The remainder of the troops, with their officers,

stood drawn up on the poop, the commander continuing to issue his orders with the same presence of mind and coolness as at first.

Besides the second cutter the first cutter and gig had meantime been lowered, several of the seamen and soldiers having jumped into them. All this time the ship was surging up and down, grinding and grating fearfully against the rocks on which she hung. Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed since the gallant ship, gliding rapidly over the deep, had struck the reef, when she parted just before the engine. The bowsprit appeared to rise for a moment in the air, the funnel went over the side, carrying away the starboard paddle-box boat, and crushing most of those engaged in lowering her, when down sank the fore part of the ship, disappearing beneath the water. The commander seeing that all was lost, in the hope that some of those about him might be saved, sang out, "All who can swim, jump overboard, and make for the boats." Two of the military officers, Captain Wright and Lieutenant Girardot, with admirable presence of mind, entreated the men not to follow the advice, seeing that if they did so, the boat, with the women and children in her, would inevitably be swamped. Three only made the attempt. Not many moments had elapsed after the fore part of the ship had gone down, when the after part, crowded with human beings, lurched forward, and all on it were thrown into the water. Till the deck sank under him Captain Salmond remained at his post; the last words that he was heard to utter being an order for one of the boats to pull up and save Mr. Brodie, the master, whom he saw struggling amid the wreck: he himself was observed swimming towards a portion of the wreck which still remained above water, when he was struck by a piece of wood, washed off the poop, and never rose again.

The sea around was now covered with fragments of the wreck, and struggling forms of men, the greater number in their night-clothes, as they had come from below—their

cries, their piercing shrieks and shouts for help, rending the air. Some swam towards the boat, and as many as could be carried without risking the lives of those on board

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

were taken in; others were clinging to a part of the deck which formed a raft. The mainmast still remained upright, with the topmast and topsail-yard out of the water; about

fifty men gained this place of refuge, while of the remainder who were alive when the final catastrophe occurred, some were clinging to portions of the wreck and the boats floating keel uppermost, many more struggling in the water, or sinking beneath the surface as their strength failed them, or the savage sharks, watching for their prey, seized them in their jaws. The second cutter, happily well manned, with the women and children on board, under the command of Mr. Richards, pulled up to the wreck; but he was compelled, for fear of being swamped, to stand clear of it again, in consequence of the number of men swimming towards her. A voice was heard hailing her: it was that of Mr. Renwick, the chief assistant-engineer, who entreated to be taken on board.

"We are already full and nearly sinking," was the answer. He swam on towards the gig, which was at some distance astern, when a poor struggling boy seized him, and dragged him down. He rose again, almost insensible, but was shortly afterwards picked up by the gig. Near her was also the first cutter, already full of men. The three boats remained near the scene of the catastrophe nearly an hour, those in them hoping still to save some of their companions who might approach singly without the risk of capsizing them. Just as the ship parted, another gig was on the point of being lowered, when one of the tackles broke, and she was swamped. A young officer—Mr. Rolt, of the 12th Lancers—had, with several seamen, leaped into her; unable to swim he was seen struggling in the water, when a sergeant of marines bravely went to his assistance, and dragged him up to a piece of the wreck; but, exhausted by his struggles, ere long he let go his hold and was drowned. Such was the fate of many others.

Another young officer of the same regiment, Cornet Bond, who had waited to dress and buckle on a life-belt around his waist, and had then been actively engaged in various duties, was among those on the poop deck when the after part of the ship sank beneath the surface. With others,

he was drawn down under the water; he rose again, however, and had the presence of mind to blow out his life-preserver, which was so constructed that it could be filled in the water. Seeing the boats astern, he swam towards one of them sixty yards off, but she pulled away, as he supposed, for fear of too many attempting to get into her. Feeling that he must now depend on his own exertions for safety, he boldly made for the shore. Two men were swimming near him, but though they were without their clothes, he was able to keep up with them. Bravely he struggled on, when a fearful shriek was heard, and one of his companions disappeared, seized by a savage shark. The next instant the other poor fellow sank with the same cry of horror, hauled down by another monster. Such he knew might be his fate, but life is sweet, and he struck bravely on. Probably from his being dressed, the sharks avoided him, and after swimming for two hours or more, he reached a mass of seaweed which lined the shore. Through this he struggled, almost failing from exhaustion to gain the beach. His exertions were at length rewarded by feeling his feet touch the ground. As he was making his way up a beaten track which daylight revealed, he perceived at a short distance his own horse standing in the water on the beach. Having led out the animal, he returned to the place where he had landed, for he had observed a raft with about nine men on it who were endeavouring to reach the land. Among them he recognized Ensign Girardot, of the 43rd Light Infantry. Clambering along the rocks, he pointed out to them the proper place where they might approach in safety. At length, after many attempts, they succeeded in getting on shore. At the same time three men, apparently quite naked, were seen clinging to a spar which was being driven in by the surf. Anxiously they were watched by those already in safety; now the spar receded, now again it was thrown forward till they were hurled, bruised and bleeding, on the rocks; hence they were dragged up by their companions to the beach. The whole party then

proceeded along the track which had been discovered. After making their way for nearly two hours they found a waggon, the driver of which supplied them with bread and water; thence they proceeded on to the residence of Captain Smales, a retired military officer, where they were hospitably received and supplied with food and clothing.

Among those who had gained pieces of the wreck was Captain Wright, he having remained to the last on the deck. As he gazed around him on the scene of destruction, he calculated that there were nearly two hundred men clinging to the floating fragments. On the large piece to which he clung were five others, and as they floated on they picked up nine or ten more. The swell which had destroyed the ship bore them on in the direction of the coast towards the spot known as Point Danger; they could see, as they floated on, others clinging to smaller pieces of timber: many were probably destined never to reach shore alive; others letting go their hold from exhaustion, being entangled in the seaweed, or killed as the surf dashed them against the rocks. When at length the piece of wreck to which Captain Wright clung approached the shore, he, perceiving that it would not support all who were on it when it got among the weeds and breakers, jumped off, and made his way by swimming to the beach. Some of his companions followed his example, and the whole party landed in safety. Many of the men were naked, and almost all of them were without shoes, and the country being covered with thick thorny bushes, their progress as they endeavoured to make their way along the shore was slow and painful. However, they managed to reach a fisherman's hut, in a small bay called Stanford's Cove, where Lieutenant Girardot and Cornet Bond, with others, had already arrived, the whole numbering five soldiers and eighteen seamen. Most of the men, bruised and exhausted, and suffering from hunger, were unable to move. Captain Wright, therefore, walked on by himself to a farm-house eight or nine miles from the Cove, from whence he sent back provisions to the starving party. The next morning

they all moved up to Captain Smales' farm, about fifteen miles in the interior. Captain Wright, notwithstanding the danger and fatigue he had gone through, urged by humanity, again returned to the coast, and for three days was employed in examining the rocks for more than twenty miles along the shore, in the hopes of discovering any of the shipwrecked men who might have drifted in. He fortunately fell in with the crew of a whale-boat, and induced them to proceed in the boat outside the seaweed, while he went along the shore. The seaweed on the coast is of immense length and very thick, so that it had caught most of the smaller pieces of the wreck, and prevented them from reaching the beach. He found and rescued by these means two men, while the boat picked up two others who were almost exhausted, having been in the water no less than forty-eight hours.

After carefully examining the rocks, he at length felt convinced that not a living soul of those who had been on board the ill-fated *Birkenhead* was to be found on the shore. Captain Smales had despatched Mr. Mackay, the Civil Commissioner of Caledon, and Field Cornet Villiers, with a party of men, further to examine the coast; their chief task, however, was to bury the few bodies washed up on the beach. Five of the horses got safely on shore; Captain Wright had the satisfaction of finding that his own was among them. The two paddle-box boats were driven on shore; one was keel uppermost, and the other full of water. Into the latter, one of the quartermasters and seven men had got; he had his clothes on, but all his companions being naked, perished from cold.

The news of the accident having been forwarded to Cape-town, the *Rhadamanthus* was sent down to the scene of the disaster, and returned the following morning, with the survivors, to Simon's Bay.

The assistant-surgeon and eight men had made their escape in one of the gigs, and had pulled away for Point Danger, where they succeeded in landing without much difficulty. It is possible that, had they returned, they might

have picked up many of the men who were clinging to pieces of the wreck, or they might have been the means of saving some of those who had got entangled anong the weeds, and were thus unable to reach the shore.

Captain Wright observed that most of the drift-wood stuck in the weeds, not more than four hundred yards from the shore, and that he, by taking a somewhat serpentine course, had managed to swim without getting foul of the rocks, or being tumbled over by the breakers.

A few officers and men had, as has been described, thus reached the shore.

Out of the large number of human beings on board the *Birkenhead*, there were, however, still many more who had survived, exposed to the dangers of the sea. The second cutter, as we have mentioned, with the women and children on board, remained for some time in the neighbourhood of the wreck, as well as two other boats, which had been lowered before the ship broke up. Mr. Richards, in command of the second cutter, finding that he could no longer hope to save more lives, as the boat had already as many people in her as she could carry, stood towards the shore. His intention was to land his helpless freight, and then to return to the wreck and take off those who might yet survive. As he neared the shore, he found that the surf was running so high that there would be a great risk of swamping the boat, and endangering the lives of those on board, especially of the women and children. In his anxiety to effect a landing, he stood so close in, that the breakers were already hissing and roaring around him. Finding this, he hailed the other boats, ordering them to keep out while he pulled round and stood off again.

We may picture the terror of the unhappy women at this moment, already cast down with grief at the thought that those on whom they depended for support and protection had sunk beneath the waves, or were still struggling for their lives amid the fragments of the wreck in the distance. The boat, however, got out from the neighbourhood of

the dangerous breakers in safety, and then proceeded along the coast six or seven miles, in the hope that some safe landing-place might yet be found. One unbroken line, however, of foaming waters intervened between them and the wished-for shore. As daylight broke, and those in the boats turned their eyes now to the land, so close, now seaward in the hopes of discovering some vessel which might come to their rescue, a schooner was observed five or six miles away in the offing. It was determined, after a short consultation, to chase and try to get up with her. After standing towards her for two or three hours, a breeze sprang up, and their hearts sank as they saw her standing off the land. The second cutter, pulling only six oars, was unable to keep up with the other boats, which had by this time got nearly out of sight ahead of her. Finding it useless to proceed any further in chase, Mr. Richards again stood in towards the land, and the breeze freshening and the sea getting up, he was compelled to keep the boat before it to prevent her sinking. He again came in sight of the wreck, but could distinguish no people upon it. After all they had gone through, it seemed but too likely that the rising sea might swamp the boat, when, as they were about two miles from the shore, the schooner was seen standing towards them. No sails had been put into the boat, but a woman's shawl being set instead of one, the boat was pulled round and steered towards the schooner. Twelve hours had been passed by the poor women and their little ones in suffering from the cold and wet and hunger, when at length the schooner hove-to, and the boat getting alongside, they were taken on board. Mr. Renwick, Dr. Bowen, and thirty-four men had already reached the vessel in the first cutter, but the gig, which had again pulled in towards the shore, was not to be seen. The schooner proved to be the *Lioness*, Captain Ramsden, of Capetown. The kind master welcomed the unfortunate people, and did his utmost to soothe and comfort them—his wife, who was fortunately with him, taking charge of the women and children. He fed them as

well as he was able from his store of provisions, and clothed those who were destitute of garments.

Mr. Hire, the purser, and his companions, had been clinging all this time to the maintopsail-yard. About fifty had clambered on it, but as the night wore on and no relief arrived, several, overcome with fatigue, dropped off and sank into the surges beneath them. At daylight others, despairing of assistance, swam to pieces of the wreck, in the hope of being drifted in on them to the shore. As soon as the sun rose the eyes of those who remained fell on a vessel five or six miles to windward, but she stood away, and the unfortunate men gave up all hopes of her coming near them. Mr. Hire now observed one of the gigs with her gunwale floating just above the water; nearer and nearer she came to the mast, but the rollers drove her by, and she could not be reached. For many hours more the poor fellows remained clinging to their uncertain support. They knew that at any moment the mast might be worked out of the wreck, and sent drifting towards the breakers. At length, as the day wore on, the schooner was again seen standing towards them with two boats in tow; they were the cutters which she had fallen in with. The schooner hove-to, and the boats were observed pulling towards them. By this time, besides Mr. Hire, thirty-six men only remained clinging to the yard. Hitherto all had retained their presence of mind; but as the boats drew near, a few, and a few only, in their eagerness to escape, sprang off without due care, and nearly swamped them. The remainder, descending as they were summoned, were received into the boats, and the thirty-seven survivors were taken on board the schooner.

Mr. Richards and Mr. Renwick, still in hopes of saving more lives, volunteered to pull along the coast, while the *Lioness* waited for them. No other people, however, being seen floating, they returned to the schooner, which then made sail for Simon's Bay—having, in all, a hundred and sixteen persons who had been rescued from the wreck.

Including women and children, six hundred and twenty-

two human beings were on board the *Birkenhead* when she left Simon's Bay, and of these but one hundred and ninety-two were saved. The account must be concluded with Captain Wright's remarks, which are worthy of record.

"The order and regularity which prevailed on board from the time she struck till she totally disappeared, far exceeded anything that I thought could have been effected by the best discipline; and it is the more to be wondered at, seeing that most of the soldiers had been but a short time in the service. Everyone did exactly as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. I could not name any individual officer who did more than another; all received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking, instead of going to the bottom. There was only this difference—that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion."

CHAPTER XV.

THE FATE OF THE "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

SECTION I.

VOYAGES IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-EAST PASSAGE AND TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

PROPOSE, before describing the sad fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to give a brief account of the adventures, shipwrecks, and perils, which the bold and hardy explorers in the polar regions have encountered, who have set forth from the shores of England, Russia, the Netherlands, and in later years from the United States, to discover a passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific, or to solve the problem of the existence of an open ocean at the North Pole.

I must also, in justice to the brave and adventurous men, such as Scoresby and others, who, in command of whalers, have year after year penetrated far into these icy regions, and encountered the most fearful risks and hardships, make some mention of their voyages.

Considerable as are the dangers to which modern navigators are exposed in those frozen seas, amid lofty icebergs, and vast fields of ice which, driven together with mighty force, often nip their vessels and crush them to fragments,

they are not to be compared to the terrific perils which the early voyagers encountered, when with inferior knowledge of navigation, ignorant alike of the coasts and nature of the climate, they ventured into those realms of ice.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

I cannot refrain from mentioning one of the first expeditions we read of, which although a tale of days of yore as far back as the reign of the young king Edward the Sixth, is still of sad interest. It was originated by the celebrated navigator Sebastian Cabot. At all events he was in London at the time when the merchants of that city were very anxious to find a way to the wealth-bearing regions of India and

Cathay by the north and north-east. The young king himself exhibited the most eager interest in the undertaking, the difficulties of which were duly appreciated.

The vessels were constructed by the best shipwrights of extraordinary strength and size, the most experienced navigators were chosen, and strict rules drawn up for their guidance. They were directed especially to treat the natives of the countries they might visit with gentleness and courtesy, without any disdain, laughing, or contempt; and it was suggested that if they could be made drunk with wine or beer the secrets of their hearts might be the better known.

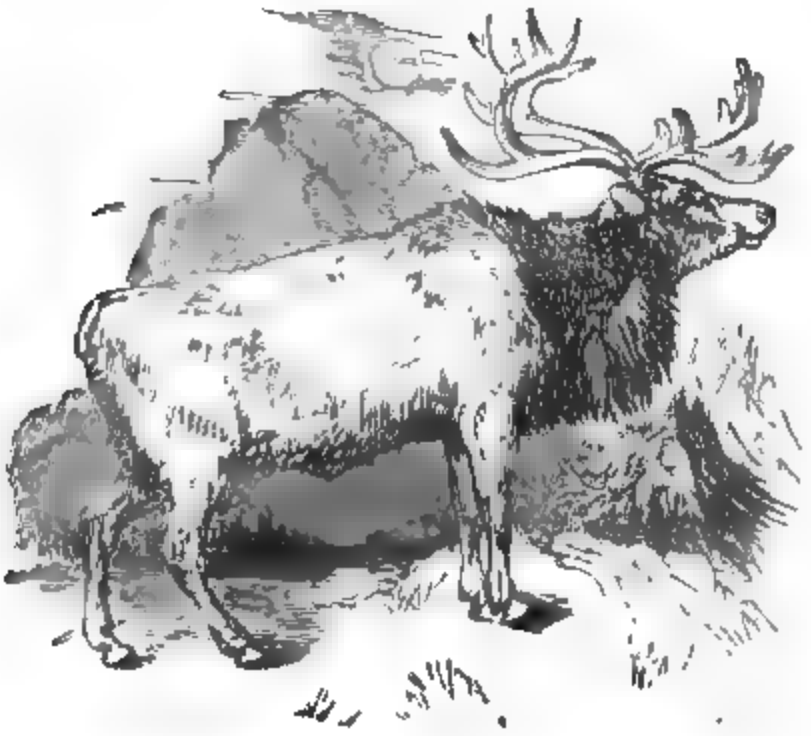
The command of the expedition was bestowed on Sir Hugh Willoughby, a man much esteemed, of high birth, tall and handsome person, and known for his valiant conduct and skill in war; but we are not told whether in addition to these brilliant qualities he possessed, what was certainly essential, any nautical experience.

The crew of the expedition having taken a solemn and tender farewell of their relations, kindred, and friends dearer than kindred, went on board the ships at Gravesend, where the Court was assembled to witness their departure; but contrary winds detained them till the 23rd, when, with a favouring gale, they shaped their course into the open expanse of the German Ocean. Sailing across it, they reached the coast of Norway on the 14th July, and standing along amid many islands, they approached the North Cape, when they saw before them the vast Arctic Ocean stretching onward to the Pole.

Sir Hugh, now assembling the commanders, exhorted them to keep together, and in case of separation appointed their rendezvous at Wardhuys, on the coast of Finland.

During a heavy gale and thick mist the following night the two principal ships separated. Sir Hugh's pinnace was dashed to pieces, and when day dawned neither of his companions were in sight. Discovering, however, after some time, the smaller vessel, the *Confidence*, he sailed with her nearly two hundred miles north-east and by north, but to

his astonishment no land appeared. Again altering his course he at length sighted the bleak shore of Nova Zembla, on which no landing could be effected. Again turning south-west, he made the coast of Russian Lapland, not far from the opening of the White Sea. Had he sailed into this, his ship might have wintered at Archangel. Instead of doing so he steered, as he supposed, for Wardhuys; but although it was only the middle of September, the rigours of the northern winter were already felt so severely, that it was resolved to put into the first harbour they could meet with. This was a haven situated about long. 39° E. and lat. 69° N. Here Sir Hugh determined to take up his quarters till the ensuing spring.



THE REINDEER.

They were surprised by the appearance of reindeer, foxes, polar bears, and divers beasts to them unknown, and therefore wonderful. Intense, too, was the cold, such as they were but inadequately prepared to encounter. Month after month the cold increased; their fuel and well-nigh their

provisions were exhausted. Still, terrible as their sufferings must have been, they endured them till January, when a

THE POLAR BEAR.

note entered in the journal of the voyage showed that they were still alive, after which time a dark gloom hangs over

THE SABLE.

the fate of the gallant Sir Hugh and his brave companions. In vain were they looked for by those they had left at home; no human being on board those two ships ever returned to his native land.

A long time passed by, when some Russian sailors, wandering along those dreary shores, discovered, to their astonishment, two large ships. They entered, and found them tenanted by their lifeless crews. The brave commander was in his

DISCOVERY OF SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

cabin, his journal before him, and even food was on the table, but the bitter cold had entered, and seized him and all on board in its death grasp.

After numerous attempts to reach India through the icy seas by the east had failed, those interested in maritime

adventure turned their attention to the west, not aware of the great breadth of America at its northern limit, but imagining that it terminated in a cape, after rounding which they hoped an opening would be found into the Pacific, across which the navigator might proceed without hindrance to China and other regions of the wealth-bearing East.

Chancelor, commander of a large ship, which early in the voyage had parted from Sir Hugh, landing on the shores of

A SHIP OF ANCIENT DAYS.

Russia, then obscurely known in England, travelled in a sledge over the snow to Moscow. Here he was received in a satisfactory manner by the Czar, who expressed a cordial desire to open an intercourse with Britain.

On Chancelor's arrival in England the Muscovy Company was in consequence formed to carry on a traffic with Russia. The Czar also sent four ships, having on board an am-

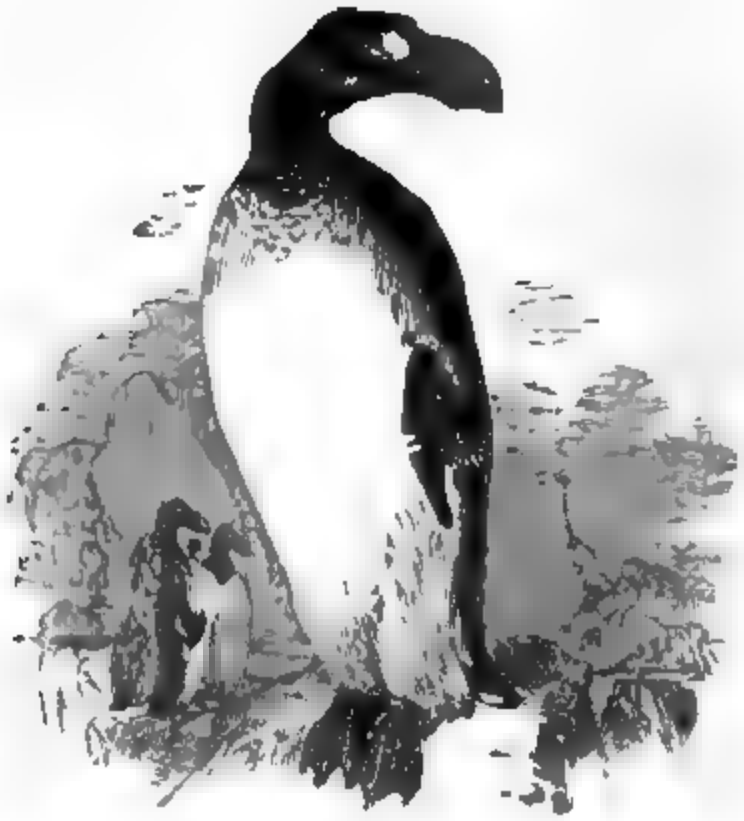
bassador to the English court, and laden with furs, wax, train-oil, and other Russian commodities. Two were wrecked on the coast of Norway, and one alone reached the Thames; the largest, the *Edward Bonaventure*, with the ambassador and other principal people on board, was driven by a storm during a dark night on the north coast of Scotland, where she was dashed to pieces. The English captain, however, bravely attempted to row the ambassador on shore in a small boat. He had nearly reached the land when the boat was overturned in the surf, and he himself was drowned, though the ambassador succeeded in gaining the shore.

Several other ships were sent out by the English to find a north-west passage, but made no new discoveries.

The most interesting voyage we read of was undertaken by the Dutch, and placed under the command of William Barentz, a brave and experienced sea-captain. It consisted of three vessels and a small yacht, which sailed from the Texel on the 5th June, 1594. Barentz boldly attempted to steer round the northern point of Nova Zembla. On the shores of a bay they coasted were seen numerous flocks of birds, probably auks, with wings so small that it was surprising how they could lift the creatures in the air. Further on they came upon large herds of walrus: in one place two or three hundred were basking together on the sand. The sailors, believing that the animals were helpless on shore, advanced towards them in the expectation of gaining an easy victory and collecting a quantity of valuable teeth. The walruses, however, assaulted them so fiercely that, after breaking many of their pikes and sabres, they were compelled to take to flight. These creatures, armed with their immense tusks, are indeed formidable opponents. On one occasion a seaman, having advanced beyond his companions, came suddenly upon one of these monsters lying asleep behind a hillock of ice. Incautiously attacking the creature with a spear his foot slipped, when the animal was instantly upon him, giving him a severe wound in the side, while it held him down with its four flippers. Fortunately one of

his companions, armed with a musket, saw his desperate condition, and hurrying forward shot the morse through the head just as it was about to inflict another wound, which would probably have proved fatal.

The explorers had also on several occasions encounters with polar bears. Having caught sight of one on shore, they fired several times at him, and seeing that he was approaching got into their boat ready to shove off. One of



THE GREAT AUK.

them at this juncture threw a noose over his head, expecting to be able to drag him off to the ship and carry him as a trophy to Holland. So tremendous were his struggles, however, that they would gladly have let him go, when their alarm was increased by his placing his paws on the stern and attempting to enter the boat. They retreated to the further end, expecting instant death, either from the ocean or his fearful jaws. Happily for them the bight of the rope got

SEAMAN ATTACKED BY WALRUS.

entangled with the iron-work of the rudder, and the bear was held down, unable to free himself. On seeing him thus caught the seamen, mustering courage, advanced with their spears.

Another encounter ended more fatally. Two of the crew were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind; thinking that one of his companions was playing him a trick, he cried out, "Who's there? stand off!" His comrade, seeing that a huge white bear had him in his embrace, ran towards the ship, arousing the crew with his cries. On their approach the bear, who was standing over the unfortunate man, quitted the mangled

THE WALRUS.

corpse, sprang forward, and carried off one of his fresh assailants, and, plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood. On this the whole party fled in terror to their vessel. Ashamed of their conduct, however, three returned, determined to avenge the death of their shipmates, and to secure for their remains the rites of burial. They fired at first at too great a distance, and all missed. The purser of the ship then bravely advanced before his companions, and taking a steady aim shot the bear just below the eye. The savage animal, however, rushed towards them

still holding in his mouth the victim he was devouring; but the wound had taken effect; he began to stagger, when the three advanced, and with sword and pike soon killed him. Having collected the mangled remains of their shipmates they were decently buried, while the purser claimed the skin of the animal as his prize.

SAILOR KILLED BY A POLAR BEAR.

Barentz at length found his way back to Holland. Notwithstanding the dangers he had encountered he undertook a second voyage, when he discovered an island rising abruptly out of the ocean, with steep and lofty cliffs, to the highest of which was given the appropriate name of Mount Misery. Unspeakably horrible must have been its appearance. In

every direction, where not hidden by the snow, nothing was to be seen but black and broken precipices; no sounds were heard but the dashing of the waves, the crashing collision of floating ice, the discordant notes of myriads of sea-fowl, the yelping of arctic foxes, the snorting of walruses, or the roaring of polar bears.

Proceeding on, being involved in a thick fog the ship was moored to a large iceberg. As the master was pacing the deck he discovered a large bear endeavouring to scale the side of the ship. He immediately summoned all hands, when the crew mustering raised such loud shouts that the monster retreated. He soon, however, returned to the charge, and not until they had fired frequently at him was he finally put to flight.

After doubling Cape Desire, the ship was driven by the icebergs and floating masses of ice towards the coast, and at length by the pressure of the ice beneath her lifted completely up to the top of a huge mound, as if by machinery. All this time the cracking of her timbers and the crashing of the ice without was so dreadful that they were constantly in fear of the ship being crushed into fragments. They accordingly landed, and built a house on the shore, in which they hoped to be able to exist during the winter. The cold was so intense, and the snow frequently fell so thickly for days together, that the seamen could not stir out of their house. They had also frequent battles with polar bears. As the seamen were working on shore, the master, who was on board, observed three of these savage animals making their way towards them. Uttering loud cries, he gave warning to the men. They immediately fled towards the ship, when one of them falling into a cleft in the ice was given up for lost, but the bears, not perceiving him, continued their chase after the main body. The seamen, circling round the vessel, climbed up on the opposite side just as the bears began to clamber on board in front. A man who was sent down to the kitchen to light a match was so agitated that he was unable to accomplish his object, and the muskets

consequently could not be used. The crew, therefore, could only defend themselves by throwing whatever came to hand at their fierce assailants, who were thus for a time kept at bay, though they quickly returned to the charge. Fortunately, when they were about to gain the deck, a halberd was stuck into the mouth of one of the largest of the brutes, which so astonished him that he retreated from the vessel, the others following his example. The bears afterwards attacked the house, and one fierce animal climbed the roof, and attempted to enter by the chimney, his fearful roarings spreading dismay among those collected below.

So completely was the ship surrounded by vast masses of ice, resembling the houses of a great city interspersed with towers, steeples, and chimneys, that all hopes of extricating her were abandoned. The boats, however, were dug from beneath the snow, and preparations made for commencing a voyage in them.

At length, having cut a way through the walls of ice, they embarked and proceeded on their voyage, during which they suffered fearful hardships. When off Icy Cape, Barentz, who had long been struggling with severe illness, desired that he might be lifted up to take a last view of that fatal promontory. Then, after looking at the chart, and giving his advice to his companions, he pushed aside the paper, asked for a draught of water, and immediately expired.

In their progress westward they escaped many dangers, and were able to supply themselves with an immense number of birds, which, not yet having learned to fear man, allowed themselves to be taken by the hand. Having incautiously attacked a large number of walruses, which they found lying on a bank of ice, the animals advanced snorting and blowing in so tremendous a manner, that had not a fresh breeze sprung up their boats would probably have been destroyed.

After a tedious voyage they at length reached Kola, where they found Corneliz, the second in command to Barentz, in whose ship they safely reached Amsterdam.

Scarcely less remarkable than the adventures of the fol-

lowers of poor Barentz were those of a party of seven seamen who volunteered to remain on the coast of Spitzbergen, where, in 1633, the Dutch wished to form a settle-

A BIRD COLONY.

ment. The fleet which brought them to the shores of the island left them on the 30th August in North Bay, where they had undertaken not only to live during the winter, but

to provide themselves with fresh provisions. They were little aware of the fearful nature of the climate. Three reindeer and a number of sea swallows were killed, and they collected also a quantity of a species of watercress, which contributed greatly to keep scurvy at a distance. Their chief annoyance was from the bears, with which they had to maintain a dreadful contest throughout the whole period of their stay.

In the next May they were taken off by a boat, which conveyed them on board one of several Dutch ships which had arrived for the purpose of fishing.

In the following year another party of seven seamen was left, being supplied with provisions and apparently with every means of withstanding the rigour of the climate. They, however, appear to have been of a less active disposition than their predecessors. When early in spring a fishing vessel returned to the coast a party was sent on shore expecting to find their friends in the same health as those who had before been left there. They hastened to the hut. It was fast closed, and an entrance could only be effected through the roof. It had become a tomb! Three of the men were enclosed in coffins which their companions had formed for them, two lay dead on their beds, and two on the floor: these last had evidently perished from mere inability to dress their food. In the hut was found a journal, the last entry of which was, "We are all four stretched on our beds, and implore the Almighty to deliver us from this life, which it is impossible to prolong without food or fuel to warm our frozen limbs—none of us can help the other."

The fatal termination of this and another attempt to form a colony on the Island of Janmayen made the Dutch abandon their plans for the colonization of Spitzbergen. Many years passed by before any other human beings spent a winter on those dreary shores.

A Russian vessel engaged in the whale-fishery was in 1743 beset during a heavy gale by floating ice on the eastern side of the island. Four of the crew having landed, one of them

called to remembrance that a hut had been erected on the coast by some of his countrymen under the expectation of being compelled to winter there. Searching in different directions they found the hut, which, though in a ruinous condition, afforded them shelter for the night. At daybreak they hastened to the beach to inform those on board of their happy discovery, when what was their horror to find their ship gone, and an open sea spreading out before them without a vestige of the icebergs which had been tossing round her. A storm had dispersed them, and too evidently had destroyed their vessel. The brave seamen, however, though abandoned under such fearful circumstances, with a long winter before them, did not despair. They had one gun and a small supply of ammunition. With this they shot twelve deer, and when their ammunition failed they fashioned some pieces of iron which they found on the shore into pikes. Just as their stock of venison was nearly exhausted they were attacked by a polar bear, and, assaulting the animal with their pikes, it was killed after a fierce struggle, when its flesh supplied them with an abundance of food. From the skin they manufactured clothing, while the entrails furnished them with strings, for which they had been eagerly wishing to complete some bows. With these weapons they went in chase of reindeer and arctic foxes, the flesh of which increased their store of food, while the skins of the animals afforded them a further supply of clothes and bedding. The flesh they dried either by suspending it in the smoke, or by exposing it to the heat of the sun during the short summer.

This ample supply of fresh meat, and the constant exercise they were compelled to take, enabled them to preserve their health for six years. During this time they killed ten bears, two hundred and fifty reindeer, and vast numbers of foxes. Then a sad event occurred. One of the little band died, and the three survivors began to give up all hope of relief. They were in this melancholy condition, when on the morning of the 15th August, 1749, to their unspeakable joy, a sail was discovered in the offing. With eager haste they

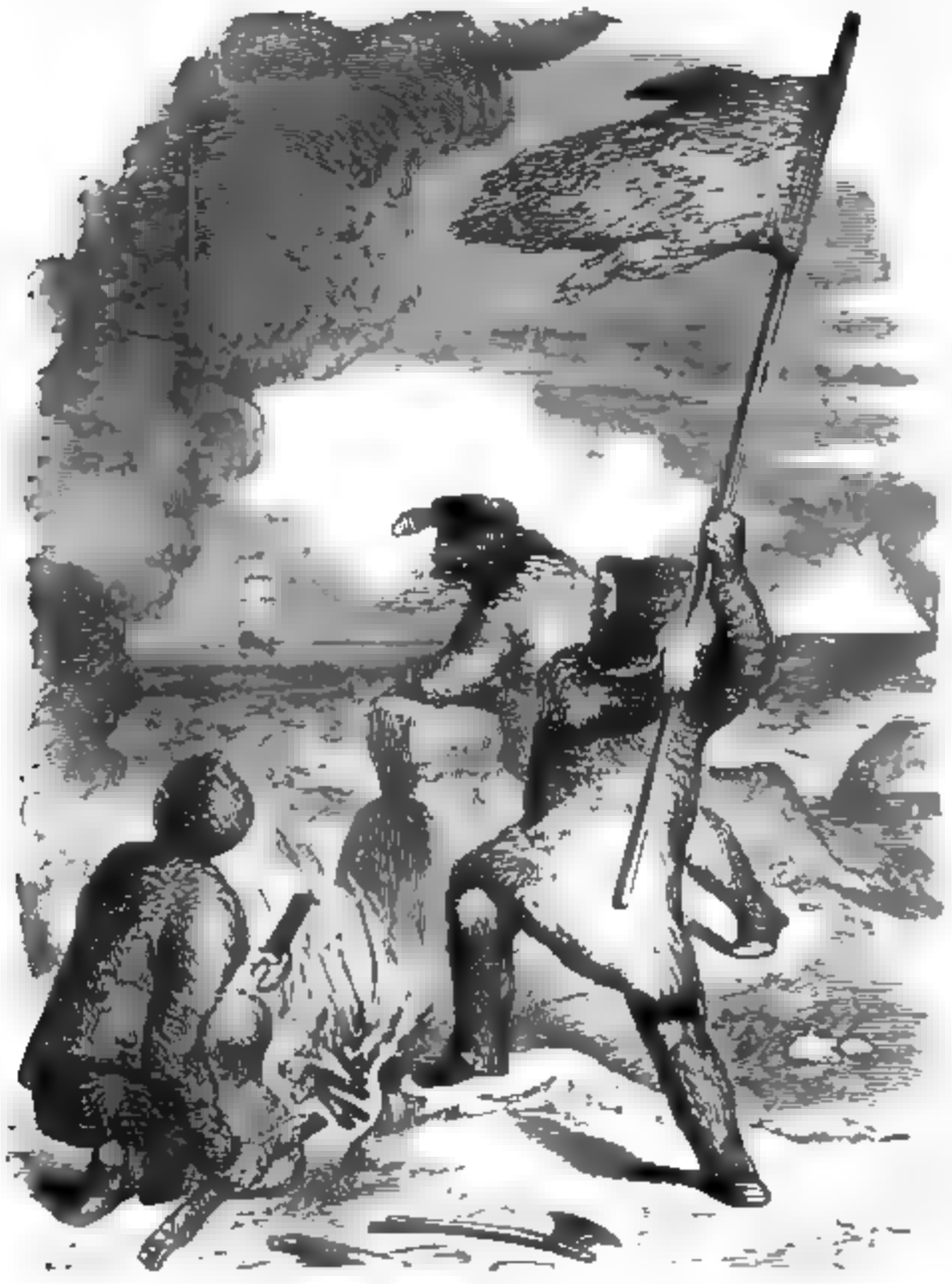
collected wood and lighted a fire on the highest point in the neighbourhood, while one stood waving a flag, which had been formed out of reindeer skin, in the hopes of attracting the attention of those on board the ship. How anxiously they watched her movements! She approached. They were seen, and a boat came to the shore, when they heard their native tongue, and found she was a Russian vessel. They were welcomed on board. The skins and

THE ELK.

lard they had collected enabled them to realize a handsome sum and to pay for their passage home.

Vessels had for some time been sent to the Arctic seas for the purpose of capturing the morse, and occasionally whales, when in 1607 Henry Hudson, till that time unknown to fame, was despatched by the Muscovy Company to make his way across the Pole into the Pacific.

Having come in sight of the coast of Greenland, in order to clear it he steered eastward till the shores of Spitzbergen



THE RUSSIAN SAILORS BEEING A SHIP.

were perceived in the distance. He then boldly tried to make his way to the north, but was compelled to turn back by the barrier of ice which opposed his progress.

Jonas Poole was twice sent out in the same direction, with permission to take a few whales and kill as many morse as he might chance to meet along the coast. His vessel was the *Elizabeth*, of 50 tons, and he was accompanied by the *Mary Margaret*, destined exclusively for the whale fishery. They set sail in 1611, but were soon separated; and when Poole reached Spitzbergen he found only three boats which had escaped from the wreck of his consort. Forgetting his chief object, he devoted himself after this to catching morse. Having overloaded his little vessel she capsized, when he had great difficulty in escaping from his cabin, being severely injured by the casks and staves which were dashed around him. Fortunately a Hull ship appeared, and took all the crew on board.

William Baffin, the most learned navigator of the age, in 1613 led an expedition into the Greenland seas, but his chief occupation was to drive the ships of all nations away, England claiming the exclusive right to the fishery of that region; a claim, however, which was soon abandoned.

The next year the Company despatched Robert Fotherby, with Baffin as his pilot, in the *Thomas and Anne*, to accompany their Greenland fleet, of ten ships and two pinnaces, with instructions, while the rest were fishing, to devote himself to discovery. After visiting several places on the coast of Spitzbergen, he pushed out in a north-west direction, till he came near to the latitude of 80°, when a mighty noise of the waves, as it were breaking on an extensive shore, was heard. It proved, however, that he was on the margin of the great northern ice, and, after sailing for some time along he, it became embayed, and not without difficulty extricated himself. With a fair wind he reached England on the 4th of October, his crew of twenty-six men being in perfect health.

This was the last exploring voyage for upwards of a century undertaken in that direction.

The Voyage of Captain Phipps towards the North Pole.

The next voyage towards the North Pole was undertaken during the early part of the reign of George the Third, who ever showed a deep interest in the course of naval discovery. Mr. Davies Barrington had formed the idea that, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, the North Pole of the earth might yet be reached. At his instigation, supported by the Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty, an expedition was organized, the command of which was given to Captain John Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. Two bomb-vessels, the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, were fitted out, the latter of which was entrusted to the charge of Lieutenant Lutwitge, who took with him young Horatio Nelson in the capacity of his coxswain. Among other numerous appliances for the comfort of the crews, the vessels were provided with apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea, then lately invented by Dr. Irving.

The expedition, thus fully equipped, left the Nore on the 4th June, 1773. Having made a quick run through the German Ocean, Captain Phipps reached the southern extremity of Spitzbergen on the 27th of the same month. The coast appeared to be neither habitable nor accessible, for it was formed of high, barren, black rocks, without the least sign of vegetation, in many places bare and pointed, in other parts covered with snow appearing even above the clouds. The valleys between the high cliffs were filled with snow and ice. The prospect would have suggested the idea of perpetual winter had not the mildness of the weather, the smooth water, bright sunshine, and constant daylight given a cheerfulness and novelty to the whole of this striking and romantic scene. Sailing along this rugged coast, they learned from the master of a Greenlandman that the ice would be found sixteen leagues to the west, and that one Dutch and two English ships had been lost in the

course of the season. Hearing from the master of another vessel that there was an opening ten leagues in width off Hakluyt's headland, between the shore and the main pack, Captain Phipps determined to direct his course in that direction. He, however, soon found himself during a thick fog close to the main body of ice, on which the wind and sea were beating with such violence that the ships with difficulty managed to escape by constantly tacking.

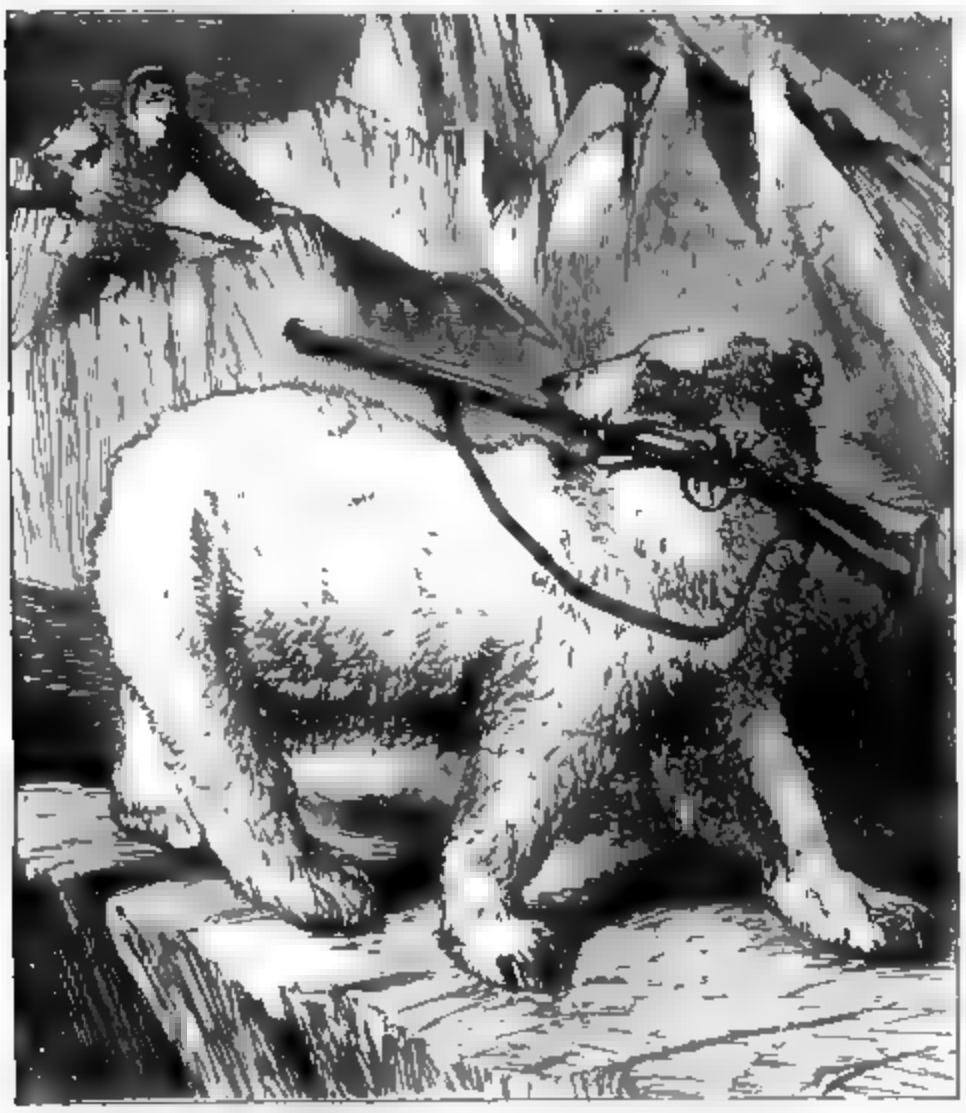
After proceeding some distance to the eastward, the icebergs so increased in number and size that it was considered vain to attempt penetrating any further in that direction. Again therefore the commander turned westward, but the ships were so immersed in fog that they could not even when near see each other, while the crews suffered greatly from the cold. Once more Captain Phipps determined to persevere, and sailed towards the east, was but stopped at nearly the same point as before. Backwards and forwards he sailed along the icy barrier, pushing the ships into all the bays or openings which presented themselves. At length the low flat island of Moffen was reached, covered with numerous flocks of wild-fowl, and on the 29th July the ships came off a still larger island, clothed with moss and well supplied with deer. On its shores were found large fir-trees, some seventy feet long, partly torn up by the roots, partly cut down by the axe, and fashioned into different shapes. It was here that one of the boats had a desperate encounter with a walrus. The animal, being wounded, plunged into the deep and obtained a reinforcement of his fellows, who, making a united attack upon the boat, wrested an oar from one of the men and nearly overset her; they would, indeed, probably have lost their lives had not another boat from the *Carcass*, under the command of Nelson, come to their relief. It was on this voyage that Horatio Nelson met with his well-known adventure with a bear. Among the gentlemen on the quarter-deck of the *Carcass* who were not rated midshipmen there was, besides young Nelson, a daring shipmate of his to whom he had

become attached. One night during a fog in the middle watch they made their way from the ship in order to attack a bear and obtain its skin. Nelson, in high spirits, led over the frightful chasms in the ice armed with a rusty musket. Between three and four in the morning, the mist somewhat disappearing, the hunters were discovered at a considerable distance attacking a large bear. The signal was instantly made for their return, but Nelson's companion in vain urged him to obey it. He was at this time divided by a chasm in the ice from his shaggy antagonist, which probably saved his life, for the musket flashed in the pan and their ammunition was expended. "Never mind!" exclaimed Nelson; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." His companion, finding that entreaty was in vain, regained the ship. The captain, seeing the young man's danger, ordered a gun to be fired to terrify and alarm the animal. This had the desired effect, but Nelson was compelled to return without his bear. Captain Lutwitge desired to know what motive he could have for hunting the bear. Being thought by his captain to have acted in a manner unworthy his situation made a deep impression upon the lad, who, pouting his lips as he was wont to do when agitated, replied, "Sir, I wished to kill the bear that I might carry its skin to my father." Explorers in the Arctic seas have met with many similar adventures, some of which have terminated much more disastrously. On one occasion a hunter having slipped and dropped his musket, it was carried off by a bear, and he was left totally unarmed at a considerable distance from the ship. Happily a party had gone out to search for him, and came to his assistance just when the bear, following his tracks, had almost overtaken him.

After this the ships were so completely beset by the ice that they had the greatest difficulty in making their escape. The crews were employed for a length of time in sawing through the ice, but after the most laborious efforts they had only moved three hundred yards westward, while the

mass which surrounded them was drifting in an opposite direction, carrying them along with it.

Captain Phipps had now come to the resolution of abandoning the ships with a view to escape in the boats, hoping



A BEAR CARRYING OFF A SEAMAN'S MUSKET.

to reach the Dutch fishing-vessels in the neighbourhood, when the ice opened slightly, and by setting all sail the ships forced their way through all obstacles into the open sea. They reached the Thames towards the end of September.

The result of this voyage, considered to have been made

under favourable circumstances, tended to damp the expectations of those who hoped that a passage might be discovered to the Arctic Pole. It was supposed, however, that by sailing northward from the Pacific the ice would be found more open, and with this idea Captain Cook was directed to proceed in that direction on his third voyage. On the failure of that well-known attempt the interest hitherto entertained on the subject greatly flagged. It was, however, revived again by Captain Scoresby, who, though bred a practical whale-fisher, had made many scientific observations during his pursuit of the monsters of the deep.

In 1806, while acting as mate to his father, who commanded a Greenland ship from Hull, he approached the Pole nearer than any other navigator had yet done. Having reached a broad barrier of ice, they forced their ship through it by boring, warping, and using a sort of battering-ram denominated mill-dolling. They then came upon an open sea, which appeared nearly unbounded, and pushing on they reached a degree higher than had been attained by Captain Phipps, and only about 500 geographical miles from the Pole. As, however, the ship was not their own, in duty to the merchants to whom she belonged, instead of making the discoveries which both Mr. Scoresby and his father would have desired, they were compelled to attend to the business on which they were sent out, and accordingly, standing towards Hakluyt's headland, they caught twenty-four whales, from which were extracted two hundred and sixteen tons of oil.

Mr. Scoresby, during many years in command of a whaler, made various visits both to the coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland. His most important voyage took place in 1822, when he sailed in command of the ship *Baffin*, in search of a new fishing ground off the eastern coast of Greenland. During this voyage he surveyed a part of the coast hitherto entirely unknown, sailing up a spacious inlet, which he named after his father, Scoresby Sound. So great was its width, that he came to the conclusion that it must

reach into Baffin's Bay, and that possibly Greenland, hitherto supposed to be a continent, might be only a collection of large islands. The land appeared very rich in some places: meadows of several acres were found nearly equal to any in England. Numerous traces of inhabitants were discovered, and remains of buildings and graves, in which the implements of hunting had been placed along with the bones of the deceased. There was also a wooden coffin, which Scoresby believed might mark the remnant of European colonization.

It was supposed that the natives occupied this part of the country only in winter, and had retired during the summer to the interior in search of various land animals which retreat to the south during the most rigorous season.

Fear, however, of being shut up made him return to the open ocean.

The voyage of Captain Clavering, when he conveyed Captain Sabine to the Greenland coast, will hereafter be mentioned.

Some years later, in 1828, the Danish Government sent out an officer, Captain Graah, to explore the eastern coast, and especially to search for any indications of the early colonies believed to have been established there. It was his opinion that none had ever existed on this part of Greenland possessing towns or churches; but it is remarkable that the natives he met with, though their language and customs were similar to those of the Esquimaux, differed much from them in size, shape, and complexion, as also in the form and expression of their countenances, and bore a greater affinity to the Norwegians. He observed among the women and children particularly, many persons who had brown hair, that of the Greenlanders being universally black. They behaved in an honest, friendly, and hospitable manner to their visitors. It would seem likely therefore that Europeans had really settled on the coast, and that perhaps, the men having been destroyed by the Greenlanders, the women and children had been made

captives, and had adopted the language and customs of their victors. Had the races amalgamated, the superior would have left more traces of their language and customs, as well as of their religion, than were observable.

The French Government sent out, in 1833, the *Liloise* brig, under the command of M. de Blosseville. He and all his crew unhappily perished after he had surveyed a considerable extent of the coast of Greenland, their fate being involved in mystery.

Two other vessels were sent out in successive years, the *La Bordelaise* and the *Récherché*, in search of M. de Blosseville, but both returned unsuccessful.

I have made this digression to avoid breaking in upon the more interesting narratives of the English exploring expeditions to the East of Greenland, of which I now give an account.

Buchan's and Franklin's Voyage towards the North Pole in 1818.

It was not till the year 1818, when the war with France being terminated, the spirit of research in unknown regions woke with fresher activity than ever.

While another expedition, which I will mention presently, was sent to the west, one was organized to attempt a passage over or near the Pole through Behring's Straits into the Pacific. Two ships were fitted out for the purpose—the *Dorothea*, of 382 tons, commanded by Captain David Buchan, and the *Trent*, of 249 tons, placed in charge of Lieutenant and Commander Franklin, whose name was hereafter to become famous as an Arctic explorer, as was that of his lieutenant, Frederick W. Beechey, an excellent artist, and one of his mates, George Back.

The ships, well fitted for the service, and supplied with provisions for two years, sailed on the 25th April, 1818. After encountering a severe gale, when even under storm sails the ships were buried gunwale deep in the waves, they,

on the 24th May, found themselves surrounded by floes and masses of ice. Often these assumed curious forms, resembling churches, towers, bridges, or other structures. Gradually streams of ice, through which they sailed, became narrower, and it was necessary to run the ships against some of these imaginary edifices in order to turn them aside. Magdalena Bay, on the coast of Spitzbergen, had been appointed as a rendezvous, and here the ships anchored, after having for some time been separated, on the 3rd of June. So high and rugged were the mountains surrounding the bay, that it was with the greatest difficulty a party, which landed, could ascend to the height of two thousand feet, at which elevation a flag-staff was planted, and a red flag hoisted. "The latter part of our ascent," says Captain Beechey, "was against our inclination, but we found it impossible to descend by the way we had come up, and were compelled to gain a ledge which promised the only secure resting-place we could find at that height. This we were able to effect by sticking the tomahawks with which we were provided into crevices in the rocks as a support for our feet, and some of these instruments we were obliged to leave where they were driven in, in consequence of the danger that attended their recovery.

"On entering the bay, it was found in quiet possession of vast herds of walruses, who, unaccustomed to the sight of a boat, swam towards her, apparently determined to tear her planks asunder with their tusks. So tough were their hides that a bayonet alone could pierce them. The wounds they received only increased their rage, and it was not without much difficulty that they were kept at bay with the firearms. The boats, however, returned better prepared for engaging the monsters, many of whom were killed. Some were of prodigious weight, measuring fourteen feet in length and nine in girth, so that the whole boat's crew could scarcely turn them.

"Sailing again near the north-west boundary of Spitzbergen the ships were completely beset by ice, which with a loud

GROUP OF WALRUS AND SEALS.

grinding noise urged them towards the rocky shore. By means of the ice anchors they were, however, secured to a floe, which saved them from destruction. An officer and a party of men unwisely landed, and lost themselves in the fog and snow. They wandered about for sixteen hours, until, overcome with fatigue, they were about to abandon themselves to their fate, when the reports of their firearms were heard by those on board the ships, and an expedition was sent out to their rescue. Partially freed, Captain Buchan attempted to drag the vessels through the opening in the ice, but in spite of all their exertions the most northerly point attained was 80° 37′ N. The ships, although secured to the ice, were now carried bodily to the south by the prevailing current. The *Trent* also sustained a squeeze, which made her rise four feet and heel over five streaks; the *Dorothea* soon afterwards suffered still more, some of her beams being sprung, and two planks on the lower deck split fore and aft, and doubled up. On the 30th July a furious gale came suddenly on, bringing the main body of the ice down upon the ships. The only hope of escaping the danger was to take refuge amongst it, while fenders were hung over the bows and sides to avert the effects of the expected blows. In vain, however, was an opening sought in the pack; it presented one unbroken line of furious breakers, in which vast pieces of ice were heaving, and falling, and dashing together with tremendous violence, creating so terrific a noise that the officers could with difficulty make their orders heard by the crew.

"If ever," writes Beechey, "the fortitude of seamen was fairly tried it was assuredly not less so on this occasion; and I will not conceal the pride I felt in witnessing the bold and decisive tone in which the orders were issued by Captain Franklin, and the promptitude and steadiness with which they were executed by the men."

The *Trent*, flying before the gale, neared the scene of danger. It soon arrived: cutting her way through the light ice, she came in violent contact with the main body. In an

instant all on board lost their footing, the masts bent with the impetus, and the cracking timbers below showed the pressure to which she was subjected. She staggered under the shock, and for a moment seemed to recoil, but the next wave curling up under her counter drove her about her own length within the margin of the ice, where she gave one roll and was immediately thrown broadside to the wind by the succeeding wave, which beat furiously against her stern, and brought her lee side in contact with the main body, leaving her weather side exposed at the same time to a piece of ice about twice her own dimensions. Literally tossed from piece to piece, the crew had nothing left but patiently to abide the issue, for they could scarcely keep their footing, much less render any assistance to the vessel. The motion indeed was so great that the ship's bell, which in the heaviest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continually that it was ordered to be muffled for the purpose of escaping the unpleasant association it was calculated to produce.

The ship, notwithstanding this, forced her way through the ice, but so severe were the injuries both ships had sustained that Captain Buchan determined to patch them up as far as could be done and return home.

Lieutenant Franklin then requested that he might be allowed to proceed in his own vessel upon the work still unexecuted, but the commander was compelled to refuse his permission, in consequence of the hazard those on board the *Dorothea* would run in proceeding home alone in her shattered and unsafe condition. The two ships reached England in safety by the middle of October.

In 1823 Captain Clavering, in command of the *Griper* brig, proceeded in the same direction as the *Dorothea* and *Trent*, but was stopped by the ice. He then sailed across to the coast of Greenland, where he landed with a party of three officers and sixteen men. They proceeded for nearly a fortnight along the shore, sleeping with only a boat cloak and blanket for a covering, without feeling inconvenience

from the cold. The *Griper* returned home in December of the same year.

In 1827 the *Hecla* was fitted out for a voyage to Spitzbergen, under the command of Captain Parry, who had for his lieutenants J. C. Ross, Henry Foster, E. J. Bird, and J. R. N. Crozier, names now well known as Arctic explorers. Captain Parry's object was to reach the ice and then to travel over it northwards, with boats which were fitted both with runners and wheels, to be used as might be expedient.

The *Hecla* having anchored in a cove on the northern coast of Spitzbergen, the boats left the ship on the 20th June: Captain Parry and the surgeon, Mr. Beverley, took charge of one, while Ross and Bird had charge of the other. They generally proceeded at night, from the sun being then low and the danger of snow blindness being avoided; while they also enjoyed greater warmth during the period of rest.

After five days' travelling, however, they found that they had made only eight miles direct northing. They still persevered, till at length, having made good fully twenty-three miles over the ice in another five days, the weather clearing, an observation they were able to obtain showed them that they had only gained one mile to the northward. The fact was that the ice was drifting at a more rapid rate to the south than they could travel forward, and after thirty-five days of a most fatiguing journey they commenced their return to the ship. On their way they touched at an islet lying off Spitzbergen, the most northern known land upon the globe, to which Captain Parry gave the name of Ross: "for no individual," he observes, "could have exerted himself more strenuously to rob it of this distinction." Captain Ross afterwards returned the compliment by bestowing Parry's name upon the most southern point of the Antarctic world he sighted. During the latter part of the expedition, the boats, being launched, were exposed to a heavy gale, but finally reached the ship in safety on the

21st August, the party having been away sixty-one days, during which time they actually travelled over upwards of a thousand miles, no one having seriously suffered from illness.

SECTION II.

THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY.

It is now time to give some account of the northern whale fishery, which was carried on up to the end of the seventeenth century almost exclusively in the seas between Greenland and Spitzbergen.

The ships are generally about 350 tons burden, strongly fortified to resist the pressure they are subjected to, and carrying a crew of fifty hands or more, sufficient to man seven boats. At the main-topmast head is fixed a look-out place called the crow's nest, made of canvas or light wood. Here the master or one of the officers, provided with a telescope and speaking-trumpet, takes his post for hours together, often in a temperature of 30° or more below freezing point. Hence he can watch the surrounding ocean for the appearance of whales, indicated by the spouts they throw up above the surface. At night his ear tells him of the vicinity of the monsters. The instant he sees or hears one he gives notice to the watch on deck, part of whom leap into a boat always kept ready, the others quickly following. Away they pull; the harpooner standing ready to plunge his weapon into the giant of the deep directly he gets sufficiently near. The moment the mighty animal feels the wound, he either throws himself into violent convulsions, whirling in the air his tremendous tail, plunges downwards into the depths, or makes his way beneath the thickest fields of the ice. Captain Scoresby tells us that he saw a boat thrown several yards into the air, which, falling

BOAT DESTROYED BY A WHALE.

on its side, plunged the crew into the sea, but providentially their lives were saved. His father once had struck a whale which sounded, but soon returned to the surface in so furious a state of agitation that no one durst approach it. The captain, however, determined to attack it by himself, and succeeded in striking a second harpoon, when another boat having advanced too close the monster whirled round his tail with so much fury that the harpooner, to escape it, leaped into the sea. Just then the tail struck the place he left, and cut the boat entirely asunder, with the exception of two planks, which were saved by having a coil of rope laid over them, so that had he remained he must have been dashed to pieces. Captain Lyons, commanding the *Raith of Meath*, on the Labrador coast, had, in 1802, a boat thrown fifteen feet into the air ; she came down keel uppermost, yet all the men, with one exception, were saved.

As soon as a whale is struck, the crew of the boat show a flag as a signal to the watch on deck ; they immediately arouse the sleepers below by stamping loudly, and shouting, "A fall, a fall!" All hands turn out, dressing as they come on deck, and rush into the boats, which pull off to the assistance of their companions. On the return of the animal, which has probably sounded—that is, plunged down into the depths of the sea—the boats, which have been spread out, are pulled rapidly towards it, and harpoons and lances are struck into its sides. Should it again sound, other lines, with two of which each boat is supplied, are fastened to the first. On its again coming to the surface, blood and oil flow from the wounds ; it then often makes tremendous struggles, rearing its tail high in the air, and whirling it with a noise which reaches to the distance of several miles. When at length exhausted, it rolls over on its side or back, and expires. It is then towed to the side of the ship,when the operation of "flensing," or removing the blubber and whalebone, is commenced. This is cut off by spades, as the body of the animal, by means of a purchase, is turned round with the aid of a windlass. The masses of

blubber, as they are hoisted on deck, are cut into small portions, and stowed away in casks. This process, which requires the full strength of the crew, occupies between four and six hours.

Numberless are the dangers to which the crews of whalers are exposed, not only when taking the animal, but from the masses of ice amid which they pursue their hazardous employment.

CHASING WHALES.

One of the most fearful disasters I have heard of occurred to the *Guillamine*, a Dutch whaler, commanded by Captain Broertis. Beset by the ice on the coast of Greenland during a terrific storm, he saw two out of four ships go down, while the third was much damaged.

The crews of the two ships which had foundered were taken on board their consorts. After this they had the grief to see two others dashed to pieces, and further on to find that two Hamburghers had perished in a similar manner. Out of a fleet of several ships, two effected

ESCAPE ON A FLOE.

their escape through a narrow opening. Those on board the *Guillamine* were hoping to be equally fortunate, when a mountain of ice falling on her deck crushed her to fragments; the men having no time to put on their clothes, leaped on to the frozen surface, carrying with them but a small portion of their provisions. One ship now only remained, on board which several hundred men had taken refuge. By leaping from one fragment to another the crew reached the vessel, where, densely crowded, they suffered all sorts of distress, being besides menaced with the fear of famine. In a short time she also was dashed to pieces as the others had been, leaving the unfortunate seamen scarcely time to leap on the ice with a few stores.

They contrived, after undergoing terrific dangers, to reach a large field of ice, on which they erected tents with their torn sails. Aware that they must perish if they remained, they set forth to reach the coast of Greenland, seen in the far distance. With infinite toil they effected their object; and meeting with some inhabitants from whom they obtained dried fish and seal's flesh, they set out on a hazardous journey across the country towards the Danish settlement of Frederichs Haab.

In 1817 the *Venerable*, a London whaler commanded by Captain Bennett was during a tremendous storm lying to windward of a long line of icebergs, when ere long she was dashed to pieces against them.

Sometimes when ships have been thus lost, one or more of the crew have succeeded in reaching a floating iceberg, on which they have been carried away; most of them perishing miserably, though in some instances they have been taken off and rescued from the jaws of death by a passing whaler. Scoresby mentions several instances of the kind: fourteen men were on one occasion left on a small piece of floating ice, with a boat totally unfit to navigate the stormy ocean, when, just as they were giving way to despair, they were seen by the *Lively* of Whitby, on board of which they were received with the greatest kindness.

SECTION III.

EARLY NORTH-WEST VOYAGES.

I will now give a sketch of some of the more interesting voyages made in days gone by to discover a passage into the Pacific.

The Portuguese, who could then justly boast of the

CORTEREAL MEDITATING ON HIS PROPOSED EXPEDITION.

courage and enterprise of their navigators, had the honour to lead the way.

The first expedition we read of was led by Gaspard Cortereal, a man of noble family, who, on hearing of the success of Columbus, resolved to follow in his steps.

Having obtained the command of two vessels from the King, he, in 1500, sailed towards the north-west. He appears to have reached either the shores of Newfoundland or Labrador, when the approach of the Polar winter compelled him to return home. The next season he again set forth, and reached either Hudson's or Frobisher's Straits.

THE EARLY EXPLORERS' SHIP.

Here the two ships were separated by a fearful tempest amid floating masses of ice. One escaped, but the other, with the gallant leader of the expedition on board, was seen no more.

On these sad tidings reaching Portugal, his younger brother Miguel, urged by fraternal affection, determined to

put to sea in search of him. He also sailed with two ships, but separated from his consort, and he and his crew shared the fate of those whom they had gone to seek.

There existed Vasco Eanes, a third brother of the two gallant navigators who had so miserably perished. When the survivors, arriving at Lisbon, brought the report of Miguel's loss, he entreated the King to be allowed to sail forth in search of his lost kindred, but his petition was at once firmly refused; his Majesty declaring that, having lost two of his noblest and most faithful servants, he could not allow another to risk his life in so hopeless an undertaking.

Britain at length entered on the field of maritime discovery, which Portugal and Spain had abandoned.

The first expedition sent out from her shores, with the object of effecting a passage westward across the Arctic Sea, was placed under the command of Sir Thomas Pert, Vice-Admiral of England, the celebrated Sebastian Cabot sailing as his lieutenant, in the reign of Henry VIII. They appear to have entered Hudson's Bay, but, the courage of the commander and crew failing, they put about and sailed homewards.

Cabot, who fully believed that by persevering they might have gone on to China, offered his services to Spain, and did not return to England till after Henry's death.

Several other expeditions were undertaken with very inadequate results. One of these was undertaken by Mr. Hore, a wealthy London merchant, who persuaded thirty young gentlemen of family and fortune to embark with him. They reached the shores of Newfoundland, where, unable to procure provisions, they were almost starved to death. So severely did they suffer from famine that they were about to cast lots to decide who should die in order to provide food for the rest, when a French ship hove in sight. They attacked and captured her, and, putting the unfortunate crew on board their own shattered vessel, made their way home in the prize.

We now come to the first of a long series of voyages, conducted by able and experienced navigators, whose discoveries in that hitherto unknown region have thrown lustre on their names.

Martin Frobisher, who afterwards distinguished himself by his exploits in all quarters of the globe, gained his early fame by battling with the ice and storms of those northern seas. In the year 1576 he sailed in command of three small barks of 35, 30, and 10 tons respectively. Going west, he sighted a long line of coast, probably that of Labrador; an impassable barrier of ice, however, preventing him from landing, he continued on till he reached a more accessible shore, where numerous natives were seen. Frobisher having landed, by the distribution of presents won their confidence, and several were induced to come on board the ships. This was the first time the English had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Esquimaux. Frobisher describes them as like to Tartars, with long black hair, broad faces, and flat noses, having boats of sealskin, with a keel of wood within the skin. Unhappily five seamen going on shore ventured among a large body of natives, and were made prisoners. In vain the captain sought for them; they were never allowed to return, and were supposed to have been murdered. To the land he had discovered he gave the title of Meta Incognita. Though he returned home without making any further discoveries, he was favourably received. The most important object he had brought with him was a large stone, which had a glittering appearance. A small portion which he had given to a lady happening to drop into the fire, it appeared, after burning a short time, to glitter like gold, and the goldsmiths pronounced it a valuable ore of the most precious of metals.

Frobisher had now no longer any difficulty in equipping another expedition. Elizabeth, who was then on the throne, furnished him with a ship of 180 tons, called the *Ayde*, and he was enabled to fit out two other vessels of 30 tons each, the *Michael* and *Gabriel*. With these he sailed in May 1577

with a "merrie wind," and after touching at the Orkneys, and sighting the inaccessible and snow-covered mountains of Friesland, sailed across to Labrador. Here Frobisher and some of his people landed, and attempted to capture two of the natives, hoping by presents and good usage to gain their friendship. One was seized, on which his companions drew their bows, and an arrow wounded the captain in the leg. They reached the boat, and with their captive pulled away amid the crashing fragments of ice. Meantime a dreadful tempest springing up, the ships were nearly driven off the coast. Happily they kept their ground, or Frobisher and his party would probably have shared the fate of those on the previous voyage. He, however, returned on board, carrying with him a large store of glittering stone, which greatly raised the spirits of his crews. The ships then sailed on, and entered the sound they had visited the previous year. Reaching the place where his people had been captured, he made every attempt to recover them; but the natives exhibited a treacherous disposition, and used every device to entrap the explorers. Finding all their artifices fail, a large band, numbering fully a hundred, rushed down on the English, and discharged their arrows with the greatest fury. Fortunately no injury was inflicted, and Frobisher humanely forbade his crews to land and attack the barbarians.

Towards the end of August, the ice beginning to form round the ships, he took on board two hundred tons of the precious mineral and returned home.

Special commissioners having been appointed to ascertain both the quality of the shining substance and the probability of effecting a voyage to India, made so favourable a report that it was determined to fit out a larger squadron, and to send on board of it a party of men to found a colony in the country which had been discovered. It consisted of no less than fifteen vessels, which sailed from Harwich on the 31st May, 1578. The materials for building a house were sent out distributed among several vessels, a considerable portion

being on board the *Dennis*, one of the largest of the ships. On reaching Frobisher's Straits, the fleet, when beset with icebergs, encountered a heavy gale, during which the *Dennis* received so many terrible blows from masses of ice that she sank almost immediately, her crew being with difficulty saved by another ship.

Frobisher having lost much time in sailing up a sound, which was discovered not to be the one he had before entered, did not reach his purposed haven in the depths of the north till the summer season had well-nigh come to an end. The house being destroyed, and no adequate provisions for a hundred men during a whole year remaining, he was compelled to abandon the idea of forming a settlement, and his officers and crews having set their minds on returning home, he steered for England, which his scattered fleet, considerably damaged, ultimately reached.

Seven years afterwards John Davis, a sagacious and bold seaman, was placed in command of two small vessels, the *Sunshine* and *Moonshine*. He came first in sight of the coast of Greenland, which towered aloft through the fog, the top of the mountains covered with snow, the shore beset with ice, making such irksome noise that it was called the Land of Desolation. Sailing along this dreary shore, he at last landed on an island off it with two companions. Mounting a rock they were seen by some natives, who raised a lamentable noise with loud outcries like the howling of wolves. On this Davis and his companions struck up a high note, so modulated that it might both amuse the savages and act as a signal to his own crew. Thereon a party of the latter landed well armed, yet with a band playing, and dancing to it with the most inviting signs of friendship. So successful was this plan that ten canoes hastened from the other islands, and the people collected round the strangers and tried to address them. At first they showed many signs of alarm, but on being presented with caps, stockings, clothes, and other articles, their fears gave place to the most cordial amity.

A favourable breeze compelled Davis to continue his course without further communication with these natives. After proceeding a considerable distance along the west coast of Greenland, winter compelled him to return. The next year he again sailed in the *Mermaid*, of 120 tons, a pinnace being added to his little squadron. He first touched at the place where he had been received in so friendly a manner by the natives; they, however, shortly exhibited a propensity to steal everything they could lay hands on, and he was compelled to put a stop to all intercourse between them and his crew. Again proceeding up the Straits to which his name has been given, he coasted southward, passing the entrance to Hudson's Bay without perceiving it, till he reached the shores of Labrador. They were seen to be crowded with innumerable flocks of gulls and seamews, and the water so abounded in fish that, though they had but indifferent tackle, in the running of an hour-glass the crew caught a hundred cod. On his arrival in England he had some difficulty in obtaining command of a third expedition. However, supported by a liberal friend, Mr. Sanderson, he fitted out the *Sunshine* with the *Elizabeth* and a small pinnace. He again passed across the entrance to Hudson's Bay, supposing it to be only the mouth of an extended gulf, and once more returned home without having found the looked-for passage.

We will pass over the voyage of Captain George Weymouth and that of John Knight, despatched in the years 1602 and 1606, to look for the much wished-for passage to the lands of gold; and now the brave Hudson appears as the leader of a fresh expedition. He was to make more important discoveries in his little vessel of 55 tons, provisioned only for six months, than any of his predecessors. He sailed from the Thames on the 17th April, 1610, and, touching at the Orkney and Faroe Islands, he arrived off the eastern part of Iceland, proceeding westward along the coast till he came in sight of Hecla, then vomiting forth mighty flames and sending torrents of fire down

its snowy sides—a circumstance to try the courage of the hardy mariners. Steering onward, they found themselves in a broad channel, the navigation of which was greatly impeded by masses of ice in various forms, while often they were enveloped in thick fogs, during which they had to fasten their vessels to the floes. Many of his crew grew sick from fear of the dangers they were encountering. At length he reached a broad opening having a cape on each side, to one of which he gave the name of Wolstenholme, and to the other that of Sir Dudley Digges, the patrons of the voyage. Proceeding along this channel, to his joy he saw the coast on either side separate, while before him was a wide ocean to which no termination could be discovered, and probably he conceived it to be a portion of the mighty Pacific of which he was in search. It was in reality that large inland sea which has been justly called after him Hudson's Bay. His crew, from the first inclined to mutiny, had become much discontented. He still persevered in sailing onwards, keeping the shore on his left, which he considered the western boundary of America, and he undoubtedly hoped before long to reach some cultivated land in a temperate region, where he might take up his winter quarters. At length November arriving the ice closed in on all sides, and it became necessary to make preparations for spending the cheerless winter at the point they had then reached. The crew, not without reason, began to fear that their provisions would fall short. Hudson, therefore, took active measures to obtain a fresh supply, and no less than a hundred dozen of white partridges were caught. In the spring a flock of geese, swans, ducks, and teal passed by, and when the sea opened numbers of fish were caught. The brave leader had undoubtedly hoped as the season advanced to proceed southwards, and reach the wealthy regions of which he was in search; but the sailors had set their hearts on returning home, and ringleaders were soon found to head the mutineers. They waited till the 21s June, 1611, when at daybreak, as the captain appeared

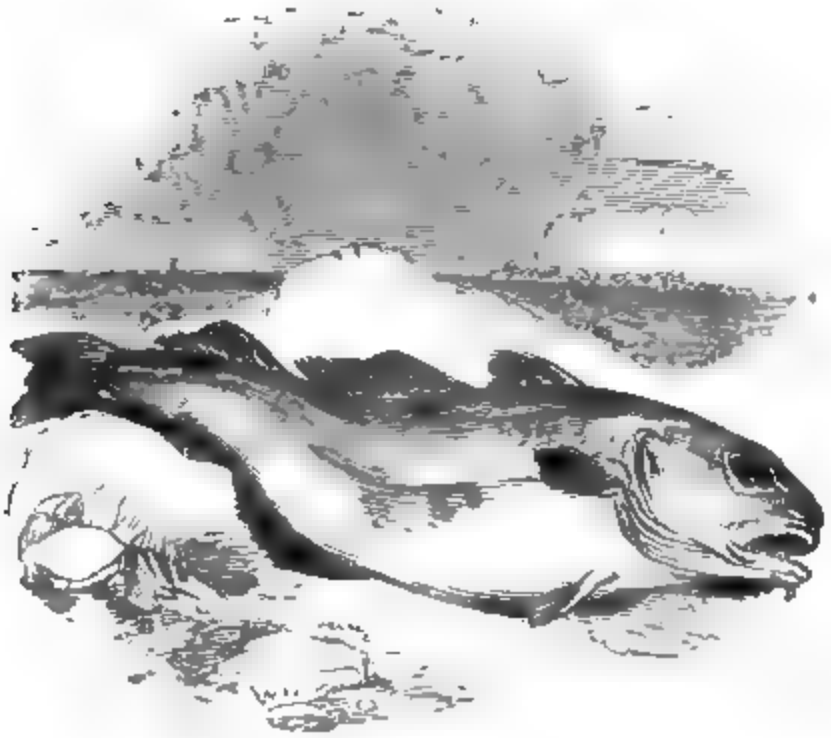
from his cabin, he was seized, and his hands bound behind his back. On inquiring what was meant, the mutineers told him that he should know when he was in the boat. The carpenter, who was one of the commander's adherents, was also attacked, and he, with several others, as well as some infirm and sick sailors, were placed in the shallop alongside. The carpenter's chest, with some powder and shot, was thrown in after them, and scarcely was this done than the rope was cut, the vessel's topsail was set, and the great navigator was

THE WHISTLING SWAN.

abandoned to his fate. He undoubtedly perished on those desolate shores, for he was never more heard of. On the passage all the leaders of the mutineers, with the exception of one, lost their lives in an encounter with a large band of natives. On their return voyage the remainder of the crew suffered fearfully from famine, the sole survivor of the ringleaders in the atrocious conspiracy sinking under the privations to which they were exposed. The last fowl was in the pickle-tub, and the crew were becoming nearly

desperate, when they came in sight of the north of Ireland.

The news brought home by Hudson's ship was the cause of another expedition being despatched the following year, and placed under the command of a brave officer, Sir Thomas Button. He sailed up Hudson's Strait, and advancing forward, expected that the first land he should see would be that of Japan. Great was his disappointment, when land appeared in sight stretching north



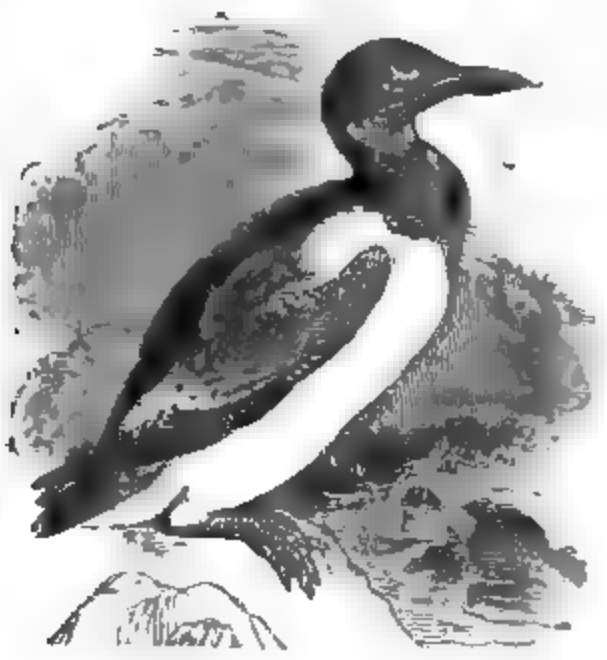
THE COD.

and south, and barring all further progress. He was soon compelled to seek for winter quarters, and return home next year. Although the expected opening had not been found, the adventurers who had sent forth these various expeditions were not discouraged. They now fitted out another of which the celebrated Baffin, and Belot, who had sailed with Hudson, were the commanders.

Their instructions were no longer to attempt the passage by Hudson's Bay, but to enter Davis's Straits, and push due

north till they reached latitude 80°, then, turning to the westward, to round if possible the extreme point of America, and to bear down upon Japan. This voyage was productive of the most memorable discoveries which had yet been made.

Sailing up Davis's Straits, they proceeded due north, till they discovered a sound, which was named after Sir Thomas Smith, one of the chief patrons of the expedition. It was found to abound in whales, and here great astonishment was caused by the extraordinary aberration of the



THE GUILLEMOT.

needle, to which nothing similar had ever before been witnessed. Near the entrance to the sound was an island denominated Hakluyt, after a venerable recorder of early English discoveries.

Baffin was little aware of the importance of this opening. It is through Smith's Sound that the chief hopes are now entertained that a passage may be found into the Polar Seas, and I would therefore especially draw the attention of my readers to it. Proceeding southwards along the western boundary of this great sea, the next fair sound

received the name of Jones, from a liberal Alderman, an encourager of the enterprise, and when in latitude 74°, Baffin arrived at another broad opening, which was called Sir James Lancaster's Sound, up which since then numerous exploring ships have made their way for the same object which Baffin had in view. On his return home, he expressed his decided opinion that the great sea he had traversed was enclosed on all sides, and afforded no opening into any ocean to the westward. His judgment, which we now know to be wrong, was received, and the great sea was named after him Baffin's Bay. The report he brought, however, of the number of seals, who were seen sleeping in vast numbers on the surface of the waters without fear of the ship, or anything else, induced numerous whalers to resort to Davis's Straits. Not, however, till of comparatively late years have they ventured into the higher latitudes, where whales more especially abound.

SECTION IV.

THE ESQUIMAUX OR INNUITS.

I have not stopped to describe the inhabitants of the northern regions which our countrymen visited, though frequent mention is made of them in their journals.

Though unattractive in appearance as they present themselves in their winter dress of fur, their broad faces besmeared with dirt and oil, their cheek-bones so high that the nose scarcely projects beyond them, yet they are an intelligent, clever, and merry race. As both men and women dress much alike, it is difficult to distinguish them at a little distance. Both sexes wear trousers, and jackets with a large hood, which can either be turned over the head, or allowed to fall on the shoulders. The jacket of the man hangs halfway down his leg behind, and is cut away in front just below the waist, something in shape,

indeed, like an ordinary modern coat. It is generally made of deer's hide, and lined with white fur. Under this coat is another of lighter material, having the furry side turned inwards. Their boots are also made of fur. In the winter, the Esquimaux first puts on a pair with the fur inwards, then waterproof slippers of sealskin, then another pair of boots, and lastly high sealskin shoes.

The women employ much of their time in the pleasant operation of chewing and milling the soles, in order to keep them flexible; indeed they treat other parts of their dress in the same way. The woman's hood is of enormous size, as it serves the purpose of a cradle, in which she carries her child till it is nearly three years old. Her boots are far larger than those of her lord and master, and more resemble sacks. They are secured to the girdle by a broad strap, and are a receptacle for all sorts of portable property—food included—so that when she moves she waddles in a curious manner, often keeping her feet wide apart, and is compelled to swing one foot round the other in order to advance.

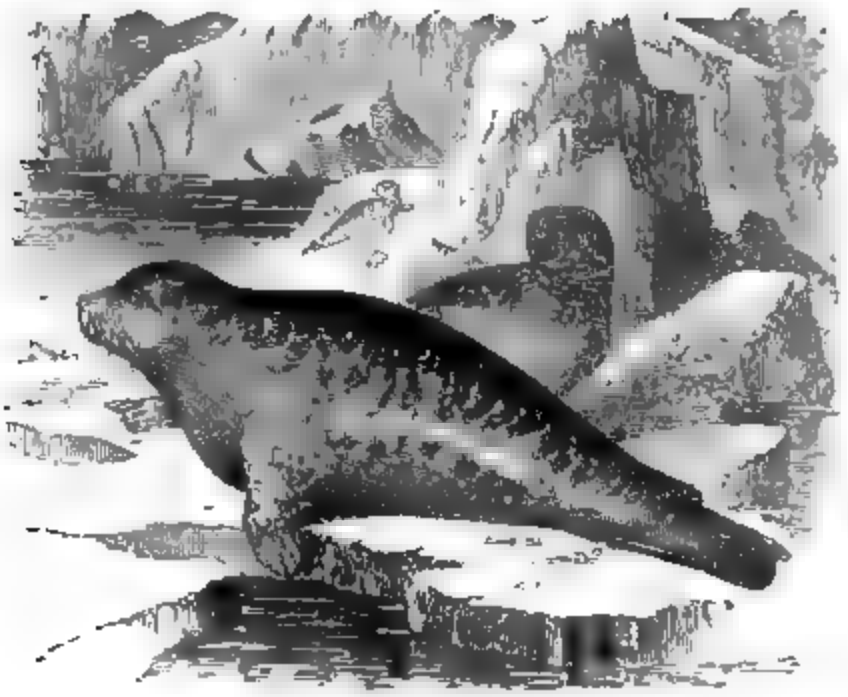
The women tattoo their faces, and a considerable portion of their persons, with various patterns. It is done by passing a blackened thread under the skin, beginning each stich at the place where the last ceases.

The men wear their hair short over the forehead, but allow the side locks to grow to their full length, when they are tied in a knot over the head. The women plait theirs, and make it into two large tails, with a piece of bone in each to serve as a stiffener, round which a narrow strip of hide is spirally bound with the fur outwards.

These curious people call themselves Innuits, or, literally, "the people;" the name of Esquimaux, by which they are known to Europeans, not being acknowledged by them. They are the most persevering and the most expert of hunters. Let us follow an Esquimaux in mid-winter in search of seals.

The hunter walks over the surface of the ice, the seal

is in the water below it; but the latter being a mammal he breathes atmospheric air, consequently, when the ice is forming, it makes for itself certain breathing holes, which it carefully keeps open. They are not more than two inches in diameter, and do not penetrate through the coating of snow. The hunter's dog is trained to discover these holes. His master, when the dog points it out, pierces the snow with the butt-end of his harpoon, till he finds the hole. He then seats himself close to it, or else along a hummock



COMMON SEALS.

which may be near to the spot, with his harpoon ready in his hand. Here he patiently waits till he hears the blowing of the seal, when quick as lightning he drives his harpoon into the hole, and seldom fails to secure his prey. As the seal may have several breathing holes, the hunter often has to wait many hours; and Captain Hall, the American explorer, describes one of his friends who sat watching a seal-hole for two and a half days and two nights, without either sleep or food. The female seal, when about to produce her young, forms a dome-like chamber in the ice, leaving

the snow above it as a roof. This abode is called an *igloo*. Here the young is born, and remains until the sun melts away the snow, by which time the creature can take care of itself.

The dogs scent out these seal igloos, the hunter following throws himself on the snow, and, breaking down the roof, thrusts his sealing-hook into the igloo, and drags out the

ESQUIMAUX WATCHING FOR A SEAL.

young seal. He then fastens a long line to one of the hind flippers, and allows it to slip into the water below in the hope of catching the mother as she comes to its assistance.

The Esquimaux build their winter habitations after the model of these seal igloos of snow. They are constructed

with extraordinary rapidity. Each dwelling is about fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter, and six or seven feet in height. Blocks of snow are first beaten into shape, and placed one upon another; they are about six inches in thickness, and a couple of feet in length, and carefully pared with a large knife. The finishing of the arch is per-

ESQUIMAUX BUILDING SNOW HUTS.

formed in a workmanlike manner, the key-piece of the top being a large square slab. The workmen who stand within, when the building is completed make a passage out for themselves, which serves as the door. Light is admitted by a broad piece of transparent, fresh-water ice, placed in the roof over the door. The building of such a house occupies

a couple of men about an hour or two, one cutting the slabs, and the other laying them. At the further end are raised places, used as beds, and covered first with whalebone, then with sprigs of Andromeda or pieces of sealskin, and over this are spread deer-skin clothes and deer-pelts, which are used as blankets. In the centre is a mound of snow to support a lamp and cooking apparatus; over this is erected a slight scaffold, to which hangs a rudely made net. In this net are thrown the clothes and other articles which require drying. The lamp is an oval-shaped dish of stone, round the edge of which is ranged a long wick made of moss. Oil is poured into it, and a quantity of blubber is hung up over the centre of the lamp, which as it melts keeps up the supply. The oil is produced in the first place by chewing blubber, and the women who perform the task have the knack of expressing it without allowing a drop of moisture to mix with the oil. Occasionally, when snow is scarce, the igloo is made of ice. Such a house when first made is so transparent that the inmates can be seen through the walls. A tunnel, or passage, leads to the door, and generally several sealskins are hung up at intervals to prevent the entrance of the cold. The interior of these abodes is so warm that the inhabitants throw off their clothing when within them, and their beds, when covered with the usual amount of skins, are warm in the extreme.

The weapons employed by the Esquimaux are admirably adapted to the object he has in view. As no trees grow in his land, he eagerly seeks for the drift-wood washed on shore. With what he thus obtains he constructs the shafts of his harpoon and spears. The skin of the walrus supplies him with material for his lines, and with the tusks of the same animal he forms the barbed heads of his weapons.

With his harpoon in hand he ventures to attack a whole herd of the savage walrus. When a party of hunters discover a number of the animals sleeping on a sheet of ice, they look out for a fragment sufficiently large to support several men.

ESQUIMAUX ATTACKING WALRUS.

Lifting their canoes upon it, they bore holes, to which they secure their harpoon lines; they then silently paddle their ice-raft towards the spot where the drowsy walruses are sleeping. Two men are appointed to attack each walrus, and at a sign from their leader all the harpoons are hurled together. The whole herd instantly roll themselves into the sea, when the wounded animals being attached to the raft are allowed to tow it about till they become exhausted, and are then easily killed with the spears. In the summer time the Esquimaux chases the seal in his light kyack. His harpoon is considerably longer and lighter than that used when hunting on the ice; it is therefore attached to a float made of a leathern bag inflated with air. It is fastened to the shaft, and just below it one end of the harpoon line is secured—the other being made fast to the head of the weapon.

Immediately the seal is struck, the shaft separates from the head, and the float, acting as a drag, impedes the movements of the animal, so that the hunter can quickly overtake it and drive another harpoon into its body.

As seals when killed in the water rapidly sink, the float enables the hunter to haul the creature on board. Light as is his canoe, he contrives to drag the body of the seal upon the deck, and balances it so equally, that he is enabled, in spite of the heaving waves, to paddle homewards with his cargo.

The Esquimaux canoe is sharply pointed at both ends. It consists of a slight framework of wood and whalebone, over which is stretched a covering of skins. In the middle there is a hole just large enough to admit the body of a man, who, taking his seat, gathers the skin together and draws it round his waist, so that no water can find its way within. These canoes are about twenty-five feet in length, and are so light that a man can carry one from his hut, on the top of which he generally keeps it, to the water.

The paddle is a double one, and is held in the middle, the ends being alternately used; it serves also to enable

the paddler to balance his light bark. The women have a totally different style of boat, called the *oomiak*, which is sufficiently large to convey a number of persons and their goods. It is something like a huge skin trough, being straight-sided, square-ended, and flat-bottomed. The frame-work is of wood and whalebone, and it is covered with sealskins from which the hair has been taken off.

Hall describes an extraordinary feat which the Esquimaux occasionally perform with their kyacks. "One of the Esquimaux turned somersaults in the water seated in his kyack. Over and over he and his kyack went till we cried 'enough,' and yet he wetted only his hands and face. This is a feat performed only by a few. It requires great skill and strength to do it. One miss of the stroke made by the paddle as the performer is turning over, when his head and body are under water, might terminate fatally. No one will attempt this feat, however, unless a companion in his kyack is near. The next feat I witnessed was nearly as curious. An Esquimaux ran his kyack, while seated in it, completely over another kyack. Getting some distance off, he struck briskly, and pushed forward. In an instant he was over, having struck the upturned peak of his own kyack nearly amidships and at right angles of the other. These feats were rewarded with a few plugs of tobacco." To perform the first feat thus described, the paddler sees that the skin covering is firmly tied round his waist, and that his neck and wrists are well secured; he then suddenly flings himself violently to one side, thus capsizing the kyack and burying himself under water. With a powerful stroke of his paddle he turns himself and his canoe over, and brings himself upright again. A skilful performer will thus turn over some twenty times, almost as fast as the eye can follow him."

SECTION V.

RECENT NORTH-WEST VOYAGES.

I will now give a brief account of the voyages to the north-west, undertaken in modern times preceding the last fatal expedition under Sir John Franklin.

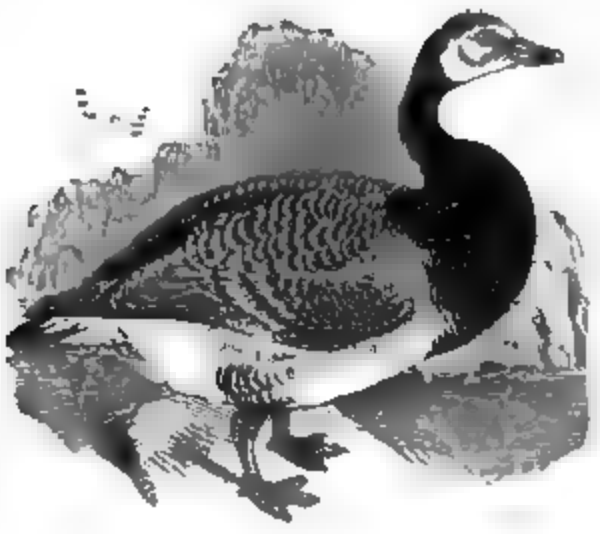
Up to the year 1818 but little further knowledge had been gained of the two great sheets of water which bear the names of Hudson's Bay and Baffin's Bay, than their discoverers had afforded. It was generally believed, indeed, that they were merely deep bays penetrating into a vast northern continent.

Sir John Barrow, who had applied to the subject the powers of his vigorous judgment, held that there were numerous facts indicating a communication between the Greenland Sea and the Pacific Ocean. At his instigation, in the above-named year two expeditions were fitted out; one under Captain Buchan, who steered eastward, has already been described; the other was sent out for the purpose of attempting to penetrate westward from Baffin's Bay through any opening which might be found.

Two vessels were commissioned for the purpose; the *Isabella*, under Captain John Ross, and the *Alexander*, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Parry, who hereafter became one of the most successful of Arctic explorers. Mr. Hoppner, the same officer who had been wrecked in the *Alceste*, sailed with him as lieutenant; John Sachaeuse, an Esquimaux, who had been taken to England when young, and educated, accompanied Captain Ross as interpreter.

Proceeding through Davis's Straits, the ships forced their way amid the ice along the coast of Greenland, touching at various places. At one, a number of natives were induced to come on board, and, being treated with coffee and biscuits, their confidence was won, and they commenced dancing at the instigation of Sachaeuse, he himself entering

into the amusement with the greatest glee. Further on another tribe was met with, living in a mountainous region, who appeared to have no communication with other Esquimaux; they had no canoes of any sort, but possessed sledges drawn by large and powerful teams of dogs. Their country also affords iron, which they flatten by sharp stones, and form with it knives far more efficient than those formed of bone by the neighbouring hordes. Unlike other tribes they acknowledge a king, who rules with a gentle sway, and they described him as strong, very good, and much beloved.

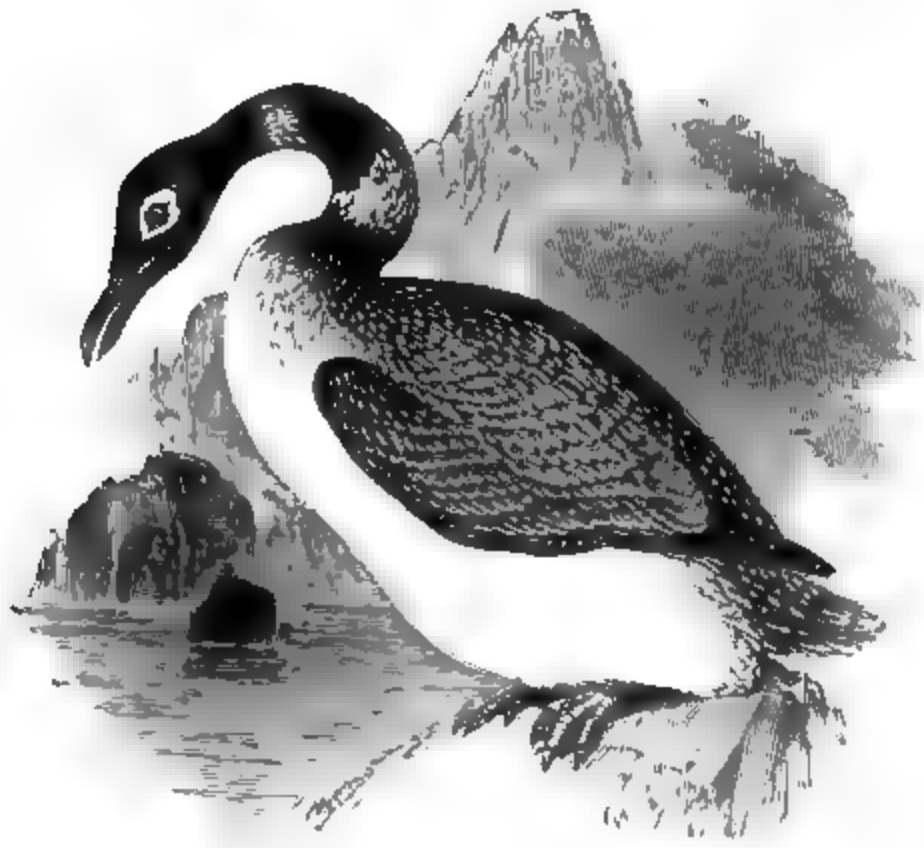


THE BERWICLE GOOSE.

Captain Ross gave to this district the name of the Arctic Highlands.

A singular physical feature was noticed on the part of the coast near Cape Dudley Digges. The snow on the face of the cliffs was apparently stained by some substance which gave it a deep crimson colour. The snow was penetrated in many places to a depth of ten or twelve feet by the colouring matter. A variety of birds abound in those regions. A number of the little auk were captured, which afforded a welcome supply of fresh food, two boats from the *Isabella* between them bringing back 1,500, while those sent from the *Alexander* were nearly as successful.

After making a very cursory examination of Smith's and Jones's Sounds, Ross reached the extensive inlet which had been named by Baffin Lancaster Sound. The weather was generally very foggy, but during a short time when it cleared up, Captain Ross fancied he saw a lofty range in the distance



THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

stretching completely across it, which he called the Croker Mountains. Lieutenant Parry, however, differed from the captain, and much regret was expressed that an opening so spacious and favourable in respect to western discovery had been abruptly quitted.

Having made no fresh discoveries, Captain Ross returned home.

First Voyage of Parry.

The Admiralty, convinced that more was to be accomplished in that direction than hitherto, fitted out another expedition in 1819, consisting of two ships. The *Hecla* was placed under the command of Lieutenant Parry, who had Mr. Beechey as his lieutenant. One of his midshipmen was James Clarke Ross, a nephew of Captain Ross, and who was hereafter to gain fame as an explorer both in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas. Captain Sabine, the astronomer, was also on board the *Hecla*. The second vessel was the *Griper*, commanded by Lieutenant Liddon, with whom Mr. Hoppner again sailed as lieutenant.

The ships met with the ice in Davis's Straits about the 20th June; and pushing their way onward, first northward and then to the west, they at last reached Lancaster Sound. Sailing up it, by the 4th August they had got three degrees to the westward of where, on the previous year, Captain Ross had laid down the supposed Croker Mountains. The strait Parry had thus so successfully reached was named after Sir John Barrow.

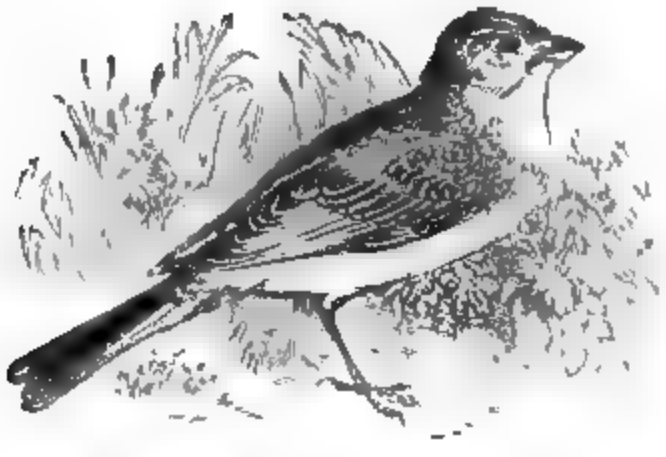
Finding it impossible to penetrate through a compact body of ice which appeared to the north, he directed his course to the southward through a magnificent inlet, now named Regent Inlet. He was, however, again compelled by a barrier of ice to return northward.

After this he discovered a fine and broad inlet leading to the north, which he called Wellington Sound, after the great Duke. He would have sailed up it had not another channel opened out leading due west, and so high were the hopes of all the officers that they had little doubt that this would conduct them into the Polar Sea.

On the 1st September he discovered an extensive island, to which he gave the name of Melville Island. A number of reindeer and musk-oxen were seen, as also tracks of bears, oxen, and deer in large quantities; the burrows of

foxes and field-mice were observed, and numerous flocks of snow-bunting, geese, and ducks, and several ptarmigan.

On the 4th September he crossed the meridian of 110°



THE YELLOW BUNTING.

west, in latitude 74° 44′ 20″, by which the expedition became entitled to the reward of 5,000*l.*, which had been granted by an Order in Council to encourage attempts to

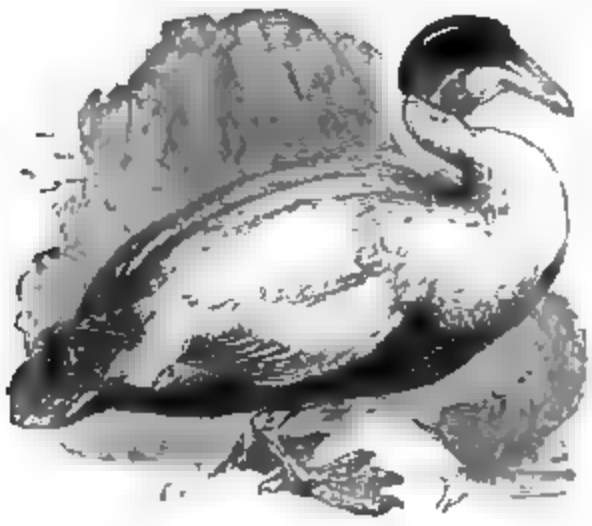
THE PTARMIGAN.

find a north-west passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As they coasted along more animals were seen.

As winter approached serious dangers were encountered. The *Griper* was forced on the beach, and was for some time in a most critical position. Lieutenant Liddon, who was

ill in his cabin, refused to allow himself to be removed to the *Hecla*, declaring that he would be the last to leave the ship. Happily she was got off without injury.

On the 23d September they anchored off the mouth of a harbour which promised to afford them shelter, and the crews at once set to work to cut a channel two and a half miles in length, to a berth where it was hoped that the ships might remain free from the pressure of the ice from without. It was completed in three days, and the vessels tracked through it. They were then unrigged, and everything made snug and secure for passing the winter. To amuse and employ the people plays were acted, a newspaper set on

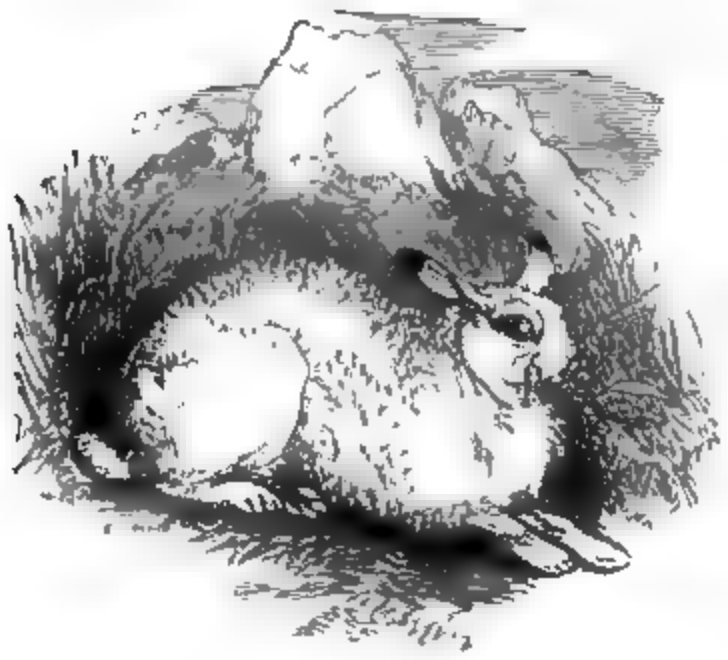


THE EIDER DUCK.

foot, and a school established. A fresh play was performed every fortnight; sometimes the officers, sometimes the men, were the actors. Their theatre was the quarter-deck, where the cold was often as low as freezing-point, except close to the stoves, where it was a little higher. Banks of snow were piled up round the ships to assist in keeping them warm. A storehouse was also erected on shore, which was used as an observatory. Unhappily, on the 24th February, a fire broke out within it. As no water was to be obtained the only means of subduing the flames was by throwing snow upon them. This, however, produced no effect except

covering up the astronomical instruments, which were thus saved.

Several of the men suffered severely from frost-bites, and Captain Sabine's servant, John Smith of the Artillery, in his anxiety to save the dipping needle, ran out with it, neglecting to put on his gloves. So completely was animation suspended in his fingers, that, on being taken on board, having his hands plunged into a basin of cold water, the surface of the water was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus



THE ALPINE HARE.

communicated to it, and it became necessary to amputate several of his fingers.

Excursions were made in various directions, when many of the men engaged in them suffered from snow-blindness. The sensation when it came on was like that felt when dust gets into the eye. By covering up their eyes the sufferers recovered in the course of two or three days.

Captain Parry led the longest excursion to survey the coasts of the island. They had provisions for three weeks; two tents, wood for fuel, and other articles, weighing in all

about eight hundred pounds; these were drawn by the men on a cart, the officers carrying their own knapsacks, and guns, and ammunition. They travelled by night for the sake of enjoying a warmer atmosphere during sleep, when each man, in addition to the clothes he wore, had but a single blanket to cover him.

By the 1st August, the ships, which had been warped out

WINTER QUARTERS.

of their winter quarters, got clear of the harbour. It was now that they had an opportunity of observing the tremendous pressure of the ice. One piece forty-two feet thick, and three times that in length and breadth, was forced upon its edge on the top of another piece of ice, and along the shore numerous hummocks of ice, fifty or sixty feet thick,

were piled upon the beach. The stoutest ship that was ever built must inevitably have been crushed to pieces if exposed to such pressure.

Parties landed at several places, when a number of hares and glaucous gulls were shot; as were two musk bulls and other animals.

The inlets to the south and west being perfectly blocked up with ice, Parry announced to his officers and crew on the 30th August that he had resolved to return to England. The ships reached Baffin's Bay on the 5th of September, where the news of the death of George the Third and the Duke of Kent was received. Great fears had been entertained for the safety of the explorers, as no less than eleven vessels had been lost in the ice the previous year.

Second Voyage of Parry, 1821—1823.

The Admiralty, satisfied with the sagacity and enterprise exhibited by Captain Parry, a few months after his return gave him the command of the *Fury* and *Hecla*, when most of the officers who had been on the previous expedition again accompanied him. On board the *Fury* F. R. N. Crozier made his first voyage to Arctic seas as a midshipman. Commander Lyon had charge of the *Hecla*, with Mr. Hoppner as his first lieutenant, and Mr. E. J. Bird, who was afterwards to become a leader in Arctic expeditions, was among the midshipmen.

Captain Parry, instead of, as he had before done, sailing up Baffin's Bay, received instructions to proceed to Hudson Straits, and to penetrate westward through Repulse Bay, or any other opening he might find to the northward. At the entrance of the Straits they were thickly beset with ice, and when off Resolution Island they fell in with three of the Hudson Bay Company's traders, conveying a hundred and sixty Dutchmen and women who were proceeding to settle on Lord Selkirk's estate at the Red River. The settlers

were seen waltzing on deck for about two hours, the men dressed in an old-fashioned grey jacket, while the women wore long-eared mobbed caps. As the thermometer was at the freezing point this ball *al fresco* afforded much amusement.

The two ships were a long time making their way up the Straits. On their passage they fell in with numerous parties of natives, who came alongside, shouting, yelling, and laughing, and were soon engaged in an active barter with the crews. The fiddler was sent on to the ice, where he immediately found a delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Shortly, everyone on the floe, officers and men and savages, were dancing together, exhibiting a most extraordinary sight.

White whales were seen as the ship sailed on, lying in hundreds close to the rocks.

By the 22nd July, the ships got well in to Repulse Bay, which was thoroughly examined. The waters of a long cove within it were absolutely hidden by the quantity of young eider ducks, which, under the directions of their mothers, were making their first essays in swimming. After making great exertions to get through the strait, they were driven back to the very spot in Foxe's Channel where a month before they had commenced their operations.

A considerable number of animals of all kinds were killed in this neighbourhood. The crew of the *Hecla* in one fortnight procured forty deer, forty hares, eighty-two ptarmigans, fifty ducks, three divers, three foxes, three ravens, four seals, besides ermines, marmosets, and mice. Two of the seals were of enormous size, weighing eight or nine hundredweight.

The ice forming around them, the ships were brought into a harbour called Lyon Inlet, in an island to which the name of Winter Isle was given. Preparations were now at once made for passing the winter. As on the previous voyage, a school was established, and plays were acted every fortnight. The theatre opened for the season with the

Rivals, Captain Parry taking the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, Captain Lyon that of Captain Absolute, and Lieutenant Crozier that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. This was followed by the *Poor Gentleman*. In the scene where Lieutenant Worthington and Corporal Foss recount their former achievements and adventures, huzzaing for old England, the whole audience with one accord rose and gave three most hearty cheers. In the green-room, which was as much

THE NARWHAL.

warmed as any other part of the theatre, the thermometer stood at 16°, and on a table which was placed over the stove, and about six inches above it, the coffee froze in the cups.

The explorers, however, did not employ their time solely in amusements. During an expedition, when a sledge and tent were taken, the party were subjected to the most fearful danger of being frozen to death, the thermometer being at 32° below zero. The tent was so cold that they found it necessary to dig a cavern in the snow to sleep in.

Having but one spade it was passed from one to the other, that each might thus have an opportunity of warming himself.

Having dug it of sufficient size to contain them all in a sitting posture, they managed, by making a fire in the centre, to raise the temperature to 20°, when they crept into their blanket bags and tried to sleep, thinking it very probable that the roof might fall in, and that they should have with their single spade to work their way through the drift of snow collected above them during the night.

THE MUSK OX.

The next morning the sledge was so embedded in the snow that they were unable to get at it, and leaving that with the tent and luggage behind, they set out with only a few pounds of bread, a little rum, and their spade.

Unable to ascertain in what direction to proceed, they wandered about among the heavy hummocks of ice till they became completely bewildered.

"Several of our party," writes Captain Lyon, "now began to exhibit symptoms of that horrid kind of insensibility which is the prelude to sleep; all professed extreme willing-

ness to do what they were told, in order to keep in exercise, but none obeyed; on the contrary, they reeled about like drunken men. The faces of several were severely frost-bitten, yet they made not the slightest exertion to rub the part affected, and even discontinued their general custom of warming each other on observing a discoloration of the skin. The case of one man, half of the side of whose face was frozen as hard as a mask, the eyelids stiff, and one corner of the upper lip drawn up so as to expose the teeth and gums, was truly alarming. My hands being still warm,

THE ARCTIC FOX.

I had the happiness of restoring circulation. He was so weak that I expected every moment he would lie down never to rise again. Every piece of ice, or even of small rock or stone, was supposed to be the ships, and we had great difficulty in preventing the men from running to the different objects which attracted them, and consequently losing themselves in the drift. A path was at length discovered, which to our infinite joy we found led to the ships."

On another occasion, many of the party were struck with snow-blindness, their faces, eyes, and even heads, being

much swollen and very red. Bathing would have afforded relief, but the snow did not produce a drop of water. Thus they had to remain till the evening of the following day, when by breaking pieces of ice, and placing them in full glare of the sun, sufficient water was obtained to enable the sick to bathe their faces, which so far restored them that they were fit the following day to resume their journey.

By the end of June a canal was cut through the ice, 2,400 feet long, and varying in breadth from sixty to nearly two hundred feet. The average thickness of the ice was four feet, but in some places as much as twelve feet. They were expecting to be free the following day; when by a

THE MALLARD.

movement of the ice outside, as morning broke they found that their hard-wrought canal was filled up, and that they were as firmly imprisoned as ever. On the 2nd July, however, after being frozen in for two hundred and sixty-seven days, they were able to put to sea with a fresh breeze. Their dangers were not over. The following day the ice came down on the *Hecla* with such force as to carry her on board the *Fury*, and on the 4th the pressure caused the *Hecla* to break adrift from three hawsers. Four or five men, while endeavouring to run out a hawser, were each on separate pieces of ice carried away from the ship. Providentially, soon afterwards the heavy pressure again closed up the loose ice, and enabled them to return

on board, or they must have been carried away by the stream to certain destruction.

On the 14th they reached the Island of Amitiske, which had been described by one of their Esquimaux friends as situated near the strait which they had reason to believe would lead them into the Polar Sea. Here they saw an immense herd of walruses lying piled over each other on the loose drift ice. A boat's crew from each ship was sent to attack them, but the animals, some with their cubs mounted on their backs, made the most desperate resistance, keeping their assailants at bay. One of them, rushing forward, tore

THE MARTEN.

the planks of a boat in several places, and very nearly sank her. Three, indeed, only were killed.

Pushing on, they saw a strait stretching westward before them in long perspective, but their hopes were soon bitterly disappointed, when the ice was discovered extending in one unbroken sheet across it from shore to shore. This passage was named the Fury and Hecla Strait. Hoping to be able to force the ships through, Captain Parry undertook an expedition along the frozen surface of the strait; and, climbing a bold cape, saw a wide passage opening out to the west, inducing him to believe that he beheld before him the Polar Sea. He had just regained the ships when the ice began to break into various rents and fissures, and soon entirely dis-

appearing, the vessels floated in open water. With a brisk breeze he therefore stood on, when at the end of five days it was announced from the crow's nest that ice in a continuous field occupied the whole breadth of the channel. As it was found, however, to be rotten, he determined to try and force the ships through it. With all canvas set, they had proceeded three or four hundred yards, when they stuck, and during the whole season were unable to make the slightest advance. With great difficulty they were at length extricated, and proceeded to the neighbouring harbour of Igloolik, into which, by the usual operation of sawing, they forced their way.

THE CANADA LYNX.

Here they remained for the winter. During this time they held much friendly intercourse with the natives, and a considerable amount of information regarding the customs and habits of the Esquimaux was obtained. The spring was unusually severe, and it was not till the 7th August that, by sawing for a considerable distance, the ships were enabled to reach the open sea.

Parry had come to the resolution to send the *Hecla* home, and by taking such stores and provisions as could be spared from her on board the *Fury*, with her alone to brave a third winter in the Polar regions; but scurvy breaking out among the crew, he was compelled to abandon his bold design.

The ships, for twenty-four days, were drifted about in a stormy sea covered with ice, running every instant the risk of destruction, when at last, getting free, favoured by a westerly wind, they crossed the Atlantic, and arrived off Lerwick, in Shetland, on the 10th October, 1823, their friends there having given them up for lost.

Parry's Third Voyage, and Lyon's Voyage in the "Griper." Loss of the "Fury."

Notwithstanding the dangers and hardships he had gone through, Captain Parry willingly accepted the command of a third expedition, which was ready to sail in the spring of 1824.

The same two ships were employed as before, but he, on this occasion, selected the *Hecla* for his pennant; Commander Hoppner being appointed to the *Fury*, with Lieutenants H. S. Austin and J. C. Ross. At the same time, Captain Lyon was appointed to the *Griper* gun brig, to proceed through Hudson Straits to the shores of Melville Peninsula and of Arctic America. He, however, was delayed in sailing, and as he got no further than the head of Sir Thomas Rose's *Welcome*, his voyage is chiefly interesting on account of the terrific danger in which the brig was placed. At the entrance to the strait she encountered a fearful gale, and had to bring up with four anchors, all on board expecting that she would drive on shore, where the sea broke with terrific force. Although neither commander nor crew had been in bed for three nights, and no boat could live in the tremendous sea then running, they all performed their several duties with their accustomed coolness. Each man was ordered to put on his warmest clothing, and to take charge of some useful instrument.

Captain Lyon describes the scene:—"Each brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic

forms which stood exposed before me I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. Prayers were read, and they then all sat down in groups, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever they could find, and some

ARCTIC EXPLORING VESSELS AMONG ICEBERGS.

endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet

I did not believe it possible that among forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world. God was merciful to us, and the tide almost miraculously fell no lower." Captain Lyon gave to the spot the appropriate name of the Bay of God's Mercy.

The crippled condition of the old *Griper* made it necessary to return to England.

We will now follow the *Hecla* and *Fury*. On the 10th September the ships entered Lancaster Sound, which, with the exception of a few bergs, was found clear of ice. By the 27th, they had made their way to Port Bowen, on the eastern shore of Prince Regent Inlet, and here it became necessary to take up their winter quarters.

This was the fourth winter Captain Parry passed in the Arctic regions. Schools were, as before, established, and as the theatre had lost its attractions, Captain Hoppner proposed holding masquerades, which afforded great amusement to the crew, many of them acting their parts with much spirit, and all with the greatest decorum.

They again got out to sea on the 19th July, and worked their way down Regent Inlet, when during a heavy gale the *Fury* was driven on shore. She was on this occasion hove off a thigh-water, but was found to leak a great deal, and four pumps kept constantly at work could not clear her of water. On the 2nd August, huge masses of ice driving down on the ships again forced the *Fury* on shore, the *Hecla* narrowly escaping. Once more she was got off, and while hove down to receive repairs a gale coming on, it became necessary to put to sea.

Hardly had she got out of the harbour, when she was for the third time driven on shore. Every endeavour to get her off, or if got off to float her to any known place of safety, Captain Parry considered would be utterly hopeless in itself, and productive of extreme risk to the remaining ship; he therefore determined to abandon her, while the crowded state of the *Hecla* made it necessary to return home.

Captain Parry's fourth voyage, when he attempted to make his way from Spitzbergen over the ice to the Polar Sea, has already been described.

Second Voyage of Captain John Ross, 1829—1233. *Wreck of the "Victory."*

Captain John Ross, who had severely felt the slur cast on his professional character by the mistake he had made with regard to the supposed existence of the Croker Mountains, which he fancied he had seen stretching across Lancaster Sound, succeeded in organizing in 1829 a private expedition, to which he devoted 3,000*l.* from his own purse, and which was chiefly supported by Sir Felix Booth, who contributed 17,000*l.* towards its expenses.

For the purpose he purchased a Liverpool steamer, named the *Victory*, of 150 tons. She was provisioned for three years. Captain Ross took with him, as his second in command, his nephew, Commander James Ross, who had accompanied Parry in all his voyages. The Admiralty furnished a decked boat, called the *Krusenstern*, of 16 tons, and two boats which had been used by Franklin, with a stock of books and instruments.

The little *Victory* proceeded up Lancaster Sound, and on the 13th July reached the spot where the *Fury* was abandoned. Though the vessel herself had disappeared, her sails, stores, and provisions, which had been landed, were in a perfect state of preservation. On the 15th they reached Cape Garry, the furthest point which had been seen by Parry, and beyond it discovered Brentford Bay.

All this time they were sailing along the eastern coast of what is now known to be the northern peninsula of America, barring their passage into the Polar Sea on the west. Often in their progress, mountains of ice were tossing around them, to which they were compelled to moor themselves, and drift with them wherever they might be driven.

"Imagine," says Captain Ross, "these mountains, solid as granite, hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide, meeting with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending one another asunder till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next; there is not one which may not be the last. The attention is troubled to fix on anything amid such confusion; still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur. Yet with all this—and it is the hardest task of all—there is nothing to be acted, no effort to be made; he must be patient as if he were unconcerned or careless, waiting as best he can for the fate, be it what it may, which he cannot influence or avoid."

By the end of September, after 300 miles of previously discovered coast had been examined, the ship was taken into Felix Harbour for the winter. The steam-engine, which had been found utterly useless, was landed, the vessel housed over, and every measure that could add to the comfort of the crew adopted.

Exploring expeditions were made overland, the most important of which, led by Commander Ross, reached westward as far as a point called Cape Felix, the most northern end of an island now known as King William's Land. Here before him appeared an unbounded expanse of ocean, and after travelling twenty miles along the coast, having only ten days' short allowance of food with him, and more than 200 miles to travel, he was compelled to turn back. Great fatigue and suffering were experienced on the return journey; two dogs only out of eight survived, and had they not providentially fallen in with a tribe of friendly natives, the party would with difficulty have reached the ship.

The *Victory*, after eleven months' imprisonment, was once more afloat. On the 17th September they were free.

They had advanced but about three miles, when they encountered a ridge of ice, to one of the extremities of

which they made fast, in a tolerably secure position, between two bergs. A heavy gale springing up, drove the bergs and the vessel round with them into the neighbourhood of some rocks. Here the ship was completely frozen in, and by the 30th the sea exhibited one unbroken surface of ice as far as the eye could reach. During October they sawed their way through the ice, the thickness of which was always increasing, and at length they were compelled to desist and prepare to spend another winter.

Several expeditions were made: the most important was that for the purpose of discovering the Magnetic Pole. On the 27th May, Captain Ross left the ship with that object in view, and on the 1st June, at eight in the morning, reached the spot where by his calculations he believed that it was situated. The instruments were at once put in operation. The amount of dip was only one minute less than ninety degrees, and the horizontal needles did not show the slightest tendency to move. No object, however, marked this important fact in physical science, for there was merely a low flat coast, rising about a mile inland into ridges of fifty or sixty feet in height. Nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. Captain Ross here erected a large cairn, in which he lodged a record of his visit, and placed a flagstaff on the top.

On the 29th August the ship was in full sail, but when she had made four miles, a gale compelled her to take shelter in the mouth of a small bay, which formed a secure harbour. The ice here hemmed her in, and by the 27th September all hopes of escape were terminated, and the voyagers found themselves completely fixed for the third winter.

The winter passed by. From the appearance of the ice Captain Ross feared that even during the next summer it might be impossible to extricate his vessel; he therefore came to the resolution of abandoning her. The only way of escape was by the boats, and, after touching at Fury

Beach, to avail themselves of the provisions and stores which had been left there, and thence to proceed on through Lancaster Sound for Davis's Straits.

On the 23d April, 1832, the expedition set out, dragging their provisions and boats over the wide expanse of rugged ice. The boats being too heavy to be carried at once, made it necessary to go backwards and forwards twice, and even oftener, the same day. They had likewise to encounter dreadful tempests of snow and drift, and to make several circuits in order to avoid impassable barriers.

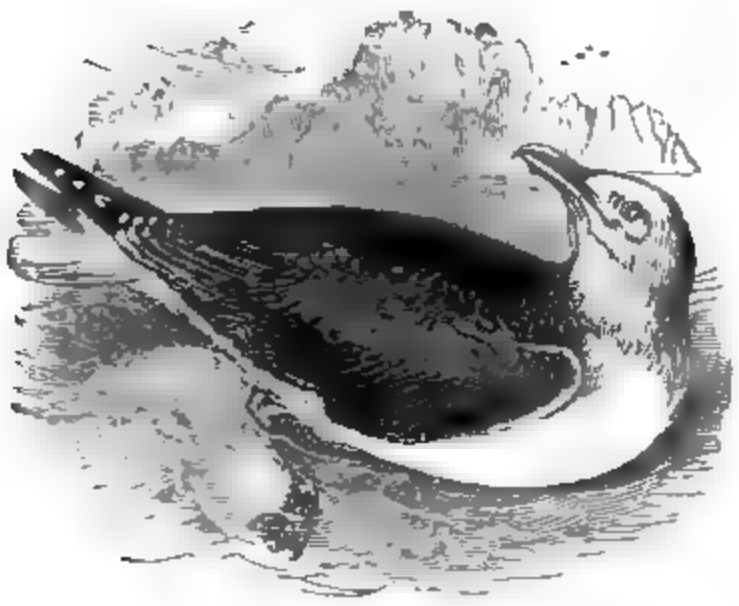
By the 12th May they had gained only thirty miles in a direct line, after having travelled over 329 miles. After these preliminary movements, having nailed her colours to the mast, they bade farewell to the *Victory*. Captain Ross was deeply affected, this being the first vessel he had been compelled to abandon out of thirty-six in which he had served during a course of thirty-two years.

Commander Ross was now sent on ahead to ascertain the state of the boats and supplies at Fury Beach. On his return he reported that three of the boats had been washed away, but a sufficient number remained for their purpose, and that all the provisions were in good condition. The main body reached the spot on the 1st July. Here they erected a canvas house, and prepared for their further advance. The boats were ready by the 1st August, when, a wide extent of open sea appearing, they launched forth and commenced their hazardous voyage. Often while tossing amid the waves huge masses of ice threatened to overwhelm them, and when they sought shelter on the beach they ran the risk of being crushed by fragments which fell from the summits of the lofty cliffs above their heads. On reaching the junction between Prince Regent Inlet and Barrow's Straits they climbed a neighbouring mountain, and from the aspect of the strait they were convinced that it was then, and had been during the whole summer, entirely blocked up with ice. Their only resource

therefore was to return to Fury Beach, and there spend their fourth Arctic winter.

Half the return voyage only had been accomplished when, the ice closing, they were compelled to haul their boats on shore at Batty Bay, where they were left above high-water mark; they then, dragging their provisions on sledges, after a most difficult journey reached the spot where they had resolved to spend the winter, on the 7th October.

At first their canvas covering afforded very imperfect shelter, but having raised up a wall of snow round it, and placed an additional stove within, they were able to



THE BLACK-BACKED GULL.

keep up a satisfactory heat. They caught a few foxes, but no other animals, and were compelled to reduce the allowance of preserved meats. Bread was deficient, and their wine and spirits exhausted. They had, however, plenty of flour, sugar, soups, and vegetables. Notwithstanding this, scurvy made its appearance; the carpenter died of the complaint, and Captain Ross himself felt its approach.

Their situation had now become truly awful, since, should they be unable to escape during the ensuing summer, there was slight prospect of their surviving another year. As soon

as it was possible to travel, a party set out for their boat-station to carry the stock of provisions requisite for the voyage. The main body, however, did not reach it till the 12th July. Here they encamped, watching with intense anxiety the aspect of the sea. A month passed away in vain expectation, when at length, on the 15th August, a line of open water appearing, they embarked the provisions and stores, and with a favourable wind stood along it. On the 16th, they reached the furthest point they had attained the preceding year. Here all passage to the east was closed; but there was still a lane open towards the north, and, favoured by a southerly breeze, they stood on till they saw the wide expanse of Barrow's Straits open before them. Their spirits rising as they proceeded, they reached the opposite

THE COMMON TERN.

shore, along which they sailed to within twelve miles of Cape York. After being detained by contrary winds for several days, on the 20th they again took to their oars, and reached the eastern side of Navyboard Inlet, where they went on shore for the night. The greater number were still asleep, when they were aroused by the joyful shout of "A sail! a sail!" They hurried to the boats, but in vain attempted to reach the ship; a fair breeze was blowing, and away she stood rapidly from them. They were well-nigh giving themselves up to despair, when, to their joy, they

caught sight of another vessel lying becalmed at no great distance. Taking to their oars, they pulled with might and main toward her. Their signals were seen; the stranger lowered a boat, which approached. On arriving, the mate in command of her inquired whether they had lost their vessel, offering all the assistance in his power. He stated that he belonged to the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross, and now by Captain Humphreys. On being told that he was in the presence of these persons, he declared that that was impossible, as Captain Ross had certainly been dead two years. When at length convinced of the fact of Captain Ross's existence he congratulated him warmly, and pulled back to the ship to carry the news. Her yards were immediately manned, and as the adventurers pulled alongside they were saluted with three hearty cheers. As they went up the side they were assisted by the officers and crew, each vieing with the other in assisting and comforting them. They had enough to do. "Every man was hungry, and was to be fed; all were ragged, and were to be clothed; there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all human semblance. Everything was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled," writes Captain Ross.

The *Isabella*, not being full, had to remain some time longer to catch whales, but at length reached Hull on the 18th October. Here the bold explorers were received with due honour, and the freedom of the town was presented to Captain Ross; and the Admiralty liberally rewarded all the officers; while Mr. Felix Booth, the promoter of this undertaking, was created a baronet.

SECTION VI.

THE "INVESTIGATOR," "RESOLUTE," "ADVENTURE," AND "PIONEER" ABANDONED.

During the period when the voyages I have described took place, and the next subsequent years, several important expeditions had been made overland to the Arctic shores of America, conducted by Franklin, Back, Dr. Richardson, and Dr. Rae. So large a portion of the coast had been surveyed by them that comparatively short distances alone remained to be discovered. That a passage existed there appeared to be no doubt; but the question to be solved was, in what direction was that passage to be found. This question Sir John Franklin—who had been absent from England for some years as Governor of Tasmania—offered his services to decide. Captain Sir James Ross, whose career we have traced, had just returned from a successful expedition, with the *Erebus* and *Terror*, towards the Antarctic Pole, when, in the spring of 1845, the Admiralty determined to send another expedition to the North Pole.

Sir John Franklin, to whom the command was given, at once re-commissioned the *Erebus* and *Terror*. High hopes were entertained of the success of the enterprise, and numerous officers volunteered their services; those who were accepted deeming themselves especially fortunate. The officers on board the *Erebus*, under Sir John Franklin, were Commander Fitzjames, Lieutenants Gore, Le Visconte, and Fairholme; mates, C. Des Vœux and Robert O'Sargent; Master Collins, Surgeon Stanley, Assistant-Surgeon Goodsir, Paymaster Osmers, 58 petty officers, seamen, &c.—full complement, 70. The *Terror*, Captain F. R. Crozier, Lieutenants Little, Hodgson, and Irving; mates, Hornby and Thomas;

Master Maclean, Surgeon Peddie, Assistant-Surgeon Macdonald, Purser Helpman, 57 petty officers, seamen, &c.—full complement, 68.

The ships were furnished with provisions for three years, but which might, it was hoped, with the assistance of such game as they expected to obtain, last them for four years. All on board had high hopes of success, expecting to push their way westward through some channel which might be open before them. Captain Fitzjames had especially mentioned Wellington Channel as the passage they would probably first attempt.

They sailed from England on May 26, 1845, and arrived at Whale-fish Islands, a group to the south of Disco, on the 4th July. On the 26th of the same month they were seen by the *Prince of Wales*, Captain Dannet, a Hull whaler, moored to an iceberg in lat. 74° 48′ N., and long. 66° 13′ W. After this time no news was received of their progress. They were not, however, expected home before the close of 1847, unless success had rewarded their efforts, or some casualty had hastened their return.

When, however, the autumn of 1847 arrived, without any intelligence of the long-absent ships, the attention of the British Government was directed to the necessity of conveying relief to them, should they have been wrecked or imprisoned in the ice, and their crews been deprived of the means of escape. Two searching expeditions were, therefore, organized. One, under Dr. Sir John Richardson, proceeded, in April 1848, to make their way down the rivers which flow through the northern part of the American continent into the Arctic Ocean. Two ships were also fitted out, the *Enterprise*, of 540 tons, commanded by Sir James Ross, with Lieutenants M'Clure and M'Clintock, and the *Investigator*, 480 tons, Captain Bird. Sir James Ross first endeavoured to find a passage through Wellington Channel, but that being blocked up, he took up his winter-quarters in Leopold Harbour. Hence several expeditions set out with sledges, and explored to a considerable distance. Fury

Beach, among other places, was reached by Lieutenant Robinson, who discovered Sir John Ross's house, and much of the provisions left there by the *Fury* in 1827, still remaining, and in excellent condition.

The ships returned the same year, and were recommissioned, the *Enterprise* being placed under the command of Captain Collinson, and the *Investigator* under that of Commander M'Clure. They were directed to make their way through Behring's Straits, being joined by the *Herald*, Captain Kellett, and the Royal Yacht Club's schooner *Nancy Dawson*, owned by Mr. Shedden. A land expedition was also sent out under Dr. Rae. In the year 1850, the *Resolute*, Captain Horatio Austin, and the *Assistance*, Captain Ommaney, with the screw steamer *Pioneer*, Lieutenant Osborn, and *Intrepid*, Lieutenant Cater, were despatched to proceed up Barrow's Straits, towards Melville Island.

At the same time another expedition was organized to act with the former, and placed under the command of Mr. William Penny, an experienced whaling captain, of Dundee. Two new ships were purchased for the purpose, named the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*. Three other vessels also proceeded to carry out the search; one, the *Prince Albert*, under Commander Forsyth, was sent out chiefly at Lady Franklin's expense. The veteran captain Sir John Ross fitted out another, the *Felix* yacht, with a tender, the *Mary*, at his own charge; and the Americans sent the *Advance* and *Rescue* under Lieutenant De Haven.

Most of these vessels met ultimately at the southern extremity of Wellington Channel. Here traces of the missing ships were discovered, such as tin canisters, pieces of rope, cloth, and the graves of three men who had died in January and April, 1846. A finger-post was also discovered, which had been used to direct parties during the winter, if they should happen to have lost their way in a snowstorm. On a height in the neighbourhood were also discovered the remains of a large storehouse and work-

shop, and similar sites, where probably observatories had been erected. Captain Penny supposed that this station had been occupied by a party from the ships until the 3rd April, 1846, as a look-out up Wellington Channel to watch for the first opening in the icy barrier which so frequently spreads across it. In vain, however, was a record looked for to show in what direction the explorers had proceeded.

The ships belonging to Captain Austin's squadron were frequently placed in great jeopardy as they pushed forward in the search. The *Assistance* was hemmed in by the ice in the centre of Wellington Channel, and was in such imminent danger of being crushed to pieces that every preparation was made to desert her. Each person on board was appointed to a particular boat, provisions were got on deck, and every two men were allowed one bag between them for spare clothes, attached to lines which were passed through the upper deck, ready to be hauled up at any moment. One day the vessel was raised six feet out of the water by the pressure of the ice, and it became so probable that she would fall on her broadside, that the men were employed with shovels and pickaxes in smoothing the place on the ice for her to lie upon. They were ultimately secured in winter-quarters between Cornwallis and Griffiths Islands; while Sir John Ross and Mr. Penny wintered in Assistance Harbour.

During the winter several parties were sent out, who traversed together about 2,000 miles. All the ships returned to England in the autumn of 1851.

The next year most of the same vessels returned to the Polar seas, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, who, it will be remembered, had accompanied the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* into Behring's Straits. He had now returned home, and was appointed to command the *Resolute*. Nothing had been heard of those two ships, it must be understood, since Captain Kellett had parted from them on the north-western shores of America.

Several other expeditions were sent out this year; among

them was one despatched by the Americans, under that enlightened and brave explorer Dr. Kane. I will, however, chiefly confine my account of the expeditions of this period to the voyages of the *Resolute*, the *Enterprise*, and *Investigator*.

While Sir Edward Belcher in the *Assistance*, accompanied by the *Pioneer*, proceeded up Wellington Channel, the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* sailed westward to Melville Island, where they were frozen up on the 11th September, 1852, in Bridport Inlet.

We will now go westward, where in the year 1850 we left the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* at the entrance of Behring's Straits. The *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Collinson, having been somewhat longer on her voyage than her consort, was compelled to winter in Port Clarence, while Captain M'Clure had in the meantime pressed eastward. Captain Collinson again sailed on the 10th July, 1851, making his way along the American coast till he reached a sheltered harbour in Prince Albert's Land, near the entrance of Prince of Wales' Straits. Thence the next season he sailed on, passing through Dolphin and Union Straits and Dean's Straits, till on the 26th September the *Enterprise* was frozen up to pass her third winter in Cambridge Harbour. The season was unusually severe, but notwithstanding that, Captain Collinson, with his lieutenants, Jago, Parkes, and other officers, made exploring expeditions in various directions. In lat. 70° 3′ N., and long. 101° W., a cairn was found erected by Dr. Rae, from which they obtained the first intimation that any party had preceded them in the search. From a height which Captain Collinson reached, he looked eastward over the very ice-field, as time was to show, in which the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been beset, and where, not many miles distant, the noble Franklin and his gallant companions had breathed their last.

Agreeing with an opinion expressed by Dr. Rae in the notice he had left, that, except in extraordinary seasons, the ice does not leave the east coast of Victoria

Land, Captain Collinson came to the resolution, as soon as his ship was free, of returning by the way he had come. Accordingly, on the 10th August, the *Enterprise*, escaping from the ice, put to sea, steering westward, and after passing the Coppermine River, and encountering numerous dangers, she was fixed for her fourth winter on the west side of Camden Bay.

The season was unusually mild, but notwithstanding this, the ship did not again escape from the ice till the 20th July. She reached Port Clarence on the 21st August, and thence Captain Collinson, sending home despatches, ultimately reached England in safety, his officers and crew in excellent health.

From this account it will be seen that though Captain Collinson did not pass through from west to east, he actually discovered the north-west passage. Indeed, probably, it is only by the way he came that a ship could get round from the Atlantic to the Pacific, if any passage is indeed practicable.

We will now return to the *Investigator*. Passing Point Barrow under press of sail, she made the ice on the 2nd August, and reached Cape Bathurst by the 30th. She then passed through a channel, with Baring Island on the west and a coast on the east, to which Captain M'Clure gave the name of Prince Albert Land, where, on the 30th September, the ship was frozen in.

As soon as Captain M'Clure felt assured that she was fixed for the winter, he started with a sledge towards the north-east, and, travelling upwards of seventy miles, had the intense satisfaction, on the 26th October, of reaching the southern shores of Barrow's Straits. Here the party pitched their tents, and the following morning Captain M'Clure and Mr. Court, ascending a hill 600 feet in height, gazed over the now well-known straits. Though the opposite coast of Melville Island, upwards of sixty miles away, could not be seen, they now knew to a certainty that the long-vexed question was positively solved;

and that though other passages might exist, they had discovered the most direct, and probably the widest, between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

On their return journey to the ship, Captain M'Clure missed his way, and had to wander about during the whole night on the ice, with the thermometer 15° below zero.

Several other sledge expeditions were made during this winter of 1850-1. As soon as summer returned every effort was made to get the *Investigator* to the north-east through Prince of Wales' Straits into Barrow's Straits. By the 16th July they were only twenty-five miles distant from Barrow's Straits, when the ship was driven back. Captain M'Clure now attempted to get into them round Baring Island. The channel was full of dangers, and the ship was frequently nearly cast away. She had entered Banks' Straits, with every prospect of reaching Barrow's Straits, but when she had got within eighty miles from them a heavy barrier of ice barred her progress. A strong gale drove her back into a deep bay, to which the name of the Bay of Mercy was given, in acknowledgment of their preservation from the dangers to which they had been exposed. This season, since leaving their winter quarters in Prince of Wales' Straits, they had only been five days under weigh. During one of several expeditions which they undertook, Winter Harbour was visited, where, on a large fragment of sandstone, was found the following inscription:—"His Britannic Majesty's ships *Hecla* and *Griper*, Commanders Parry and Liddon, wintered in the adjacent harbour during the winter of 1819-20." Lieutenant M'Clintock, who had visited the spot the previous year, had also left a notice on the same pavement of stone, and protected it by a large cairn. Within this Captain M'Clure now deposited his own despatches, mentioning the direction he intended to follow under the various circumstances which might occur. He stated that he should at all events visit Port Leopold, in Barrow's Straits, and urged that, should no account of his visit be

found there, further efforts to find him might not be made, as by the period that any vessel could reach that port he and all with him must have perished.

Summer at length approached, and every moment the explorers were in expectation of being released, when they hoped that a few days' sail at most would carry them into Barrow's Straits. For a short time the wind veered to the south, and the ice began to separate. Again, however, the wind changed to the north, the ice closed in upon them, and never again opened. Their third winter, that of 1852-3, was now commenced in those Arctic seas. It was unusually severe, but passed away without sickness.

At length Captain M'Clure came to the determination of sending a portion of his crew home in a boat, through Baffin's Bay, and preparations were made for their starting on the 15th April. March was drawing to its close when, as Captain M'Clure and his first lieutenant were taking their accustomed walk outside the ship, they beheld a person running towards them. Impressed with the idea that he was one of their own men chased by a bear, they hurried to his assistance, when what was their astonishment to discover that he did not belong to the crew. So blackened was his face by lamp smoke, that they could not distinguish his features. "Who are you? Where do you come from?" they asked eagerly.

"I am Lieutenant Pim—the *Resolute*—Captain Kellett," was the almost breathless answer. "Pim!" exclaimed Captain M'Clure, scarcely believing his senses, for he was the last person with whom he had shaken hands in Behring's Strait. Some time elapsed before Pim could give an account how matters stood. He then announced that he had come ahead of his party, who had crossed from the winter quarters of the *Resolute* in Bridport Inlet, Melville Island, a hundred and seventy miles off.

Captain M'Clure immediately set out with a party of officers and men to visit the *Resolute*, which ship was reached on the 19th April.

We may easily understand the satisfaction of the two brave captains at thus again meeting under such interesting circumstances.

It was arranged that a portion of the crews of both ships should at once be sent home, under the command of Lieutenant Cresswell, while the remainder continued on board in the hope of extricating the vessel, should the ice break up. A small number only of the *Investigator's* crew were able to proceed, as many of them were suffering from scurvy, and it took them four weeks to travel 300 miles to the *North Star* at Beechey Island. By the 8th August, the *Phœnix* screw steamer, Captain Inglefield, had arrived from England, and she was sent home, with Lieutenant Cresswell's party, to carry the tidings of the *Investigator's* safety, and that the geographical question of the long sought for north-west passage had been at length solved.

The *Investigator* remaining fixed in the ice was abandoned, her officers and crew spending their winter on board the *Resolute.** She, with the *Assistance* and *Pioneer*, being also ultimately frozen in, Sir Edward Belcher decided on abandoning them, the officers and crews arriving safely on board the *North Star.* Fortunately, the *Phœnix* and *Talbot* were soon afterwards met with, when sail was at once made for England.

All this time, however, the most important Arctic mystery remained unsolved—the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. All that had really been ascertained was where they were not ; for although Captain Collinson, as I have said, was within sight of the icy tomb which enclosed the *Erebus* and *Terror*, he was at the time not aware of the fact.

* The *Resolute* was afterwards discovered afloat by an American whaler, and, being completely refitted was restored in the most liberal and courteous way by the Government of the United States to the English.

Fate of the "Erebus" and "Terror," and Voyage of the "Fox."

I will now proceed to give a very brief sketch of the voyage of the little *Fox*, by which the certain fate of the noble explorers was discovered, and also of all that is ever likely to be known of the loss of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Before I do so, however, I must mention that Dr. Rae, who had in 1846 conducted an expedition which started from Fort Churchill in Hudson's Bay, partly in boats and partly overland, almost as far north as the Fury and Hecla Straits, led a second one from the same point overland towards the west. After undergoing great hardships he succeeded in reaching the mouth of Back's Fish River, which falls into the Arctic Ocean in the neighbourhood of King William's Land. Here he learned from the natives that they had discovered traces of the long-lost expedition, and the melancholy fate of a large number of the unhappy men composing it. There was a camp, with huts, and boats, and cooking utensils, and arms; while within the huts, and scattered round, were the bodies of numerous persons who had too evidently died from disease and famine. Not a human being was discovered alive. Convinced that all further search was useless, having collected as many of the articles as he could carry away, Dr. Rae returned homewards.

One of the duties performed by the expedition sent out under Sir Edward Belcher had been to establish depôts on the shores of the straits which divide the numerous islands crowded together on the north coast of America, and through which parties endeavouring to make their way either to or from Baffin's Bay were likely to pass. Not only huts were erected, but sleighs and boats, food and ammunition were stored, with fuel, and indeed everything likely to supply the wants of those in distress.

Notwithstanding Dr. Rae's report, it was still hoped that

some of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* might yet be living among the Esquimaux, or that the ships themselves might be discovered blocked up in the ice in one of the narrow channels off the American coast, in which direction there could now be no doubt they had gone.

Lady Franklin, who had, with unfaltering fidelity to her husband, year after year promoted expeditions to prosecute the search for the missing ships, resolved to make another effort, and early in 1857 purchased the screw steamer *Fox*, of 177 tons. She was placed under the command of Captain M'Clintock, R.N., who had gained considerable experience as an Arctic voyager. He had with him Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., Captain A. Young, of the Mercantile Marine; Dr. Walker as surgeon, and Mr. Carl Petersen as interpreter.

She sailed from Aberdeen, where she was fitted out, on the 1st of July, 1857, and, entering Baffin's Bay, was beset by the ice early in September in Melville Bay, on its north-west shore. Getting free from thence on the 25th April, 1858, after touching at the Dutch Settlements to refit, she reached Beechey Island on the 11th August, where a depôt was found, from which she replenished her stores. Here also a tablet was erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his officers and crews.

After vainly endeavouring to penetrate through Prince Regent's Inlet, the *Fox* was firmly beset by the ice in Kennedy Harbour, Belôt's Straits. Three expeditions, in sledges drawn by dogs, were made from thence in different directions towards the south, several hundred miles being travelled over. On one of these the whole party, with the exception of one man, were struck with snow-blindness, and, while they carried their packs, he thus providentially escaping, led them back to the vessel. It would be difficult to picture anything more terrible than would have been their fate had that one man not been spared. Hour after hour they must have wandered about on that icy plain, groping their way in total darkness, till they sank down and died.

Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson succeeded in reaching the west coast of King William's Land, which is separated from the mainland of America by a broad channel. Here they met with several families of the Esquimaux, among whom they discovered numerous articles which, on inspection, they had no doubt had been obtained from the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Further inquiries entirely cleared up the long-existing mystery of the fate of the two ships. A boat belonging to them was found on the shore, within which were the skeletons of two of her hapless crew; further on was that of another man who had evidently sank down and died as he was endeavouring to make his way after his companions. A cairn, too, was found, within which was a paper containing the announcement of Sir John Franklin's death, and also a statement written at a subsequent period by Captain Crozier, who had succeeded him in command, that having lost all hope of the ships being liberated from the ice in which they had been frozen up two years, he had been compelled to abandon them, and proceed with the surviving officers and crews towards the south, in the hope of making his way up Fish River into the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

No further search being practicable, Captain M'Clintock returned with the too certain information he had thus gained to the *Fox*, which made her escape from the ice on the 10th August, and passing through Barrow's Straits into Baffin's Bay, reached England on the 20th September.

With the information thus obtained by Captain M'Clintock, and that which before had become known, we are able to describe the circumstances connected with the voyage and destruction of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

The last glimpse we have of them is as they were seen made fast to an iceberg on the 26th July, far up in Baffin's Bay, when all on board were probably in high health and spirits, fondly looking forward to a successful termination of their adventurous voyage. From that moment, for years, they entirely disappeared from sight.

Some supposed that they might have pushed their way through Smith's Sound into the Polar basin; others, that they might have been simultaneously crushed by the overturning of an iceberg; again, others held to the opinion that they had gone through Wellington Channel, and would be found far up it, shut in by the ice, had they not succeeded in reaching the supposed open Polar sea; others thought that they might have steered due westward, and that news from them would be brought through Behring Straits. All these surmises, as time was to show, were incorrect.

From the spot where the ships had last been seen, they passed through Lancaster Sound into Barrow's Straits, and Wellington Channel being open, Sir John Franklin endeavoured to pass through it, evidently thus hoping to reach the open Polar sea. After sailing up it about 150 miles, they were stopped by the ice, and returning south, passed the winter of 1845-6 at Beechey Island.

During the summer of 1846 they made their way to the south-west, and got as far as within twelve miles of the north entrance of King William's Strait, being then only ninety miles from the mainland of America. Here they were again frozen up, and compelled to spend the winter of 1846-7. Expeditions were sent out on foot, one of which, under Lieutenant Gore, with Mr. Des Vœux, mate, and a party of six men, reached Point Victory, King William's Island, where he built a cairn and deposited a note, stating that Sir John Franklin and all on board were well.

The return journey must have been one of suffering, and Lieutenant Gore sank from the effects of it on his arrival on board. Already many were suffering from sickness, and on the 11th June, 1847, the gallant and well-beloved commander of the expedition, Sir John Franklin, was, through the mercy of God, removed by death before he could have foreseen the fearful fate hanging over his brave followers, and which, with all his talent and energy, he would have been unable to avert. Captain Crozier, who now succeeded to the command, afterwards visited Point Victory, and

deposited within the cairn the brief and sad account of the events which had, in the meantime, occurred. After this he and his companions, as the summer of 1847 drew on, waited for the opening of the ice. They remained immovably fixed within the vast mass which had been driven down upon them from Melville Sound, which a succession of strong southerly gales during the brief summer is alone capable of breaking up and sending back again towards Barrow's Straits, and thus opening the way for vessels imprisoned within it.

The summer of 1847 passed without the occurrence of this wished-for event; the winter of 1847-8 commenced; the ships were only provisioned up to 1847, and already it must have become necessary to put the crews on short allowance. How sad must have been their forebodings! How that winter was spent we can only conjecture; probably expeditions were made, but such were calculated to exhaust their stores and reduce the strength of the men.

Hitherto a high sense of duty had induced Captains Crozier and Fitzjames to remain by their ships; at length it became evident that the only hope of saving their lives which could now be entertained was to abandon them, and endeavour to make their way southward into the Hudson's Bay territories.

The spring of 1848 had commenced, and up to April 22nd nineteen officers and fifteen men had died; the large proportion of officers who had succumbed showing the anxiety of the more thinking of the party, which must have weighed on their minds as to their future prospects. On that day, the two captains, with their officers and crews, consisting together of a hundred and five men, abandoned their ice-bound ships, and succeeded in reaching the shores of King William's Island on the 25th. Here, after resting one day, they commenced their arduous journey over snow-covered ground along the shores of the island, and then crossing the straits, landed at length on the mainland of America, near the mouth of Fish River, to which they had

directed their course. Here they formed an encampment, and putting their boats in order, waited for the melting of the ice, to proceed up Fish River by water.

When the season was sufficiently advanced, they commenced their voyage; but the difficulties of the navigation were very great, and, after struggling in vain to overcome them, they were compelled to return to their camp at the mouth of the river, where, as we have melancholy evidence, their provisions must have run short. The survivors now came to the resolution of attempting to pass along the north coast of America to the westward, either in the hope of making their way up some more navigable stream, or meeting with some ships which they might have hoped would have been sent through Behring's Straits to their assistance. Before this could be accomplished, however, it was necessary to despatch an expedition to the ships, to bring back any stores or provisions which might have remained on board. A strong party set out for this object with a boat on a sledge, that they might make their way either over the ice or by water, should the straits be opened. They broke down, however, when still at a distance of eighty miles from the ships. Leaving the weakest in the boat to await their return, the stronger men of the party pushed on towards the ships; but overcome with disease, which had already attacked them, with cold and hunger, many sank down on the way. A party, however, regained the ships, where one, if not more, must have died. The rest, having obtained a large supply of powder and shot, hoping to maintain themselves by their guns, as well as loading themselves with clothing, and even plate and other valuables, proving that their visit on board had so far recruited their strength that they believed themselves capable of considerable exertion, set out towards the south. They were unhappily less able than they expected to bear the fatigue of the journey; one after another they succumbed to cold and hunger, till the last survivor of the brave and hitherto undaunted party sank down on the snow and gasped his last.

There, meantime, lay the two stout ships amid the frozen ocean. As the summer advanced, the ice fetters which held them began to rend asunder; a fierce storm tossed them helplessly about, till, as the skin-clad Esquimaux gazed at them from afar, one was seen to founder, crushed by the overwhelming masses of ice; while the other, driven before the gale, was dashed amid the frozen fragments upon a rocky shore, with one corpse on board, where, ere long, her shattered hull must have fallen to pieces.

The main body of their crews had meantime remained encamped at the mouth of Back's Fish River, waiting the return of their shipmates. Without them, it would be impossible to carry out the proposed plan of proceeding westward. Long months passed away; disease and starvation had performed their dire work among them.

At length, in the spring of 1850, the few survivors of the brave band set out to make a last desperate effort to penetrate southward. They, too, as had their shipmates before them, ere long sank down and perished, till not a human being remained alive of the gallant crews of the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE "REGULAR," OR MY EARLIEST ADVENTURES AT SEA.

HAD a longing to become a sailor from the time I could read "Robinson Crusoe" and similar authentic adventures; though I believed that a life on the ocean wave was one chiefly of sunshine and balmy breezes, with an occasional gale just as a variety, when seamen sit on the forecastle and sing with their shipmates, "One night it blew a hurricane," "Cease, rude Boreas," and like ditties.

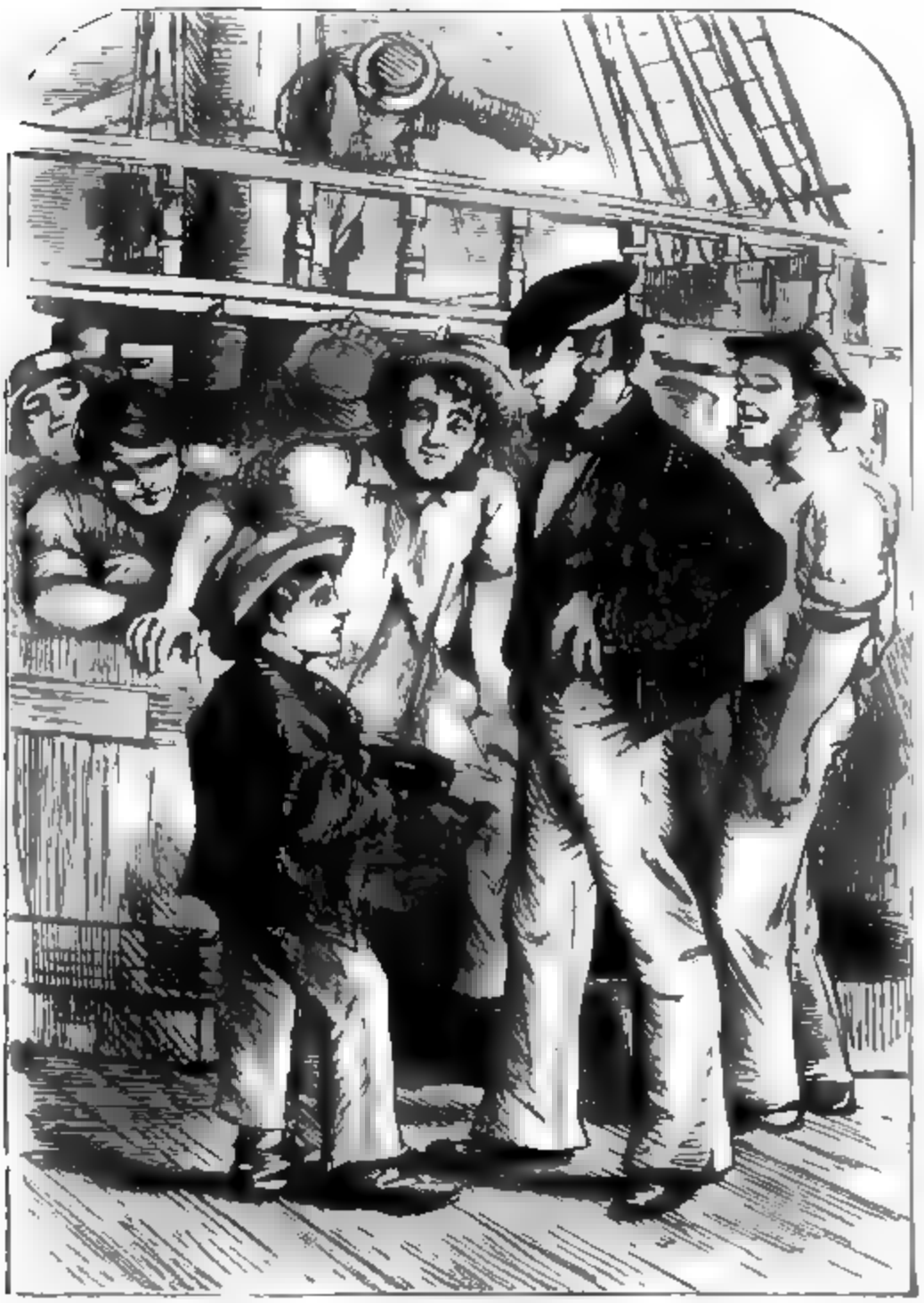
As I grew older, I read other tales, till they so worked on my imagination that I felt it would be impossible to remain much longer on shore. I had got a vessel called the *Mermaid*, which an old sailor, at my earnest request, had cut out of a block of wood for me, and he had also shown me how to sail her in the river which ran not far from the house where my mother lived. My old friend also occasionally took me out in his boat, and I soon learned to row and steer, so that I began to consider myself a proficient in nautical knowledge.

At length my mother went to stay at Liverpool with some relations, and I took my cutter with me, hoping that there I should be able to sail her as well as at home. My great delight was to go down to the docks and watch the large

ships fitting out or discharging their cargoes. I had fixed my eye upon a particularly fine one, and resolved that nothing should prevent me from becoming a midshipman on board her, for that was the height of my aspirations. I was but nine years of age, still I thought that I was quite old enough to go to sea.

Rigging myself out in what I considered first-rate nautical style, I made my way one day down to the docks with my cutter in my arms, determined to ask for a berth, fully believing that, with the naval knowledge I possessed, my services would be gladly accepted. A plank enabled me to gain the deck, and seeing an officer standing aft, and speaking to some seamen, I boldly advanced towards him. "Please sir, I wish to be a midshipman on board your ship." He did not notice me, but continued talking to the men. "I wish to be a midshipman on board your ship," I repeated, though perhaps in a somewhat less confident tone. "What is it you say, boy?" he exclaimed, turning towards me with a surprised look and a smile on his countenance. "What do you know about being a midshipman?" The men who had been engaged in hoisting in cargo, having just before knocked off work, stood round with grins on their faces. I felt rather abashed, still I was in for it. "I know how to sail my cutter, sir," I answered; "and I can row and steer." The men laughed outright. "Oh!" exclaimed the officer. "Where do you come from, youngster?" I told him. "I'll see your friends, and we will settle the matter. Go back home now, and tell them, if they wish it, I shall be proud to have you; but understand we take no runaways aboard here." Thinking that the matter might easily be settled, I returned home with a light heart, and told my mother that I had made arrangements to go forthwith to sea, if she had no objection. She smiled, and replied that she would think about it.

After the occurrence I have described, I found that I was narrowly watched, and was never allowed to go out alone. What the captain said to my friends, if he ever spoke to



"PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO BE A MIDSHIPMAN."

them, I could not ascertain. I discovered however, from the remarks of my elder brothers and sisters, when my mother and I returned to our home in the country, that they had heard of my adventure; and, by degrees, growing rather ashamed of what I had done, I did not make a similar attempt: still, during my summer holidays, I improved myself in rowing, and gained a further amount of nautical knowledge from my old sailor friend.

Five or six years passed away, and I still retained my desire for a sea-life. My family had no interest in the navy, and my mother had therefore half consented that I should go to sea in a merchant vessel.

We had gone to spend the holidays on the west coast of England. From the day of our arrival I had longed to visit a rocky island to be seen four or five miles away from the land, and which I heard was frequented by wild fowl. My brothers declined accompanying me, and I could not manage the expedition by myself, for want of a proper boat which I could pull alone. A gale, too, sprang up, which during its continuance rendered the intervening space impassable. While the gale was raging a vessel struck on the rocks, and went down near them, drowning the whole of the hapless crew. Hearing that one of her masts was still to be seen above water, I became yet more anxious than ever to visit the scene of the catastrophe.

Not long after this the weather became fine, and having found and hired a boat in which I could pull about by myself, I set to work, and practised for several days in order to get into good condition for a long excursion.

At length one morning, the sea being beautifully calm, and the sun shining brightly, I resolved to make the long-proposed expedition. Obtaining some bread and cheese and a bottle of water to provision my craft, I hurried on board, and pulled out to sea. Throwing off my jacket I rowed away as hard as I could, fearing lest some one might appear to call me back. When, however, I had got beyond hailing distance I took it more leisurely. The sun shone brightly

on the dancing waters, the atmosphere was pure and fresh, and the sea-fowl came flying by in search of their prey, every now and then dipping their wings into the ocean

"I WAS ENJOYING MY PULL AMAZINGLY."

again to rise and circle round in the air. I was enjoying my pull amazingly, and was thinking how interesting it would be to visit the sunken wreck, and what quantities of sea-birds' eggs I would bring home, when I observed a bank

of clouds rising in the horizon. They caused me, however, no anxiety, for I thought that I should have plenty of time to reach the island and get back again before the weather could change. I rowed on and on, till at last I espied the mast of the sunken vessel, with the rocks at no great distance beyond it. I determined, however, to visit the island first, to secure the eggs which I expected to find, and, on my way back, to have a look at the wreck. I found, however, on getting up to the rocks, that it would be no easy matter to land and secure my boat, as they were surrounded by a fringe of kelp, which made the footing very insecure. As I approached the sea-fowl flew up with loud screams, as if to resent my intrusion on their domain. I at length managed to run my boat close enough to leap, with the aid of a boat-hook, on to the slippery rock, but nearly fell back into the water in so doing. Having secured the painter to the boat-hook, I scrambled along in search of eggs. None, however, could I find, as might be supposed at that time of the year. I continued my search for some time, and at length returned to where I had left the boat. The tide had risen, and in another minute she and the boat-hook would have floated away. Thankful at my narrow escape of being left on the rock, I scrambled on board, and, being very hungry, sat down to eat the bread and cheese before commencing my homeward voyage. The boat gradually floated away from the rock, and then I found that she was also drifting pretty quickly along it, moved by a current of which I was not before aware. Still thinking it but of slight importance, I at last took to my oars and began to pull away towards the wreck—I pulled and pulled with might and main, but made slight progress. I was not, however, to be defeated. Though my arms began to ache, I persevered, and saw that I was really approaching the mast, though at a very slow rate. I redoubled my efforts, therefore, and at length got up to it. The cap of the topmast was just above the water. I stepped upon it, and, taking the painter in my hand, I stood there for a minute looking round me, proud of my achievement.

LEFT CLINGING TO THE MAST

I was about to secure the painter, intending to sit down on the cap and rest myself, when, to my dismay, it slipped from my grasp; the boat, which had already drifted to the full length of the rope, being beyond my reach. My first impulse was to leap into the boat, but the tide, with a stiffish breeze which just at that moment began to blow, sent her along so fast that I doubted whether I could overtake her, and, while the precious moments passed by, she got further and further off. There I was alone, clinging to the solitary mast, too far off to be seen from the land, while no vessel was likely to pass near me, for few came within those dangerous rocks. The wind was increasing, and the sea, before so calm, became violently agitated; the clouds flew by rapidly overhead, and there seemed every probability that a gale would spring up similar to the one during which the unfortunate ship, on whose mast I clung, had been lost. The tide, too, was rising. It reached the cap on which I stood, and I had to climb higher up the mast to keep out of the water. My arms having been somewhat rested, I managed to hold on with the aid of the ropes which hung down the mast. I knew, however, that the rising sea might at any moment wash the mast out of the wreck, when I should be drifted far off the land, and be exhausted before help could come to me. I turned my anxious eyes round in every direction, but no boat appeared. Had I left word at home where I was going, assistance might have been sent to me; but my brothers, to whom I had mentioned my intention, had gone away the day before, and I feared that my mother and sisters would not suppose it possible that I could have undertaken such an expedition alone.

Hour after hour passed away. Evening was approaching; the foam-crested seas rolled and tossed around me. I climbed higher and higher up the mast, and, at last, really began to think that I should be left alone to perish. Now I turned my eyes seaward, now towards the shore. At length I saw what I took at first to be a sea-gull's wing

glancing between me and the land; but it did not rise. Eagerly I watched it, till I was convinced that it was a boat's sail. Then it disappeared; then I saw it again; but, to my dismay, it did not seem to be coming towards me. Several times I saw it, and at length I was cheered with the thought that the boat was tacking along shore to get to windward before standing across to the rocks. By this time the sun had sunk, and I was afraid that I might not be seen. The darkness rapidly increased, and, though I strained my eyes, I could no longer discern the white sail. The clouds grew thicker, and a heavy rain came on, still further obscuring the atmosphere. The sea also was now breaking with a loud roar over the rock, and this made me fear that those who might be coming to look for me would abandon the attempt from the impossibility of reaching it, or from supposing that I had been washed off, as I should have been had I remained there. My arms were beginning to ache; I felt that I could not hold on till daylight. In my despair I shouted out, again and again, at the top of my voice. "I'll give one more shout," I thought to myself, and I cried out even louder than before. My heart leaped within me, and my strength seemed to return, when a hail came back from some distance, and at last I saw a boat emerge from the gloom. I once more shouted. "Ay, ay! we see you!" was the answer; and in a few minutes a large boat, with six hands, pulled up to the mast. One of the men climbing up assisted me into the boat, for I should have dropped had I attempted to move by myself. "Well, young gentleman, I am glad we have found you at last! They're in a pretty way about you at home," said the man at the helm, whom I recognized as an old fisherman I had frequently talked to.

We got back safely; but before morning the gale had greatly increased, and, as I afterwards heard, the mast had been carried away.

My mother said but little when I was brought back. She was too thankful to have me safe to find much fault

with me. "I hope, Harry, you have had sufficient experience of the dangers of the sea, no longer to wish to be a sailor?" she said to me a few days afterwards. "No, mother," I replied; "I long as much as ever to go to sea; and, if I am to go, it is high time that I should be off." In vain she used all the arguments she could think of to induce me to give up the idea, and at length she consented to allow me to have my way.

Several advertisements for midshipmen in ships bound for India, China, and Australia were answered, and at last it was arranged that I should go on board a fine Indiaman to sail early in the year 1843.

When the time arrived I went up to London with one of my uncles, and all arrangements being concluded we went on board the *Regular*, then lying in the London Docks. As the captain observed I was more likely just then to be in the way than of any use, I got leave to return to my friends, undertaking to join the ship at Gravesend, where the passengers were to go on board.

At length the time for sailing arrived; my uncle and brothers accompanied me to see me off, and while we pulled towards the ship I surveyed my future home with no little pride, as she gracefully floated on the calm bosom of the Thames, surrounded by a number of boats. Blue Peter was flying at the fore, the topsails were loose, and the anchor hove short. She had lately been lengthened, the boatman told us, and was considered to be very fast. "Howsomdever, the quickest craft don't always make the best speed," he observed; adding, "It doesn't come up to my notions, to cut a vessel in two and to patch her up again." I did not understand at the time what he meant, but I had reason to do so afterwards. The *Regular* was to touch at Bombay and to proceed on to China, a voyage of all others I was most desirous to make. My friends had furnished me with letters to Bombay, and I hoped while the ship lay there to get leave to go on shore and see something of the country. They fancied, I believe, that I might

by that time have got tired of a sea life, and the captain had privately agreed with them to let me remain behind, should I wish it, to enter some mercantile house as a clerk,

THE "REGULAR" IN HARBOUR.

or to return home. I was not aware of this arrangement, however, at the time, and should have indignantly repudiated the idea of voluntarily giving up the sea for a life on shore. Soon after I got on board, the anchor was hove up,

and we made sail for the Downs. Scarcely however, after landing the pilot, had we lost sight of Deal, than it came on to blow very hard, and as the foam-topped seas which rose ahead fell in heavy showers over our bows, I heard the first officer observe that the ship strained more than he liked, and that he didn't think she had gained much by the alterations effected since her last voyage. There was some talk of bringing up at Spithead or Plymouth Sound to alter her trim; but the weather improving, we stood on. It was still, however, blowing pretty hard when during the night —the moon at the time as she burst out from amid the clouds shining brightly—we passed the Eddystone lighthouse within a short distance. I gazed up with admiration at that magnificent structure, as it shed its warning beams far around over the foam-crested seas, and thought of the fearful danger to which ships navigating the Channel must have been exposed from the rock on which it stands, before the skill of its builders raised it up amid the troubled ocean.

The weather greatly improved the next day, and we made rapid progress to the southward with favourable breezes over the calm ocean. About the middle of April we fell in with the usual westerly trade-winds, blowing very hard, and encountered a heavy swell with a cross sea, which made the ship roll greatly and take in quantities of water over her sides. The carpenter was sent to sound the well, and he reported that she was leaking considerably. The pumps were accordingly set to work, greatly to the disgust of the crew, who had to spend half of each watch working away at them.

A few days afterwards the gale had increased, and the ship laboured more than ever; still Captain Carter did not appear to consider that there was any cause for alarm, for by keeping the pumps going as before we easily managed to clear her of all the water made by the leaks. I was doing my best to become a sailor, going aloft to assist in shortening or making sail, and learning to steer, as well as the usual accomplishments of knotting and splicing; I also learned to

take an observation, and studied navigation as much as my other duties would permit.

On the 1st May we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, though at some distance from the land, with a fair wind and smooth sea, and we began to entertain hopes after all of having a fine passage.

A strong north-westerly breeze having sprung up, we ran on for six days before it, making between ten and eleven knots an hour. At the end of that time, on a Sunday morning, as I came on deck to keep my watch, I found that the weather had changed greatly for the worse. Dark clouds were chasing each other over the sky, and the wind was rapidly increasing. The hands went aloft to take in sail: the top-gallant masts were sent down, the topsails closely reefed, and everything was made snug; but scarcely were the men off the yards than a heavy squall struck the ship, and even with the reduced canvas on her she heeled over till the water washed almost over her lee-bulwarks. She was now put before the wind, but the mountain billows which rolled up astern threatened every instant to overtake her. We flew on before the gale, the ship rolling fearfully, and straining so much that it seemed as if her framework could scarcely hold together. The bulkheads creaked; the wind whistled and howled in the rigging; the seas roared and hissed furiously as they swept along on either side, threatening every moment to break on board. The pumps were kept going even longer at a time than before, but still the water was gaining on us. The first officer had sent me forward with some message. I there found the men holding on to the fore-rigging, and turning their eyes aft as if they expected something serious to happen. I was making my way back again along the wet and slippery deck when I heard a cry, "Hold on for your lives; hold on!" Just then I saw a huge sea come rolling up astern, its lofty summit capped with foam curling over it as it advanced. The ship, though still flying on, seemed unable to mount over the sea which rose ahead. On came the billow, and with a roar of

COMMENCEMENT OF THE HURRICANE.

thunder broke on her poop, the water rushing forward along the decks like the current of a rapid stream. I had clung to the halyards leading down the mainmast, and everyone else was holding on in like manner, or many of our number might have been swept overboard. Wonderful as it seemed, no great damage was then done, but I well knew, as did others still better, that a second time we might not be treated so mercifully.

Two of our best hands were at the wheel, and it required careful steering to guide the ship amid those tremendous seas. All night long the captain remained on deck, acting the part of the gallant seaman he was. There was ample need for the exertion of all his skill and courage. I had the first watch, and when it was over, and I had turned in, tired as I was, the clanking of the pumps, the dash of the seas against the sides, the creaking of the bulkheads and timbers, and whistling and howling of the gale sounding in my ears, kept me long awake. It seemed as if I had scarcely been asleep a minute before I was again called on deck. Daylight soon afterwards broke. There was no improvement in the weather, and the foaming billows rose higher and higher on every side. The ship was labouring fearfully, and rose but sluggishly each time from the seas amid which she struggled. Presently I heard a cry of "Look out! hold on!" and I saw on our port side a huge sea rise suddenly up. I clung to the mizen-mast near which I was standing. The ship heeled over, as the sea with tremendous force struck her, and down came a vast mass of water sweeping across her deck. I thought all was over, and that she could never rise from such a weight. Its full force came down upon the starboard bulwarks, followed by a fearful crashing and rending of planks. I, with others, cried out with alarm, for it seemed as if the whole ship was being torn to pieces. The water, striking the bulwarks with perpendicular force, had torn them away, and escaped over the side, when the ship once more rose slowly, revealing the havoc which had been caused. Life-lines were now passed

along fore and aft to enable us to get from one end of the deck to the other without the certainty of being carried overboard. This done, fresh hands were sent to the pumps. The whole watch had now to keep constantly at them, yet the water continued to gain three inches every hour. Though we had only close-reefed main and fore-topsails set, even that amount of canvas seemed more than the ship could safely carry.

The wind continued to increase till it blew a perfect hurricane, and we could now only run directly before it, being thus taken far to the southward of our course. On we flew, but the gale had not done with us. Our remaining canvas was blown to ribbons, and the water continued breaking in cataracts over our decks.

At length, after such a night as I never wish to pass again, the weather became more moderate, fresh canvas was bent, and attempts made to put the ship somewhat to rights. Still she continued to labour and strain so much that, though the pumps were kept going without intermission, the water gained steadily on them. However, we hoped, with the return of fine weather and a smooth sea, to be able after all to obtain the victory. Sadly were our hopes disappointed, for, before another day had passed, the gale began to blow as heavily as ever, with a fearful cross sea, which came tumbling on board in every direction. So great was the quantity of water in the hold, that it began seriously to affect the steering of the ship, and consequently we were less able, even than before, to avoid the seas which flooded her fore and aft. We could not fail to understand our dangerous position, when at length the captain, summoning all hands, gave the order to heave overboard as much of the heavy portion of the cargo as could be got at. We had now, in addition to working the pumps, to hoist up kegs of copper and steel, which formed part of the ship's lading. After nearly a hundred tons had been hove overboard, the ship became rather more manageable. Still the carpenter had failed to discover the position of the leak; while, in spite

of all our efforts, we could not keep the water under. Still the gale continued blowing as fiercely as ever, while the seas ran to a fearful height. Frequently a heavy squall would strike the ship, when it seemed as if she was about to be driven

SCUDDING BEFORE THE GALE.

under the foaming waves, never to rise again. The water gained on us faster than ever. All hands not engaged at the pumps were now ordered to collect such buckets as could be found, and while some went below others were stationed at the fore hatchway, and we tried to lessen the

water by baling. Although everyone worked with a will, we soon found that all our efforts were of no avail. More cargo was thrown overboard; but still the ship continued to labour heavily, taking in great quantities of water with every sea which struck her.

Five days and nights we worked on, till we were almost exhausted. The morning of the 13th of May arrived, a day I am never likely to forget. Though our brave captain must by this time have lost all hope of saving the ship, he was as cálm and composed as usual. "We must heave the deck hamper overboard, boys!" he exclaimed. "The ship will strain less when we get rid of it." All who were not at the pumps set to with a will, and the spare anchor and spars were hove over the side. While we were thus occupied, the carpenter was seen with his mates busy about the boats. We guessed what that meant. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; the captain went into the cabin, and in a calm voice told the passengers that, notwithstanding all the efforts made to keep the ship afloat, he feared she would in a short time go down, and he therefore begged them to prepare at once for embarking in the boats. Not a murmur was uttered, but, imitating his example, they calmly set about collecting the things they wished to take with them.

He knew, as indeed did all the officers, how slight was our prospect of ultimately escaping. Fearful indeed was our condition: a tremendous sea was running; we were upwards of seven hundred miles from the nearest land; while for forty-two days, in consequence of our having been driven by the gale out of the usual track of vessels navigating that part of the ocean, not a sail had been sighted. How could we expect to make a voyage such as that before us in open boats? Even should the weather moderate, we could not carry sufficient provisions and water to last us during the time which, under the most favourable circumstances, must elapse before we could reach land. The captain, considering this, determined not to abandon the

ship till the very last moment, on the possibility of the weather changing, and of her being kept above water. Once more the well was sounded, and five feet six inches reported. On this we redoubled our exertions, all hands either baling or pumping; but, notwithstanding all our efforts, by noon the water had risen another foot. We were at this time, I should have said, in lat. 37° 23′ S. and long. 38° 13′ E.; our position may thus easily be found on the map.

The ship had now become waterlogged, and could with difficulty be made to answer her helm; while the waves, as they struck her, washed relentlessly over the decks, and bales and casks were already afloat in the fore and after holds, washing violently from side to side, so that it was impossible any longer to go below. It was evident that the ship was settling fast.

Now came the order to hoist out the boats. Perfect discipline prevailed; the men going to the falls as if performing any ordinary duty. There was a slight lull at the time, which enabled us to get after sail on the ship, and to round her head to wind. This enabled us to lower the boats with less danger than would otherwise have been the case. Even as it was, however, the launch was nearly twice stove as we were getting her out. Still those hands not required for the boats continued at the pumps in order to keep the ship afloat as long as possible. As much fresh water and as many days' provisions, consisting of a few bags of biscuits, preserved meats and hams, as they could carry, had been collected in the after cabin. These were now divided among the boats—the business of stowing them occupying some time. The captain had also secured the log-book, with his chronometer and charts, which were placed in the launch. The evening was drawing on. All hands were collected ready to embark, and not till then were the pumps finally abandoned. Even although we knew that no human power could keep the ship afloat many minutes longer, we felt unwilling to quit her; indeed, as we gazed over the dark ocean, rising and falling with wild foaming seas, all must have seen

that the prospect of the boats living amid them was exceedingly small.

The ship's gunwale was now level with the water, and each sea as it rolled up washed over her deck.

The crew of the launch was first ordered into her, and then the two poor lady passengers were conducted from the cabin and lifted into their places—the gentlemen followed. Providentially there were but few, and altogether the launch contained eighteen persons, I being among them; ten were stowed in the pinnace; the gig, which the captain had reserved for himself, with four hands, now alone remained: having seen the other boats off he took his seat in her, he being the last person to leave the ship.

Scarcely had we shoved off than the gale came down upon us with renewed fury. Our only prospect of keeping the boats afloat was to run before it, although coming from the northward it drove us further than ever out of our course. As I looked, after we had shoved off, I caught but one glimpse of the masts of our ship, then a huge wave rose up between us and her. When I looked again she was gone—probably at that instant sinking far down into the depths of the ocean.

Though our men were almost worn out, they tugged bravely at the oars; yet with all their exertions they could with difficulty keep the boat before the seas, which threatened every instant to break down upon us. We looked anxiously for our companions. Now they were visible on the summit of a wave, now hidden from sight, and we could not tell whether they might ever again appear.

Two hours had thus passed by when a tremendous sea came roaring up; the crew exerted all their efforts to escape it, but before we had surmounted the wave ahead it struck the boat's stern, and its summit breaking over us, rushed forward, half filling her, and carrying everything away which was not secured. We held on to the thwarts for our lives, but nearly all the provisions, and water-casks, and other articles, were washed overboard. Still the launch floated,

and with our hats and caps we made frantic efforts to bale her out. I was so anxiously watching the other boats that I scarcely reflected at the moment what must be our inevitable fate, left as we were in mid ocean, without food or water. They were still afloat, but seemed to have suffered as much as we had done. The first mate commanding

THE LAUNCH IN THE GALE AT NIGHT.

our boat now ordered every weighty article to be hove overboard still further to lighten her.

About midnight the captain's voice was heard hailing us, and saying that he and his crew would come on board the launch. It was not without great risk, however, that they

managed to spring into her, leaving the gig to her fate. The captain then told us that he found it impossible to navigate her, and that she had already filled five times.

The night became darker than ever; the thick canopy of clouds which hung overhead obscured the stars. We had no compass to guide our course, and no lantern to shed a light on it had we possessed one. The threatening waves rose foaming and hissing around us. What hope had we but a speedy grave in that angry sea, or a lingering death by famine? Still no one expressed such thoughts, though many must have entertained them. Now and then the voice of prayer was heard petitioning for help from the One who is alone able to afford it. Otherwise scarcely a word was uttered—not a murmur escaped the lips of anyone. The captain, who had taken the helm, sat calm as usual, steering the boat through the tumbling sea; the men continued perseveringly tugging at the oars, while the rest of us baled out the water as it broke on board. The two poor ladies crouched down in the bottom of the boat, wet and shivering, and bewildered by the surrounding horrors, no one being able to comfort or assist them. We had lost sight of the pinnace, and we could not help feeling grave apprehensions about her fate.

Thus that fearful night wore on, few of us expecting to see another sun rise, still less could we hope to tread firm ground again. To sleep, weary as we were, was impossible, for every instant a hissing sea would send the spray over us and make us dread that the following mass would fill the boat and carry us to the bottom.

At length the cold, grey light of the day we scarcely expected to see began to dawn, and we could just distinguish each other's pale and haggard countenances. There stood our captain at the helm. Slowly the boat was rising up the side of a long-extending billow; when he turned his head to watch the next wave, which came roaring up, chasing us in our flight, I observed a sudden change come over his countenance. "Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed;

and just then the cheering cry of "Sail ho!" burst from our lips; and there, out of the dark line of the horizon, beyond the surrounding mass of foaming seas, we saw the tall masts and wide-spreading yards of a large ship, while, further off,

SEARCHING FOR THE PINNACE.

appeared a smaller vessel. Wonderful was the change in our feelings. Just before we had well-nigh abandoned ourselves to despair; now all was joy and hope. Many could not restrain themselves; some laughed and shouted; others

wept, then laughed and wept again. Securing a shawl, belonging to one of the ladies, to the end of an oar, we waved it as high as we could reach, watching with intense eagerness the result. The cry of "They see us! they see us!" burst from our lips. We shouted, as the ship was seen to square away her yards and stand down towards us. We soon made her out to be a large French frigate. With what breathless eagerness did we watch her approach us! On she came. She rounded to; and, in a few minutes, we were pulling up under her stern. Willing hands were stretched out to render us assistance; some of our party were lifted through the ports, while others were hauled up the ship's side. Meanwhile tackles were got ready, and braces being passed beneath the bottom of the boat, she, with the rest on board, was hoisted upon deck. So utterly worn out were we that many could not stand; I, indeed, with others, sank down senseless on the deck. The captain, who had hitherto held out bravely, also gave way, and was for some minutes unconscious of what was going on around him. The ship which had rescued us proved to be the French frigate *Cléopatre*, of 52 guns, and her consort, the other vessel we had seen, the *Alcmène*, of 20 guns. The first thought of our captain, on recovering, was about the pinnace, and he earnestly entreated the French commander, Commodore Roy, to search for her. "Do not despair," was the answer of the noble-hearted Frenchman. "The great God who saved you may be pleased also, in His mercy, to rescue your unfortunate companions; and believe that I would go a hundred miles out of my way rather than abandon them."

The commodore on this directed the *Alcmène* to stand on one course while he sailed on another, so that together they might sweep the neighbouring ocean in search of the missing boat. Even while they were speaking, an officer reported that the corvette was making signals. They were to the effect that she had a short time before discovered the pinnace, and was just then hoisting her on board with all

the people safe in her. That the pinnace would not have kept afloat many hours longer was proved by her going literally to pieces on being lowered on the corvette's deck.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which we were treated by the generous Frenchmen. The captain gave up his cabin to the ladies, and the lieutenants yielded theirs to Captain Carter and his officers and passengers.

With the exception of the launch, and one of the chronometers, every single article belonging to the *Regular* was lost; but the lives of all the human beings on board were saved, and for that we had indeed cause for unbounded gratitude.

I must now mention a very extraordinary circumstance, which proves, as few I think will doubt, that the directing hand of Providence sent those two ships to our rescue. Such I knew was the feeling of the French commodore—a truly pious and good man. I before mentioned that ships seldom pass over the part of the ocean to which we had been driven. The French frigate and her consort were bound for the Island of Bourbon, but had been compelled, in consequence of the gale, to stand for several days out of their proper course. Commodore Roy had purposed the day before he discovered us to haul up again for the island; but, being engaged at the time he intended giving the order in reading an interesting book, he allowed the hour to pass by. An officer had just then entered the captain's cabin to report the time, but finding him so completely absorbed as not to notice his presence, he retired without speaking. The captain's astonishment was considerable, when, some hours later, he was reminded of his intention; but, instead of doing as he had proposed, he now came to the resolution to stand on, in the same course he was steering, till the following day. Had his intentions been carried out, the French ships would have passed eighty miles to the eastward of the spot where the boats of the *Regular* were battling with the waves, and in all human probability our fate would have been sealed. I think few will, therefore, doubt that

Commodore Roy, as he himself believed, acted under the guidance of an overruling Providence.

As soon as all those who had been saved were somewhat restored to strength, we, with the whole of the frigate's crew not on duty, were assembled by the good commodore to return a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for the remarkable instance of His power and mercy exhibited towards us; and now, on the deck of the *Cléopatre*, people professing different faiths, and belonging to two nations so often engaged in bitter strife, were seen kneeling together, offering up their prayers and thanksgiving to the great and beneficent Father of the human race.

The commodore not only treated us with the most delicate attention and kindness, but generously insisted, instead of going to Bourbon, on carrying us all to the Mauritius, where we should be among our own countrymen, and from thence be able to reach, without difficulty, our different destinations.

We arrived at Port Louis on the 27th May, not meeting, during the passage, with a single sail which might have rescued our boats had we continued in them. No sooner was the noble conduct of the French commodore made known, than the inhabitants of Port Louis vied with each other in exhibiting their appreciation of it. Sir William Gomm, who was then Governor of the island, with Lady Gomm, at once went on board the *Cléopatre*, to express in the name of the British people his deep sense of the philanthropy and Christian benevolence which the commodore had displayed. All recompense for the clothing and maintenance of the large numbers of persons who had been received on board, though delicately offered, was promptly declined; and the generous Frenchman appeared hurt when the matter was pressed on him.

Captain Carter and his mates returned to England in her Majesty's ship *Belleisle*, though most of the crew remained at Port Louis; while I, taking advantage of the permission the captain gave me in compliance with the wishes of my friends,

proceeded, in company with the passengers, by an opportunity which before long offered, to Bombay. I did not confess to myself that my escape in the *Regular* had sickened me of a sea-life; but yet I could not help feeling that I should like to remain on shore for some time, and see the wonders of the country I had so longed to visit.

A SCENE IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WRECK OF THE "EVENING STAR."

A LARGE steamship lay alongside the wharf at New York, in the United States, on the 27th of September, 1866. Her cabins were spacious and richly ornamented; her sides were brightly painted and polished; gay flags flew from her mastheads, on one of which was worked her name, the *Evening Star*.

She was capable of carrying nearly three hundred passengers; she had six lifeboats and a hundred and eighteen life-preservers to be ready in case of an accident; but who thought of such a thing, or doubted that a pleasant and prosperous voyage was before her? Yet there were some among the crowds of spectators who stood on the wharf as the *Evening Star* cast off her warps, who were aware of her real condition, and that she had been condemned six months before as unseaworthy. The greed of

money had induced her owners to send her one more voyage on the chance of reaching port in safety.

A strange assemblage of people had gone on board. In the after cabin were respectable merchants and their families, planters returning to their estates in the South, officers of the army, people seeking a warmer clime to escape the cold of the north; there was also a French opera company, which had been performing at New York, and was going for the winter season to New Orleans; there was a negro minstrel troupe, with their bones and banjoes and comic songs; and beside them were nearly a hundred unhappy women, decked in gay attire, on their way to the luxurious capital of the south, with six more depraved than themselves, who had them in charge.

Never, perhaps, did ship float on the ocean bearing so sad a freight. The latter were berthed in the fore part of the ship, appropriated to their use; the members of the opera company occupied the main deck and a portion of its cabins; and the ordinary passengers the after cabins.

Well might those who watched the hapless ship as she steamed out of the harbour, prophesy a disastrous termination to her voyage.

The *Evening Star* glided southward on her course. Day after day the fine weather continued, with the exception of a strong easterly breeze for a few hours, which, though it caused the vessel to roll somewhat, tended to make the return of the calm more welcome. There was music and dancing, and song and laughter; the opera singers practising their airs, the negro minstrels playing their banjoes, striking their bones, and singing their comic songs, making their fellow-passengers merry with their quips and cranks. Even from forward came loud laughter and seeming hilarity; and so pleasant did the weather become on the evening of the 29th that up to a late hour the deck presented the appearance of a gay and fashionable promenade. The morning of the 30th broke upon the ship with everything to cheer the passengers, and make them sanguine of a pleasant trip.

The following day, too, was quite delightful, and the seas even smoother than on the previous one. October the 1st ushered in one of the most charming mornings that could be spent at sea. Cape Hatteras was discovered abeam, the sea still smooth, the sun shining brightly, and the weather balmy and calm. Was there no minister of the Gospel on board to warn the gay and frivolous throng that this might not last—to tell them that the treacherous calm was but a prelude to a fearful storm? When the *London* went down we know that there was prayer in her cabins and upon her decks, and heroism encountered death piously. Could such be expected, should any accident occur on board the New Orleans steamship?

Early on the 2nd of October a strong breeze sprang up, which increased towards evening to a heavy gale; dark clouds gathered thickly in the horizon and came rapidly over the sky, the swell increased, the seas began to break violently, and the white spray flew in deluging torrents across the decks. All sail was taken in, boats and spars were secured, and every preparation made for the coming hurricane, for such it was evident was about to burst upon the ship. Now the votaries of pleasure began to grow anxious, and with pale, trembling lips inquired of the captain and officers if danger was to be apprehended. These did not reply, "Go pray: too probably you may never see another sun rise;" but tried to calm the alarm of those who never, perhaps, till now had thought of death.

Ere long the expected storm burst with relentless fury upon the devoted ship; an ugly cross sea arose, into the trough of which she was speedily thrown, and there she lay at the mercy of the fierce waves, which soon tore away her bulwarks, and paddle-box, and other portions of her hull. Night came on, and dense darkness was above, around, and on every side. Not a gleam of light to cheer the hearts of those on board; the nearest land a hundred and eighty miles away. Every instant between the rotten planks of the strained ship deluges of water came pouring in from

above, from below, and through the sides. Now those who had hitherto not believed that danger was approaching began to quail and tremble; numbers, especially of the women, came rushing on deck, imploring the officers to tell them if they might yet hope to escape death. For their own safety, and that of the ship, the captain was compelled, after quieting their alarm, to send them below again, and to secure the doors of their cabins. Scarcely had this been done when a heavy sea struck the ship and swept away the hurricane-house, two of the crew, and some of the passengers who had remained on it; and now the wild waves began in earnest their work of destruction. Another heavy sea came roaring towards the hapless vessel; it tore away the wheel-house, snapped the rudder-chains and unshipped the rudder, stove in the hatches, and sent a flood of water down into the engine-room. But it needed not this to hasten the destruction of the ship; already the opening seams were letting in sufficient water to quench the fires, on which the safety of the ship mainly depended; the donkey-engines had, however, hitherto escaped material injury, and the pumps were set to work. As long as they continued in order, the captain and his officers might have entertained some hope of saving their vessel, provided the storm should soon abate. Who could venture to picture all this time the dismay and horror of the unfortunate beings shut up in their cabins, as they listened to the roaring of the tempest, as they felt the wild tossing of the labouring ship, and saw the water forcing its way through the seams around. Oh, what horror! what intense agony! what concentrated despair must have been experienced on board that hapless craft!

Before long the donkey-engine was destroyed by a heavy sea, and the pumps were rendered useless. Accordingly it became necessary to bale out the water, and cast forth the cargo as the only chance of saving the ship. The crew and passengers were summoned to the task, hopeless as it must have appeared to the more experienced of the former!

Strange scenes were now enacted. Many of the women,

in their frantic energy, stripping themselves of all superfluous clothing, vied with the men, and surpassed them, in their efforts to bale out the water and throw overboard the cargo. All had, indeed, become mingled—the crew and passengers; men and women; the respectable and the abandoned—all labouring together; the fearless and courageous encouraging and supporting each other. But how were the rest employed? Many had attired themselves in their most extravagant costumes; loaded their fingers and necks with jewels, and prepared for the expected passage to land in the boats, as for a drive in the Broadway; others, in their misery and despair, conscience making them dread to face death, consorting with men as abandoned as themselves, broke into the vessel's storeroom, and seizing all the liquors they could find carried them to their cabins. Then commenced a fearful orgie, such as before, perhaps, was never enacted by persons conscious that they were about to plunge into eternity. With frantic eagerness they poured the sparkling wine into their glasses, and quaffed it rapidly. Glass after glass they drained, but still the forgetfulness they sought could not be found; frenzy, fury, alone came in its stead. There they sat, and drank, and sang, and cheered, and shouted, and laughed, while others were toiling for their lives. The cabins below bore evidence of the despair which already had seized on many of the passengers. The floors were strewed with silk dresses, costly furs, diamond rings, watches, ornaments and innumerable articles of value, even gold and silver coins were cast upon the floor by their despairing owners. Strange as it may seem, others of the passengers busied themselves in securing the money and valuables in the vain hope of ultimately escaping. To the last their minds set upon collecting wealth, truly represented by the man with the muck-rake in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Others had retired to their cabins, and there, either sick or asleep, lay unconscious, perhaps, of the fearful peril in which they were placed.

It now became evident to the captain, an experienced seaman, that the ship's frail hull was yielding to the violence of the sea, and literally dropping to pieces. The paddles had been carried away; the fires extinguished; the water was washing over the deck of the lower cabins. He had now to perform the most painful duty for a commander. Going to the chief saloon, where the greater number of his passengers were congregated, he announced to them that he and his officers had done all that man could do to save the ship, and that she could not float another hour. The awful communication was received in every variety of way; some rushed on deck tearing their hair, shrieking violently; some of the women, in their madness and despair, stripping off their jewels and gay dresses, cast themselves headlong into the foaming billows. The Italians and French gave way to the most frenzied gestures and exclamations. The Germans yielded silently to their fate. Some cried, some shouted, some cursed, and some sang; many endeavouring to pray. Even then, it may be hoped that it was not too late. Falling on their knees in corners, or in their cabins, they asked for mercy from One ever ready to hear the petitions of repentant sinners coming to Him through His own appointed way. A father, an army officer, knelt in the main cabin clasping his wife and two infant children to his heart, and in that one agonizing embrace they met their death. Mothers sought for their children to hold them to their bosoms for a few minutes, ere they were launched into eternity. The greater number of passengers had hurried on deck, and even the drunken, frenzied wretches who had till now continued their orgies, rushed up from below in the vain hope of being rescued by the boats. The captain had behaved like a true sailor, with the greatest coolness; and even now he sent men below to rouse the sleepers, to give all the chance for life. Most of the boats were cleared, the lashings loosed, and they were filled with the passengers, though many of the women continued even to the last to cast themselves into the foaming sea rather than

encounter the final struggle. One young opera-singer, who had behaved with great coolness and courage, was the last to make the fatal spring when she supposed all hope was gone. Two of the ordinary boats were got loose, and efforts made to launch them; but a roll of the ship plunged both of them, with all who were near, into the yawning gulf alongside, and the next moment the boats were driven back and shattered to fragments against the ship's side. The life-boats, which remained on deck, had been stored with provisions; and casks, supposed to contain fresh water, and at the last moment the crew, and such of the passengers as could reach them, crowded on board as affording their only hope of safety. Rapidly came the closing scene of the tragedy. It was about six in the morning. While the crew were engaged in launching two more of the ship's boats a high-crested, furious billow advanced rolling towards the vessel; she partly lifted her stern, when the sea drove through and through the saloons, sweeping all before it, and with a quiver throughout her frame, first rolling to port, she settled to starboard, and the *Evening Star* sank beneath the foaming waves, amid which those who had lately peopled her decks were left struggling frantically for existence, surrounded by spars and fragments of the shattered wreck, the most fearful shrieks and cries for mercy rising above the howling of the tempest. Of these, many, struck by the heavy timbers, were killed immediately; others were quickly drowned; and others still clung to planks, and gratings, and pieces of furniture—most of them, however, chilled and hopeless, soon to drop off and sink below the waves. Four lifeboats of the ten which belonged to the ship remained afloat, but were capsized as she sank. The passengers, however, clung to them with the energy of despair, and, as they were righted by the seamen, some succeeded in regaining their seats; others were lost; among them the captain and a female he was endeavouring to save. They sank close to those who would have saved them if they could. The provisions were also washed out of the boats; but some

of the casks, on the contents of which the lives of the shipwrecked people depended, were recovered. On broaching them, however, they were found to contain salt water, having been filled, probably, by some ignorant passengers. Four boats, most of them having been frequently upset, succeeded in getting away from the spot where the disaster had occurred; one of them not, however, till ten hours afterwards. One contained the purser, chief engineer, three passengers, and six seamen. The second boat, the third mate, the steerage steward, three seamen, and three passengers. A third, the pilot, assistant-engineer, four passengers, the cook, the butcher, and one fireman. A fourth boat held the second mate, and thirteen of the female passengers.

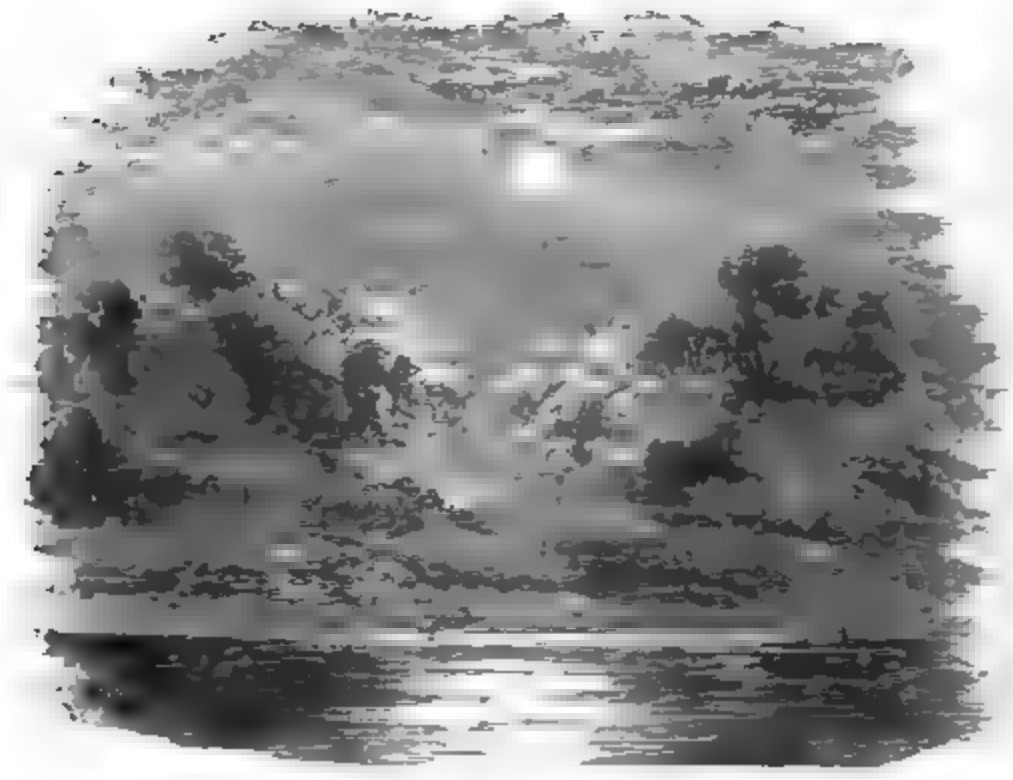
Words can scarcely describe the horrors and sufferings experienced by these hapless beings. Frequently cast into the sea by the upsetting of the boats, and expecting every moment to be washed away; chilled, starving, not a drop of fresh water to wet their tongues, many perished miserably. Of the thirteen women in the second-mate's boat eleven thus died, and when she ultimately succeeded in reaching the coast of Florida, the boat being upset by the surf, of the two survivors one was drowned and the other destroyed by a shark.

How did these poor beings die? Miserably, most horribly! More sad, too, that they had escaped the great catastrophe—the foundering of the ship—and might have expected to reach the shore in safety. For seventy hours no food entered the mouths of the survivors; and oh, how sad that last final scene when the boat, nearing the strand, was turned over and over in the surf, the mate alone reaching the shore. Of the other boats, the first was picked up by the Norwegian barque *Fleetwing*, when one passenger had died. The second arrived at Fernandina, Florida, on the morning of the 7th, two of the passengers having died —their bodies remaining in the boat, the survivors being too weak to throw them overboard. Those in the third boat

had suffered fearfully. Most of them were in a state almost of nudity; four of them died miserably. Two women alone of the passengers survived, when the boat was seen on the 8th by the *Morning Star*, and those in her rescued.

Thus out of the whole number of the passengers and crew, two hundred and seventy-eight, who left New York on the 27th September, twenty-four only survived on the 9th October.

What thoughts may have passed through the smitten souls of those hapless beings on board the sinking ship in that supreme hour, as their voyage of life thus fatally terminated, it is not (as a writer observes) for the human mind to conjecture; but assuredly if ever all the elements of a mortal tragedy were brought together in one place, and at one hour, they were accumulated upon that nameless spot among the waves where the *Evening Star* went down.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOSS OF THE "MERCURIUS;" OR, CAST AWAY ON THE ROCAS REEF.

NOT long ago three of my boys and I were going by the railway to Gravesend. Just before we started a seafaring man stepped into the compartment in which we sat. Having settled ourselves, one of the boys produced a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" from our travelling bag, and was glancing over the illustrations.

"Now I daresay, youngsters," observed the sailor, "you have a fancy that it must be wonderfully jolly to lead the sort of life the old fellow did in the book you have got there—may be with a chum or two, no one to order you about, or pack you off to school in a morning, and all of you just doing what you have a fancy for."

A smile passed over his well-bronzed countenance; he had knocked the ashes out of his pipe as he entered the carriage, and, deprived of the pleasure of smoking, was evidently prepared to spin a long yarn should anyone give a haul at the outer end.

"Yes, I do think it must be a very jolly life," answered the boy to whom he had addressed himself, in a positive tone; "I know that I would much rather be away in one of the

South Sea Islands with a faithful man Friday to help me build my hut, and go fishing, and shooting, and catching wild animals, and all that sort of thing, than have to sit day after day in a schoolroom bothering my head with things I don't care about—don't you think I am right?"

"As to that, young gentleman, can't say that I do; it's one thing to read about adventures and being all alone on a desert island, but quite another to have to go through the reality. If you had been where I have, and gone through what I have gone through, you would be singing another tune, I have a notion."

"What, have you ever been wrecked?" exclaimed the boys in chorus.

"Ay, more than once," answered the seaman; "and it's a wonder to me that I have ever come back to tell about it."

"Then you will tell us about it, won't you!" exclaimed the boys together.

The seaman, as I had guessed, did not require much pressing: I added my request to that of my boys.

"Well, young gentlemen, I have a notion you would like to hear best about the last time I got cast away: it wasn't long ago either.

"You see I had shipped aboard a fine craft called the *Mercurius*, bound out from Liverpool to Sydney, in New South Wales. We arrived there all right, and having taken on board a cargo of wheat to feed the hungry folks at home, once more sailed on our return voyage. Our skipper was a man who knew how to handle a ship, and was as good a seaman, to my mind, as ever stepped. It wouldn't do if sailors were always thinking of being wrecked; and though that had been my fate, as I was telling you, two or three times, I made sure that the tight little ship would reach port in safety. We had had a fine run from Sydney, and had got some way to the nor'ard of Rio, being off the coast of Brazil in South America. I had heard tell of some coral reefs thereabouts called the Rocas, but I never set eyes on them, and

never wished to do so either. They are away somewhere off the town of Pernambuco. That Rocas Reef I'd heard say is as nasty a place as any in the ocean, and captains like to keep well clear of it. You can't see the reef when there's any sea on till you are close upon it, though in fine weather a line of white breakers marks it clearly enough; but at night, especially when there's no moon, a ship may run right in on the rocks, as many a stout craft has done, and be knocked to pieces before anyone on board knows where they are. I'll just tell you the sort of place it is.

"The reef itself runs I don't know how many miles along the coast, and on it are two small coral islands, each, as I should guess, about as large as a field of fifteen acres: they are joined at low water by a coral rock, so that a person may get along from one to the other, but when the tide comes in they make two islands. In the middle of each of them is a patch of white sand with here and there a little coarse grass springing out of it. I suppose the birds brought the seed, for I don't know how else it could have come there.

"Besides the grass there are some cocoa palm-trees. They were planted some years ago by the English consul at Pernambuco just to show the whereabouts of the reef—bless him for the thought, for before that time the Rocas Reef was even a more cunning trap than it is now. In clear weather those trees can be sighted a long way off by the look-out, if he has his eyes open.

"I don't know how many ships have been cast away on that terrible reef. The last I heard speak of was the *Duncan Dunbar*, an Australian clipper ship. She belonged to the same owners as the unfortunate *Dunbar* lost under Sydney Heads some years back. The ship's company of the *Duncan Dunbar* had better luck than those of her namesake, as most of them reached the shore alive, and got off again. Well, as I was saying, we were running up the coast when nasty weather came on. Of course our skipper knew all about the Rocas Reef, and never thought of getting near it, no more did we; though

other ships had been cast away there, we were not going to let our craft get into trouble—that's to say, if we could help it. The night was very dark, a heavy sea running, and it would have taken a sharp pair of eyes to see a few palm-trees sticking up out of the ocean. The first watch was

THE ORPHAN SAILOR BOY.

nearly out: I was at the wheel. A little chap, Ben Davis, who had taken a fancy to me, had made his way aft, and was seated on a coil of rope at my feet. You see, I used to look after him, and prevent the other men from knocking him about too much. You little know the hard life poor boys

often have of it on board ship, young gentlemen. Ben had no friends on shore that I could make out. He talked to me sometimes of his mother, but she was gone, and he used to tell me how he wished he could go and be with her. 'What's the matter now, Ben?' I asked, for as the light of the binnacle fell on his face, it looked sad and pale; 'has Bill Noakes or any of those chaps been giving you a taste of the rope's end? If they have, let them look out.' 'No, Peter, no,' he answered; 'but I couldn't stay below in my hot bunk; I wanted to breathe the fresh air. And, Peter, I heard Mother calling me. She told me to come to her; it would be far better than staying in this cruel world. I opened my eyes and looked about, but I couldn't see her, though her voice was still sounding in my ears.'

"'I should have been surprised if you had seen her, Ben,' said I; 'it was your fancy, lad. Cheer up; we shall soon be at home again in old England, and you'll find friends there, I'll warrant.' I'd made up my mind to take Ben with me to stay with my wife and little ones.

"'I have no home, no friends,' answered Ben. 'No, no, I'd rather go and be with mother than anywhere else.'

"Just then there came a cry from for'ard: 'Breakers ahead! breakers on the lee bow!' 'All hands on deck to save ship!' shouted the boatswain. The skipper was on deck in a moment. 'Brace round the yards!' he sung out. He had a notion that by making a stern board he might get the craft out of danger. The yards were braced round with the sails flat against the mast, but the ship had too much way on her to be stopped in a hurry; then came a sound no seaman likes to hear, for he well knows what it means—it was the cracking and grinding of stout timbers crushed in and planks torn off.

"The tight little ship had gone right upon the reef which we thought miles inside of us. She had torn her keel and bilge away upon the sharp edges of the rock. At that moment a heavy squall struck her: over she heeled. I felt her going; I knew pretty well she would never rise again. I

[redacted]

RUNNING ON THE REEF

looked for Ben; he was gone—gone, as he wished, to be with his mother. The terrible lurch the ship had just made had sent him to leeward and overboard. I didn't hear him utter a shriek or a cry for help. I hadn't time to think of him, poor little chap, just then. I sprang to the weather bulwarks, and held on for dear life. Many of the hands were hauling away on the braces, and as the sea broke over the ship and washed them to leeward they were caught as in a trap right under the sails. The water was rushing in through her bottom from stem to stern. Over she went, as I was saying, and then down she sank, almost as quickly as the time I have taken to tell you.

"Our skipper stood on the deck, as a brave man should, to the last, giving his orders and doing his best for those under his charge; but, bless you! at that moment he was as helpless as the babe unborn. Mortal man couldn't then have saved the ship. He had his hand on his mouth to speak when he was carried overboard, and I never again set eyes on him.

"I could hear the cries and shrieks of my drowning shipmates above the roaring of the breakers, but many never uttered a sound, for the sails kept them under from the moment they were overboard. Some near me were shouting for help, but it was too dark to see anyone, and I could not help them. It was more than I expected, to be saved myself. As I clambered upon the side, finding that all was lost, and that if I did not get clear of the ship I should be drawn down with her, I leapt into the water and struck out with might and main. Where I was going I could not see, but I hoped it was towards the land, if land there was thereabouts, for of that I was by no means certain. Now I was down in the trough of the sea, now I rose again, and was turned over and over on the foaming crest of a wave.

"Presently I made out a piece of the wreck floating near me, I swam towards it, and held on for dear life. I could now look about me better than before. It seemed that the timber was drifting on towards a dark line which I took to

be the shore, but the breakers hissed and roared between me and it, and there seemed very little chance that I should ever get to it in safety. Still I clung to the timber, determined not to let go if I could help it. Not far off I made out another poor fellow supported, as I was, by a piece of timber. I hailed him, and knew by his voice that he was Sambo, the cook's mate. I told him to keep up his courage, as I hoped that we might get on shore some day or other. After I had shouted to him I heard a hail in the distance, but it was too dark to make out from whom it came. I looked out for the ship, but she had gone down, and I could tell by the pieces of plank and timbers floating about that she had already begun to break up.

"Though I hoped we were not far from shore, as yet I could make out nothing beyond the line of breakers into which we were rapidly drifting. Sambo and I in another minute were in their midst. Didn't they hiss and roar, and tumble us about! Sometimes it seemed as if I must be torn from my hold, but I clung on with tooth and nail, as the saying is, and on and on I was tossed till I felt my feet touch the bottom. I sung out to Sambo to keep his hold. 'Ay, ay,' he answered; 'but the rock's very sharp.'

"I next made out, a little further on, what I took to be the shore. It seemed as if I had been two hours or more in the water; I don't think I could have held on much longer; presently again I felt bottom, and now I found that I could stand upright with half my body out of the water. I shouted to Sambo. He made his way up to me. A little way behind him came another man, wading through the surf; the same who had before hailed me. He told me that he had heard Mousey shouting not far off (we called him so because he hailed from France). 'Let us go and look for him,' I said, 'may be we may lend him a helping hand.'

"We scrambled along the rocks till we saw a spar with two men on it floating towards us. One was Mousey, whom we were looking for. The other poor fellow let go his hold just before we got to him, and the sea carried

him away. We strained our eyes to try and catch sight of him again.

"'Hark! I hear a cry,' said I; 'it's another poor fellow alive; let us see if we can give him a helping hand.' We made our way on a little further: the sea was breaking heavily against a rock, rising a few feet above water. We

"SAMBO AND I WERE IN THE MIDST OF THE BREAKERS."

could make out a man clinging to it. Sambo said he would go with me and try and help him. The rest hung back. It was a dangerous job, for we ran the risk of being carried off by the breakers; Sambo and I held each other's hands, and, waiting for an opportunity, we made our way up to where the poor fellow was clinging. 'I am Tom Page,' he sung out; 'help, mates! help!' Just as

we got near him he let go his hold; in another moment he would have been carried off, but Sambo caught him by the collar of his shirt, whilst I kept my footing on the rock, and together we managed to drag Tom back to where we had come from; he was terribly knocked about, and seemed to have but little life in him. However, we lifted him up to the top of the rock, as far out of the water as we could get him, and there all five of us clustered together, longing, you may be sure, for daylight to see whereabouts we were.

"You may have a notion, young gentlemen, that those four or five hours that we were clinging to the sharp coral rocks, every moment having a chance of being washed off again, were not the most pleasant of our lives. What gave us a hope of escaping was that the tide was running out, and at last we found ourselves left high and dry—not very dry, however, for of course we were wet to the skin.

"At last we saw a faint streak of light far away low down in the sky. It grew brighter and brighter, and redder and redder, till up came the sun out of the dark ocean, and then we made out a few palm-trees and a white beach at no great distance from us. We had to bring along poor Tom as best we could, and scrambling over the coral rocks, at last we reached the white beach. Not a foot could any of us move further, but down we sunk on the sand, thinking that after all it might have been better for us if we had been where our shipmates had gone, under the dark waves spread out all around us. As the sun rose higher our clothes dried quickly enough, but there we were on a barren sand-bank, without, as we thought, a drop of fresh water to wet our dry tongues. As I felt a little stronger I stood up to look about me, when I saw lying not far off the body of a man. We knew it must be one of our shipmates who had been cast ashore, and of course thought he was dead. Tom Page couldn't move, but the rest of us tottered on to where the man lay. 'Poor fellow, we must bury him,' said Mousey. 'Stop a bit, mate,' I answered, 'let us see if he has any

life in him first; I think one of his eyes moved.' I put my hand on his breast, and found it was warm. We lifted him up, and he heaved a sigh. We would have given something then for a drop of grog to pour down his throat. After a bit he came to, and looked strangely about him, not seeming to know where he was. He found his tongue at last, however, and then told us that when the ship went down he had struck out, not knowing where he was swimming to, but he let the sea carry him on till he got soundings, and then, scrambling up the beach, he fell down and lost his senses.

"There were then, you see, six of us, and as far as we knew no others saved out of the whole ship's company. It seemed, however, that there was very little chance of our living many days, for we knew well enough that it was not likely we should find a spring of fresh water on that coral rock, so getting back to where poor Tom was, we again sat ourselves down. Tom's groans made me think whether we could do anything for him. Having overhauled him, we bound up his worst hurts with a handkerchief I had in my pocket.

"How long we had sat I don't know, when I couldn't help saying, 'This won't do, mates; before we give in we'll just make a voyage round this island of ours to see what there's on it. Maybe there are cocoa-nuts on those trees there.' 'No cocoa-nuts growing now,' said Sambo, shaking his head. 'Never mind, mates, maybe we shall find some of the grain we had aboard, washed up on the beach; never cry die while there's life.' So while Mousey undertook to sit by poor Tom, the rest of us made our way across the island. It was not much bigger altogether than the little field we are just passing with cows in it. We hadn't got far towards the palm-trees, thinking that if our pockets were full of guineas we would give every one of them for a jug of cold water—ay, or even somewhat muddy water, for that matter—when we caught sight of what looked like two large white chests in the distance.

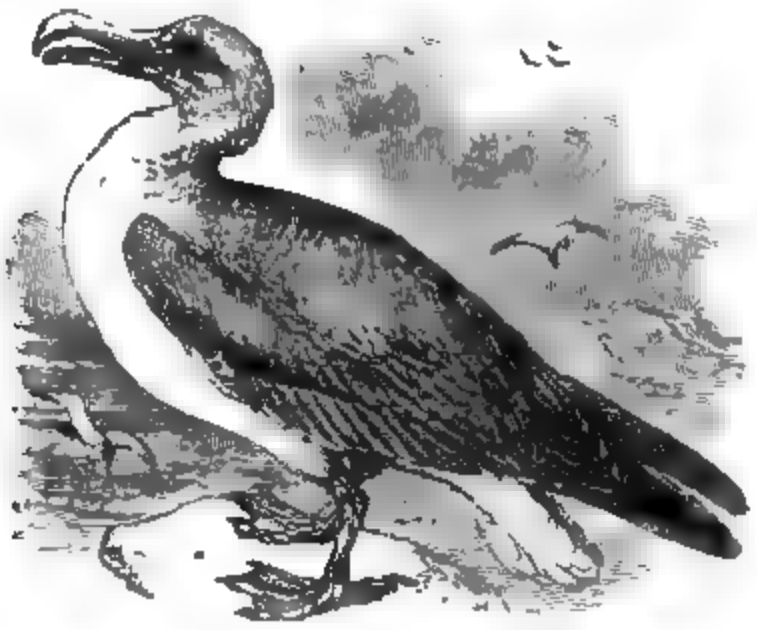
"'Why, I do believe those are water-tanks!' I cried out.

"'Likely enough,' said Bill Noakes, 'but they are empty,

you may be pretty sure of that.' We didn't stop to argue the point, but ran on as fast as our legs could carry us. We had not far to go, as it didn't take many minutes to get from one side of the island to the other. First up to the tanks, I gave one a knock with my knuckles, expecting to hear a hollow ring from within. My heart leaped almost into my mouth. It was full—full of pure fresh water; so was the other. 'God's providence has sent us this, mates,' I couldn't help saying; 'here's the thing, above all others, which we wanted.' The first was so full that we could get the water out with our hands, and you may be sure that we were not long in getting some of it down our throats. We hadn't forgot poor Tom and Mousey, but how were we to carry the water to them? 'Here's an iron bowl!' cried Bill; 'whoever left the tanks must have left this.' We filled it, and Bill ran back with it to our mates.

"We had put nothing into our insides since the evening before. 'I say, Jack,' said Bill to me, 'if I don't soon get some grub aboard, I shall be slipping the cable outright.' We all of us were feeling, by this time, very sharp set. As we came along we had seen numbers of birds flying over the islands, now sweeping round and round in the air, and then plunging down into the sea in search of fish; their wild cries were sounding too in our ears. As we looked round, we saw that the cries didn't come only from the birds flying about, but that there were thousands sitting at no great distance off on the ground. There were noddies and boobies, and kittiwakes, and I don't know what others. As we moved towards them they gabbled and shrieked, but never took it into their heads to fly away, only poking out their heads at us as we got among them. Some were great albatrosses, which we'd often seen flying about at sea, when they took good care not to come near us, and here they were sitting on the ground as quiet as lambs, except for the noise they made, and didn't seem to fear us even when we went close up to them. We soon knocked over a dozen of the smaller birds, and wrung their necks.

"'Don't let us take more than we want,' said I; 'this must be our poultry yard, and we must take care of them.' We found that most of the birds were either sitting on their eggs, or had young squabs with them. 'The eggs and the squabs will be better for us than the old birds,' said I. In a few minutes we had as many of them also as we wanted. We agreed that we would camp near the cocoa-nut trees, which grew on the highest part of the island. Bill, finding that we didn't come back to where we left Tom and Mousey,



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS.

persuaded them to move on to the palm-trees. We met them on their way. As we walked along we had been plucking the feathers, seeing that we couldn't swallow them. There was every chance of having to eat our wild fowl raw. 'If we had but a tinder-box we should soon have a fire burning,' cried Bill. 'And I would cook de birds,' said Sambo. I doubt, though, whether any of us had a mind to wait till the birds were cooked.

"As soon as we got back to the trees we sat down, and didn't lose time in attacking the eggs. I don't know how many we had apiece, but our hunger was at last satisfied.

"We shan't starve, anyhow,' said Bill Noakes, sucking away at the eggs; 'the water, too, will last us a long time, only I wish we had some rum to mix with it.' 'Let us be thankful for what we have got,' I couldn't help saying; 'God has been very merciful to provide us with this good water and plenty of food. Those tanks didn't come here by chance: let us thank Him!' I didn't know at the time that they had been left there by the ship's company of the *Duncan Dunbar;* nevertheless, to my mind that wasn't by chance. He who had preserved us from a stormy ocean, had provided the water and food. Mousey laughed when I spoke, though most of the rest knew that what I said was true, and looked as if they thought so. Still it was a hard matter for us to keep up our spirits; the water would not last for ever, and when that was gone, if no ship appeared to take us off, we might still have to leave our bones on the island. The sun by this time was striking down with tremendous force on our heads, for we had lost our hats; we were, you see, not very far from the equator, the hottest part of the world, and the palm-trees gave us but little shade. The food had done Tom good, and he could sit up and talk with the rest of us.

"After what we had gone through, and being awake all night, we wanted some sleep terribly bad; so we threw ourselves down on the ground in spite of the heat, and in two minutes there wasn't an eye open among us all. We hadn't been long asleep, when I was awoke by hearing Bill sing out, and, on opening my eyes, I saw him dancing and skipping about like mad. Mad I thought he had become. 'Oh! oh!' he sung out; 'the brutes won't leave an inch of flesh on me.'

"At the same time a strange pricking feeling came all over me, and I jumped up too, and began to rub and scratch myself like mad. In another moment every one of us was skipping and jumping and scratching ourselves as if we wanted to tear the flesh off our bodies, except poor Tom—he was too weak to move; all he could do

was to sit on the ground and cry out like the rest of us. Just then I caught sight of a number of dark little creatures scrambling over the sand. They were the ants which had bitten us. When we had got tired of dancing, seeing it would do us no good, we whipped off our clothes and set to work to pick the creatures off our limbs; it wasn't of much use, for as soon as we caught them, others crawled on and began picking away at our flesh with their terrible pincers. At last we had to give it up as a bad job; and Bill declared that he would rather grin and bear it than take so much trouble. To bear it we had, though it was no grinning matter. Finding we could not sleep, I proposed going along the beach to pick up anything the sea might have cast ashore. We hoped that some of the grain, which our ship had on board, might be thrown up; but none could we find. You would scarcely believe, however, the quantity of timbers and planks which strewed the beach. They had all been there for some time, which showed that they were not from our poor ship. Some had been hove right upon the sands; others were near the edge of the water, and large quantities were jammed in among the rocks. It showed us very plainly how many unfortunate vessels must have been cast away on that terrible reef. What had become of their poor crews and passengers? We had reason, as I said to my shipmates, to be thankful that we had been saved.

"'Now, mates,' said I, as I saw the quantity of drift-wood, 'there's enough here to build a palace; much more a hut, to shelter us from the sun and the night dew. We needn't be very particular about sawing or planing the wood, seeing we have no saw or plane to use.' All hands agreed to my proposal. It was a great thing, I knew, that we should have something to do; it would keep us from thinking too much about ourselves and our misfortunes. Every man on this loaded himself with a piece of wood, and we agreed that we would build our hut near the palm-trees, where we had left Tom. It was well we got back soon to him, for he was wriggling and twisting about almost out of his shirt;

and, if we hadn't come to his help, I do believe the ants would have eaten him up. It was bad enough for us; but terrible for him with his sores, and bruises.

"'Before we begin building our palace we must try to put a stop to the attacks of these fierce little beasts,' said Bill. 'I have heard that a fire is the best thing to keep them off; we have plenty of wood, at all events.' 'A fire! very good,' observed Mousey; 'but how to get a light, that's the job, mates.' 'I know how get light,' said Sambo; 'but it take some time. You go and bring in plenty of wood, and I make de light.' We agreed to this, and set off again to bring up more wood. In the meantime Sambo had looked out a small dry lump which had been many a year baking in the sun, and with his clasp-knife he had worked away till he had got a thick bit of stick with a pointed end. This point he fitted into a hole he made in the block. After we had made several trips, we found him busy working the stick round and round in his hands, just as if he was trying to bore a hole right through the block. Bill Noakes was inclined to laugh at him. 'Neber fear,' answered Sambo; 'fire come by and by—ab patience.' Finding that we couldn't help him, we went back to the beach for more timber. The tide had been for some time coming in, and, as we looked eastward, we caught sight of a dark object floating in the water. On it came, nearer and nearer, driven by the sea. At first we couldn't make out what it was, but at length I saw that it was a cask.

"'Hope it's a cask of rum!' exclaimed Bill Noakes; 'it would be a fine thing to mix with our water.' 'It's not that,' I said; 'and I tell you what, Bill, I'd rather that it was a cask of pure water than the finest Jamaica rum. It may help to keep our bodies and souls together after that in the tanks has gone; and we should be willing to give a thousand casks of rum for one of water.' Still Bill declared that he would rather have a cask of good spirits.

"By this time I saw clearly enough that it was a water-cask, and my only fear was that it might have been stove and

filled with salt water. We all watched eagerly for it as it approached, and, as soon as it got near enough, we rushed in over the rocks to secure it, and prevent its being driven against them. Directly we had got it out of the water, we examined it eagerly. It was uninjured; and, to my great joy, it was full of fresh water. 'This means another fortnight's life to us, mates,' I observed; 'we will roll it up at once, where it may get a little shade; it's too precious to leave in the sun to get heated and spoilt.'

"When we got to the trees, there was Sambo still working away with the wood. 'Come soon!' he sung out. 'See, it's already black; get some tinder, mates, and we will have a fire in a jiffy!' We found at hand a piece of rotten wood, and carried it to Sambo. The hole by this time was quite black, and smoke was coming out of it. While we all stood by watching him, there appeared a spark, and then another, and another; and he blew away with his cheeks puffed out, gently at first, till at last there sprang up a light flame.

"'Bring de tinder! bring de tinder!' he shouted out. We held the tinder to the flame, and in another moment had that alight. Bill and I, blowing away, ran with it to the pile of wood, and then, going down on our knees, puffed and puffed till a bright blaze sprung up. We shouted for joy; for certainly I didn't think that Sambo would have succeeded.

"We had now got the means of cooking our food, and of making a signal to any ships that might be passing; and we hoped to keep off the ants. The little vermin, however, didn't mind the fire a bit, for they came up close to it in spite of all we could do. The only way to have kept them off would have been to make a ring of fire, and to have sat in the middle; but that wasn't to be done. You, who have got match-boxes, find it easy work to strike a light; but it had taken Sambo two full hours or more, and now we had got a fire we didn't want to let it out again. We had plenty of fuel, that was one good thing as far as we were concerned, though the wrecks which had brought us the wood had cost the lives of many poor fellows.

"By this time day was wearing on, and we had begun to think of our insides again. Bill was for knocking over some ducks and kittiwakes. 'No, no!' said I; 'if we kill the mother-birds we may frighten them away; we may take as many squabs and eggs as we like; and the poor, foolish things, they will not be much the wiser.' So we went back to our poultry yard, as we called it, which wasn't far off, and collected as many eggs and young birds as would serve us for a hearty meal. We soon had the birds picked and roasting on spits, and the eggs were cooked in the hot ashes. They

were rather strong food, and we should have been glad of some hard tack to eat with them. We looked, but looked in vain, along the shore for some of the wheat; but not a grain was washed up. As far as I recollect, that was all we did the first day of our stay on the island. Things had mended greatly since the morning. We had plenty of food and water; and we had reason to thank God that we were no worse. We agreed to keep the fire alight night and day, in hopes that any ships passing might see it, and send to take us off.

"The worst we had to suffer was from the ants; when once they found us out they would never let us alone: night and day they were biting away at us, and it's my belief they would not have taken long to pick clean any one of us who might have died. Except the birds, they were the only creatures on the island; and they seemed to think we had no business there. There's an old saying, you know, of 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and that's what we had to abide by. As it was now nearly dark, we agreed we would wait till the next morning to begin building our house.

"We all lay down for the night near the fire, putting poor Tom close to it; and by keeping outside of him, most of the ants attacked us and let him alone. 'Mind, though,' said I to Bill and Sambo, 'that one of us wakes up and puts fresh logs on the fire. It will not do to let that out.' They all agreed to this; but the fact was, we were too sleepy to keep a regular watch; I knew that I could wake up, and I thought that the rest, after they had two or three hours' sleep, would be able to keep awake.

"In about two hours, as I expected, I opened my eyes, and sitting up, found the fire still burning. The wind had gone down; the stars overhead were shining brightly, and the dark sea was heaving all around us, and beating with a ceaseless roar against the shores of our little island. Now and then there came through the air the shriek of a sea-fowl, flying home from afar over the ocean. Not another sound was heard. I'd never felt before what it was to be thus alone—cut off from the rest of the world; I'd been accustomed to books and to read my Bible, but now I hadn't a Bible or a book of any sort, and might never see one again for what I could tell. My companions, who were roughish sort of men, cared nothing for reading; indeed, I don't think any of them could have spelt even their names, except, perhaps, Mousey, and he and I hadn't much in common, for he scorned the Bible, and didn't believe—he dared to say—that there was a God in heaven. I was thinking, too, of my wife and little ones, who would be looking for me, week

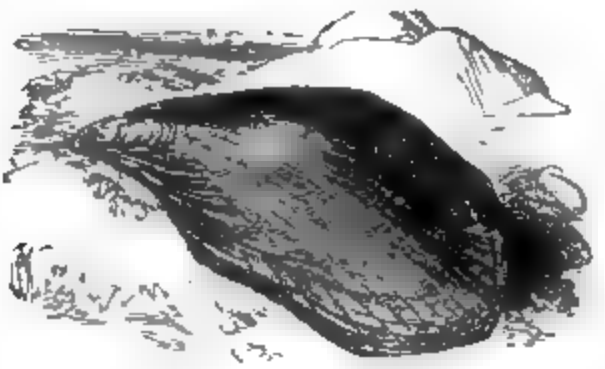
after week, from the time the ship was due, till at last they would give up hope of seeing me again. However, I knew I shouldn't let these thoughts press me down, so, arousing myself, I got up, put some more logs on the fire, and then, after waiting a bit, shook Bill by the shoulder and told him it would be his watch next.

"'Ay, ay, mate!' he murmured; 'I'll be on deck in a jiffy.' After waiting some time, I again called him, and he sat up, and said he would look after the fire; believing he would do so I lay down, and before long was fast asleep.

"I woke by feeling my head hot, and the ants biting away at my body. For a moment I thought the heat came from the fire. Rousing myself, I found the sun already up in the sky, and beating down upon us. I turned towards the fire, or rather where it had been, but not a spark could I discover. My companions were lying asleep around me; they were regularly done up; no wonder, considering what we had gone through. I shouted out to them; they were soon on their feet, and all hands began scraping away at the ashes in the hope of finding a spark to light the tinder; but it was out; there was no mistake about that.

"'There's work for you, Sambo,' I said; 'we must be content with a cold breakfast.' We had left some of the birds which had been cooked, hung up against the nearest tree, but when we went to look for them the bones only were there; the ants had picked them clean, so we had to breakfast off the cold eggs and water. As it was Bill's fault that the fire was out, it was agreed that he ought to light it again. 'All right, mates,' he answered. 'Where's the stick and lump of wood which Sambo used yesterday?' It was found; and Bill sat down and began working away with the stick between his hands. After he had been at it for about an hour or so, Sambo looked at him and grinned. The stick was scarcely hot, and he seemed no nearer getting a fire than at first, though he had worn off almost half the stick. At last Sambo offered to take it in hand, and Bill had to confess that he didn't think he should succeed if he was to be at it all day.

"We then set to work, and began our hut. We took the longest timbers we could find for uprights, and beams for the roof; the uprights we stuck down into the sand, as far as they would go, to serve as walls; besides these, we placed a row down the middle of our house for posts to support the roof, as there were very few of the beams long enough to go right across. It didn't matter much about making the building weather-tight, for there was no chance of rain: we only



THE EDIBLE MUSSEL.

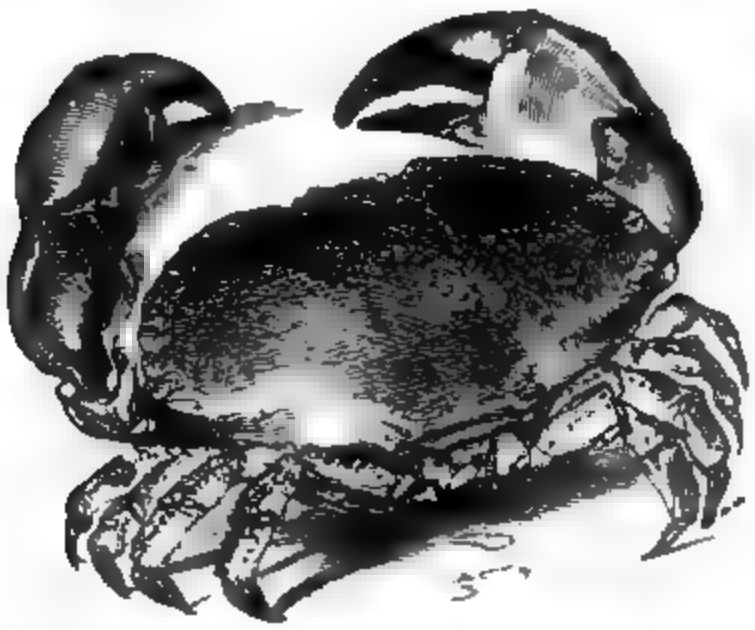
wished there had been: all we wanted was shelter from the hot sun, and the damp air at night.

"Our palace, as we called it, was no great thing as to beauty; it certainly was a rum sort of building to look at, but it answered our purpose. We made bunks along each side to sleep in, and a table in the middle. You see, we had no tools to work with, so we had to build according to our materials. We were working away at it, when Sambo cried out that he had got fire; we hurried, as before, with pieces of tinder, and soon had them alight, and once more our fire blazed up.

"'Now, lads,' I said; 'remember, we must take good care not to let the fire out again; night and day we must watch over it. Suppose any night we let it out, and a ship was to pass, we should lose the chance of being taken off the rock.' All agreed to keep watch to prevent this, if possible.

"Having cooked and eaten our dinner, which was the same as before, we agreed to examine the rocks, in the hope of

finding some useful articles which might have been washed up. 'Help, mates, help!' cried Bill, who was ahead; 'something has caught hold of my toe, and will have it off, if you don't look sharp.' We were soon up to him. His foot had slipped down the side of the rock into the water, where, sure enough, a big crab had seized it. It was no easy matter to take the creature off, and he had given Bill a nip which made him limp for many a day afterwards; however, we soon had the crab's claws tied up, and that made us look



THE CRAB.

out for more. In a short time we had got enough to give us all a hearty meal.

"'Hilloa, mates! what is dat?' cried Mousey. He was a little way from us. 'Come here! catch hold! now we cook the dinner.' We hurried up to where Mousey was standing, and there, just below him, we caught sight of a big iron pot which the sea was rolling over and over; it was a prize worth having, so Bill and I made a grab at it, and secured it on shore. It was large enough to cook all the crabs we had caught altogether. Not to run the risk of

losing it, we at once carried it up to the sand. 'If we could get a teakettle now we might brew some tea, and be all complete,' said Pat Brady, who was an Irishman (I have not mentioned him before); 'barring the tea,' he added. Well, curiously enough, about ten minutes afterwards Pat himself pulled a teakettle out from among the rocks; the lid being fastened down tight it had floated easily, and was not much the worse for the knocking about it had had. It would serve for boiling our eggs, or any small things. For my part,

THE OYSTER.

I should have been thankful if a chest of tea had come on shore.

"I think it was that day that Bill found an iron bolt stuck in among the rocks; he was going to heave it away. 'No no!' I sang out; 'keep everything we find; we have not too much property as it is, and we don't know what will come into use.' I took charge of it; and, as we went along, managed with its help to knock off a good quantity of shell-fish; though we had enough of other things the change of food would, I knew, be pleasant. I need not tell you how we passed each day; we never failed to take a walk wo or three times in the day round our island to look

for what the sea might have cast up. There was timber enough, but very little else. We soon had our house finished; to be sure that wasn't much to boast of; it served our purpose, however, and we were not very particular. We had one clasp-knife among us, and, one day, what should Pat see sticking in a coral rock but a good large sheath-knife. It was a prize worth having. We got also some nails out

ATTACKED BY A SHARK.

of the wood, though at the time we didn't know what we should do with them. We had a small iron bowl, which we found near the tanks, and that served as a drinking-cup.

"When the tide was out, we one day made our way to the other island. It was difficult work, scrambling over the coral rocks with our bare feet, and, when we got there, we found nothing but drift-wood, such as there was plenty of on our own island; still we agreed that we might keep up

our fire without fear of running short. After we had walked round and round the other island, and backwards and forwards across it several times, and seeing all that there was to be seen—which was just nothing at all, besides the birds, which quacked and shrieked at us like mad, and the drift-wood, and the hot white sand—it was time to go home again. Our little black hut was our home; we had no other, do you see.

"We had been longer passing over the sharp coral rocks than we had supposed; for, before we had got half-way across on our return, the tide began to make in. We pushed along as hard as we could go. Every moment the water rose higher, filling up all the hollows, and covering the lower parts of the reef. We were soon walking up to our knees, expecting that after all we should be swept away, for the tide ran so strong that we should have had little chance of stemming it. Still, we had no thoughts of giving in, and had nearly reached our island, when we came to a deep place where we had to strike out.

"We were close to some rocks, just above water, and we had agreed to rest on them, when Pat Brady, who was the last of us, sung out 'A shark! a shark!' We struck out for the rocks, and scrambled up them. Pat had barely time to get his footing when the villanous shark made a grab at him, but missed his leg. Pat quickly had out the long sheath-knife, fortunately stuck in his belt, and when the brute showed his ugly snout again, Pat gave him such a slash in the throat that he turned tail and darted away, showing the direction he took by the red blood he left in his wake. We made the best of our way to the shore, fearing every moment that another shark would be at our heels. Glad enough we were when we at last landed. We took care not to run the same risk again.

"All our thoughts were now turned towards getting away; for though we had food enough, and water to last us for a long time, we had no wish to stay a day longer than we could help on the island: it wasn't a pleasant place to live on, I can tell you. The ants, as I said, were bad enough,

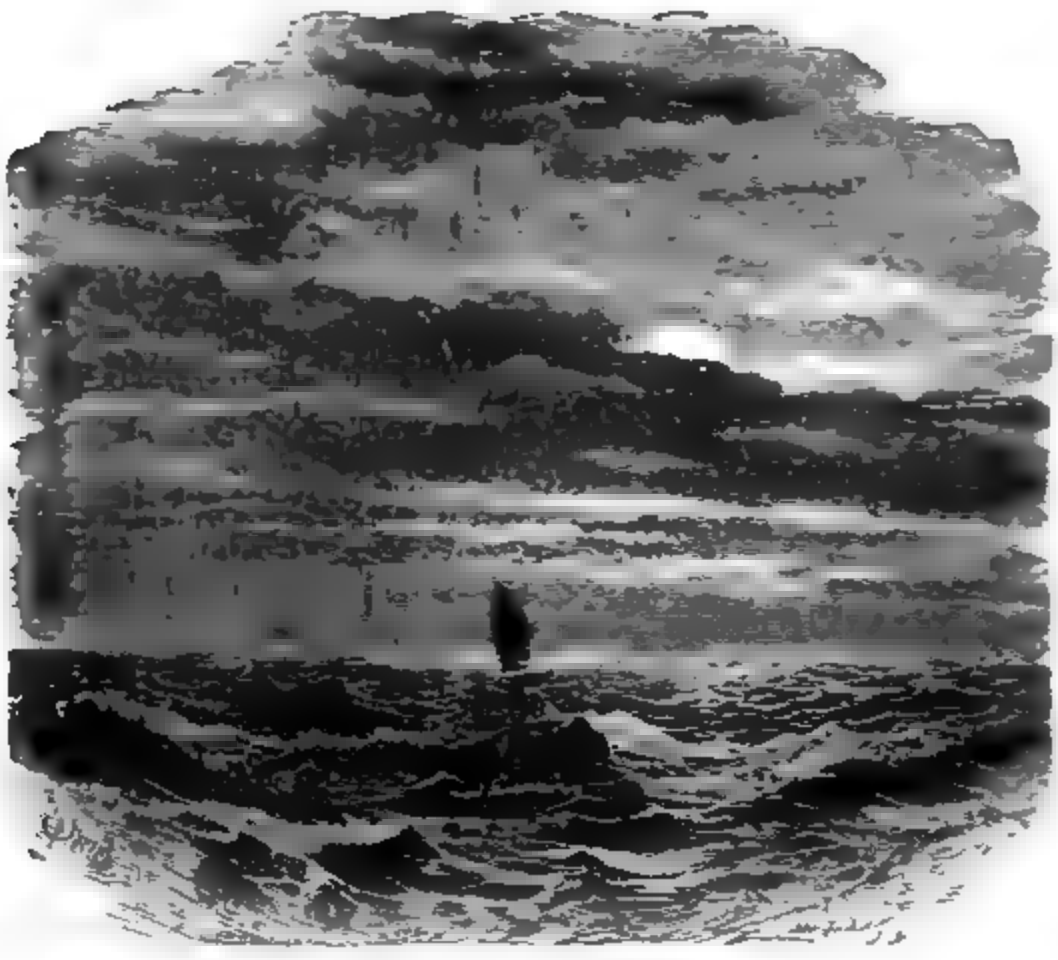
biting away at us night and day; but worse still was the sun; there was no avoiding that, except inside our hut. Day after day it rose out of the ocean, which in calm weather was all of a glare; and then, as the huge fiery ball glided through the blue sky without a cloud to stop its rays, it beat down upon us with tremendous force, drying our skins till they were like parchment. Sambo alone didn't seem to care much about it; he would sit out on the hot sand, singing away, while he worked at some job or other, not minding either the ants or anything else for that matter.

"Our heads felt the heat most. At last Mousey said he thought he could make hats for us out of the palm-leaves, if we could get them. That was no difficult matter for sailors. Sambo undertook to go first. We clubbed together our handkerchiefs and he made a belt with them, which he passed round the tree and his own body, then up he went, shoving the belt first, as easily as a cat would mount an apple-tree. As he picked the leaves, he let them drop; and, when he had got enough, down he came. We were soon at work platting them. There's a sort of stringy stuff in them—the fibre, which served us for thread.

"The day before, Tom had found a piece of brass wire; this we soon hammered out into needles, drilling the eyes with the point of a nail. Thanks to Mousey, before the day was over we each of us had a broad-brimmed hat, which kept the sun off our heads and shoulders. As for clothing, we had come on shore with very little on our backs; but that didn't matter much, as it was hot enough to go about without any, as savages do. We were not over particular as to our looks. Of course we couldn't shave, seeing we hadn't a razor; so, as the hair on our heads and faces grew and grew, we became pretty rough-looking objects, you may fancy.

"After we had let the fire out once, we were very careful not to do it again; one of us always keeping watch at night. It was my watch, and I was walking up and down to prevent myself going to sleep; casting my eyes over the heaving sea, on which the moon was throwing a light, just as if it

had been made of silver. You may be sure I was thinking of home, and wished that I was once more on my way there, when I saw right away, where the light was brightest, a sail. her courses just rising above the water. How eagerly I watched her! I couldn't help hoping that she was standing towards the island. I would not wake up my companions,



A SHIP APPEARS AT NIGHT.

for I did not want to disappoint them; but I threw on more wood, and stirred the ashes to make the fire blaze up. Still, unless a very bright look-out had been kept on board, no one so far off was likely to see the fire on a bright night; yet I couldn't keep my eyes off the vessel. Slowly she glided by to the nor'ard; and when at last I lost sight of her, my heart sank, and I cast myself on the ground and

cried like a baby. I was glad then that I hadn't roused up the rest.

"'Well,' I thought, 'if one ship comes this way another may, and if the night is dark our fire will be seen; then it came into my mind that, should one pass during the day, we ought to have a flag flying to show that there were people on the island. The job would be to find a flagstaff and flag; I'd got a shirt on, to be sure, and a jacket over it, so I resolved next morning to turn my shirt into a flag, and to try and find a spar to serve as a flagstaff. I knew that if I was to lie down I couldn't go to sleep, for thinking of these things; so, instead of rousing up the next man who was to keep watch, I continued to walk up and down as before.

"I was looking along the sand when I caught sight of a dark creature crawling up from the water; another and another followed; they stopped after getting a little distance, and seemed to be scraping away at the sand. I knew at once that they must be turtles about to lay their eggs. Here, then, was a first-rate supply of first-rate food. More and more came, till the beach was swarming with them. I was afraid to frighten them by moving, so I stood still and looked at them till I thought the best part had laid their eggs; then, calling my mates up, I told them what I had seen, and we all set off, eager to turn some of the turtles. They were fine big fellows. When they saw us coming they began to make their way back into the water; however, we managed to turn over three of them, which would give us dinners for many a day, fit to set before the Lord Mayor of London. Passing ropes round their flippers, we dragged them up to our hut. We soon had the pot on the fire, and Mousey at work cutting one of them up; all hands were so eager to taste the turtle, that they wouldn't stop till morning. We had a fine supper, you may depend on it; the eggs and crabs we had been living on were pretty well; but the squabs were oily food at best, and the shellfish were somewhat tough, and stuck in our throats, seeing we had no grog

to wash them down with. I didn't mind then telling the rest of the vessel I had seen passing. They most of them, I believe, fancied I had been dreaming, as they began to think that no ship would ever come near us. 'If we had now some soft tack, with pepper and salt, and a few bottles of rum, we should live like princes,' said Bill, as he was shovelling pieces of the turtle down his throat.

"Next morning we hunted about to find a spar. We were again in luck. Tom found one piece, and Bill and I two more, and by splicing them together we made a pretty good sized flagstaff; then whipping off my shirt, I cut it open, and made it fast to the end of the staff. We set it up a little way from the hut, clear of the trees, where it might be best seen by any ship passing.

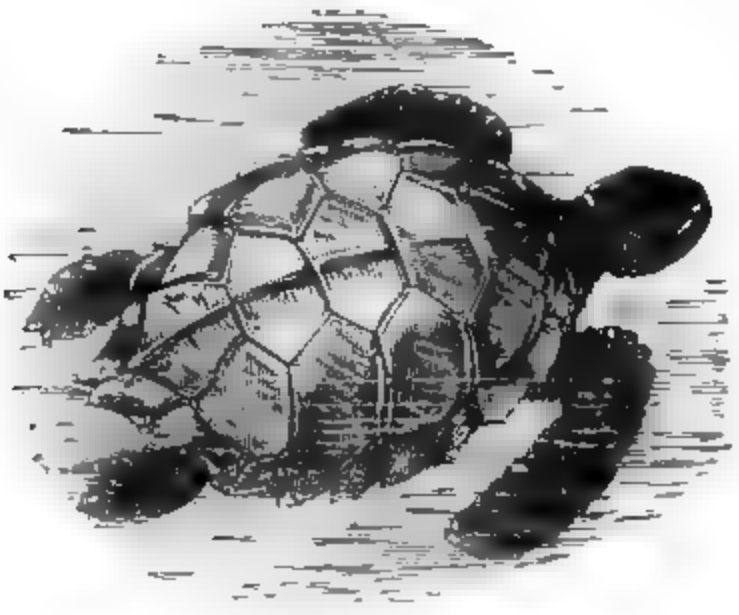
"We hadn't forgotten the turtles' eggs though, and after getting up our flagstaff we set out to look for them. The turtles had left tracks behind them, and digging with our hands in the sand we soon found the eggs: they were better a good deal than the birds' eggs, which were somewhat strong and oily.

"Thus you see, by God's mercy, we had no fear of starving; still, we were not content, and the greater variety of food we got, the more we wanted. As we had been wandering over the reef, we had seen plenty of fish swimming about, and we now agreed that we might as well try and catch some of them.

"The cocoa-nut trees gave us stuff for twisting into twine, and Mousey and I made enough for several lines: the difficulty was to get hooks. We had, to be sure, plenty of nails —two or three of the smallest we hammered out into something like the shape we wanted. They were not very sightly, but they would answer our purpose; and we had plenty of shellfish to serve as bait. We managed easily to get along the rocks when the tide was out, so as to heave our lines into deep water. We hadn't to wait long before Sambo had caught a good big fish, and I shortly afterwards hooked another nearly as large. When we had as many as we

wanted, we returned homewards. After this, when the weather was moderate, some of us went out fishing, and were generally successful. Still, though we had got so many of the good things of life, and had cause to be thankful that matters were no worse, one and all of us longed to get away. Sometimes, as we sat round our kettle of turtle soup, with fish and eggs in abundance for dinner, we could talk of nothing else.

"We had got accustomed to the ants; indeed they didn't bite us so much as at first, but it was the same thing day after day which wearied us. There was the same glaring sea,



THE TURTLE.

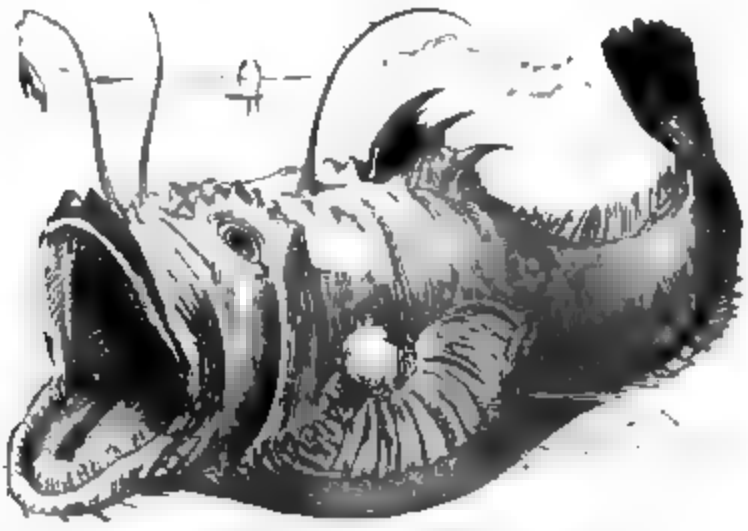
and the beach of white sand, and the few cocoa-nut trees, and there was the same sun rising with a blaze of light out of the ocean, and gliding slowly overhead day after day. How we wished that clouds would come to hide it, if only for an hour or two! but not a cloud appeared in the deep blue sky. Weeks had passed, and though at first we had plenty to do, we had now nothing to employ our hands on. We had made our hats, as I have said, but though we had no clothing we were obliged to go without that, for we had nothing to make it out of. We continued, however, to

search the reef at low water for anything we might find. One day, Tom picked up a hammer jammed in a rock: how it ever got washed up there, seeing it couldn't swim, was curious.

"As we sat at supper that evening, says Tom, 'I wonder if we are going to remain here all our lives.' 'May be,' observed Bill, 'but it won't be long after the tanks and the water casks are empty.' We looked into each other's eyes, and could tell what each was thinking about. 'That may be,' said I, 'but before that another ship may pass by.' 'But suppose no ship does come by,' said Tom; 'except the craft you thought you saw one night—and she must have been a pretty long way off—not a sail have we sighted since we came ashore here.' 'Suppose, then,' said Mousey, 'we build a boat. The coast of America is not far off; we might manage to get there somehow or other.' (I cannot give the lingo Mousey spoke in.) 'A rum sort of boat we should build without an adze or saw to shape out the timbers,' observed Bill. 'If Mousey thinks it can be done, we will all join and help him,' I exclaimed; 'there's nothing like trying, you see. We have got this sheath knife, and hammer, and bolt, and we can find as many nails as we want sticking in the drift-wood. The coast of America cannot be very far off, and it is as well to be lost trying like brave men to save our lives as to die here of thirst.'

"All hands agreed to this, and the next morning we set to work to plan out our craft. The first thing was to get together the bits of timber and planking fit to be used. The sheath knife and Sambo's clasp knife were not large tools for shaping out the wood, still, as I said, 'there is nothing like trying.' We got a straight bit which served as a keel, and then some planks for the bottom; that, we agreed, must be flat. It took us a long time to make any way. We first had to hunt for nails, and as we only had one hammer to get them out with, that was a long job. Tom had the hammer, Pat punched out some with the bolt, while the rest of us were working away, and trying to shape the planks.

"We had now enough to do. Those who were not using the tools hunted about for the wood suited for our purpose. From morning till night we were at work, and when we knocked off, it often seemed as if we had done nothing. Still the craft, if we could build her, might prove the only means of saving our lives. You may be sure we were very careful with the water in the tanks. We had got enough to last us more than a year, but I knew full well that captains would give the reef a wide berth, and that not one year only but two might pass before any ship came near us. Still, though I didn't think that the craft we were building would be able



THE ANGLER.

to convey us to the coast of America, I encouraged my companions to go on with her, and laboured myself as hard as any of them. There is nothing like work to keep away sad thoughts, and if it hadn't been for the building of the boat, I believe we should have given way altogether to despair, and some, if not all of us, would have died just from having nothing to do. As we couldn't all work at the boat together, two of us used every day to collect eggs, and generally we brought home a few squabs, or shellfish and crabs.

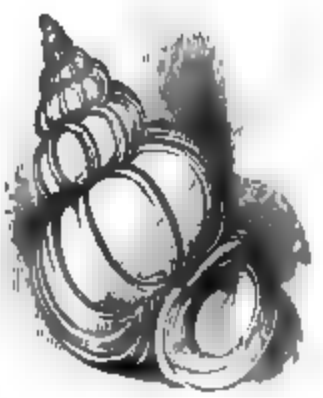
"Sometimes we went fishing when the sea was smooth, and we could get out on the rocks. We there caught many a

fine fish with our hooks and lines; at night, most of us used to go out turtle turning, when we got turtles enough to have fed ten times our number; still the boat gave us our chief occupation. When the stem and stern were fixed, she did look certainly a rum sort of craft. Odd looking as she was, still I couldn't help hoping that, if the weather was fine, she might prove the means of saving us. Nearly a month had passed away since her keel was laid, and now she was finished. She still, however, required caulking. We had no oakum, but instead we collected all the cocoa-nut fibre could we find, and beat it up fine with the fat from the turtles and birds we had killed. It answered the purpose pretty well, but I couldn't help feeling that if the boat got much knocking about it would soon work out. As we couldn't find any timber fit for oars, we made paddles for ourselves. At length, having caulked our boat, as soon as the tide rose we ran her down to the sea on the lee side of the island; she floated better than I had expected, though, to be sure, she was somewhat lopsided. All getting into her, we paddled about, not a little proud of this ending of our labours. We could now go fishing further off from the shore, and every day we caught numbers of fine fish.

THE CONE.

"One day we had paddled over to the other island; the fish bit very freely, and we were tempted to remain longer than we intended, even though we had caught more than we could use. At last we began to paddle back. We had got some way, when, as I happened to look towards where our hut stood, I couldn't see the usual white wreath of smoke curling up near it. 'Who was the last to put fuel on the fire,' I asked. No one could say that any logs had been put on since the morning. 'Then I'm afraid that the fire is out

again,' I exclaimed; 'Sambo, you'll have work enough to get another alight.' Evening had come on, and we should have to pass the first hours of darkness without our usual signal fire. We paddled away, as hard as we could, in the hope that some smouldering ashes might still be found. We reached our island, and hurried up to the hut; the ashes were turned over and over, but not a spark could we find. Here we were with a boat-load of fish, and turtles, and eggs, and, through our forgetfulness, without the means of cooking them. Sambo set to work as before; but it seemed to take longer in the night than in the day-time to get a light. We were all very hungry, though none of us fancied eating raw fish, or raw eggs even; but still worse than that, was the chance of any ship passing and we having no fire to show our whereabouts. We had to wait a pretty long time for our supper. Sambo at last got a light; but it took us the best part of an hour, while we were kneeling down and puffing away, before we could get it into a blaze.



THE WENTLETRAP.

"Well, young gentlemen, I see you are longing to know how we got away. Mousey and Bill often talked of chancing it on a voyage to the coast of Brazil. I had made up my mind that it would be much wiser to stop as long as the water lasted, and only to make the attempt when all hope of rescue had gone. How many days it would take us to get across, I couldn't tell, even if the weather should hold fine; and though our craft might float us, as she was already pretty deep with our weight alone in her, she certainly couldn't carry provisions and water enough to keep our bodies and souls together during the voyage. Sometimes they talked of going by themselves and sending us help; but I begged them to remain, as I thought they were very likely to lose their lives in making the attempt. 'God, in His mercy, had saved us

thus far,' I told them, 'and was still able to take care of us; and that, if we would but have patience, help might come when we little expected it.' Mousey laughed at me, and Bill was somewhat inclined to back him up.

"Well, we had been, by my reckoning, fifty days on the island. Mousey and Bill still talked of going; and Pat, the Irishman, seemed inclined to accompany them. I'd a hard job to persuade them to remain. At last, I said, 'If you will go, though I don't think you have any right to take the boat which we all have had a hand in building, just wait another week, and then, if the rest agree, I won't hinder you; only, I warn you again, that you are very likely to lose your lives." That night I couldn't help lying awake, thinking what was best to be done. We were all getting weary of the life we led. We had plenty of food, it was true; but, since the boat was finished, we had nothing to do except to gather up the turtles, and birds' eggs, and walk round and round the patch of white sand which formed our world, or gaze out on the boundless sea around us. Once, when it blew a heavy gale, and the tide came rushing in, it seemed as if the ocean was about to sweep over the whole island and carry us away; but, though the huge rollers came roaring in, they stopped at the edge of the sand, and not an inch beyond it did they advance. I knew that God kept them in hand, or we, poor, helpless creatures, would have been borne away and drowned in the foaming breakers.

"Sometimes, during the night, I thought I would risk it with the rest. 'No,' I again said, 'I'll stay where I am. He who rules those tossing seas will still take care of us, and in His good time bring us help.' I'd been taught when a child to say my prayers; I'd often said them by myself, though, for shame, I'd been afraid to say them before my shipmates. I, now going a little way from the rest, knelt down upon the sand and prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God would send us help, and take care of my poor wife and children till I could get home again. After some time I went back to the hut and piled more fuel on the fire till it blazed up

brightly, and showed a glare far away over the ocean. Still, I couldn't sleep, and morning broke before I closed my eyes. That day, at breakfast, Mousey and Bill and Pat talked more than ever of their intended voyage: we agreed that they should have as many eggs and as much turtle as they could carry, and what remained of the water in the cask.

"In the afternoon, while the rest of us were lying down in the hut, Sambo and Pat went out fishing; I'd dropped off to sleep, when I heard a loud shouting outside. 'A sail! a sail! a sail in sight,' Pat was crying out; 'hurrah, boys! she is standing this way.' I was out in a moment, and, sure enough, I saw far away a sail standing towards the island. Our flag was flying, and the white smoke from our fire rose high in the sky. That might possibly be seen: the rest, however, didn't think so; they believed that when the stranger found that the Rocas Reef was near, she would alter her course and stand away from us. 'We must not let her do that!' exclaimed Bill. 'I vote that we jump into the boat and pull after her.'

"So eager were we, that, in spite of the risk we ran, we all agreed to try and get off to the ship. However, as we didn't wish to go empty-handed, we first loaded our craft with as many eggs as she could carry. Still the stranger stood on. Our hopes of escaping increased. I can't tell you how we felt. We had been now, as I was saying, fifty-one days on that patch of sand, longing and longing to get away. We could hardly turn our eyes from the vessel.

"There was a fine leading breeze which would carry her free of the reef, so she was in no danger. On she came under all sail. Nearer and nearer she drew. 'She's keeping away!' cried Bill. 'She will pass us by, mates! We had better shove off at once, while there's a chance of reaching her.' Bill was wrong; still she came nearer. Oh, how our hearts did beat when we saw her courses brailed up, and her foretop-sail backed against the mast. We jumped into the boat, and away we paddled. There she lay, evidently waiting for us. We must have been

curious-looking beings, with our long hair and beards, our broad-brimmed hats, and scarcely a rag on our shoulders. We at length got alongside; a rope was hove to us, and many friendly hands stretched out ready to help us on deck. We scarcely knew what we were about, so delighted were we to find ourselves in safety. The people spoke kindly to us, and we told them all that had happened; after that everyone on board seemed to be trying how they could best serve us. The captain was as kind as anyone. If it had not been for him we should have been on the reef still. He had made out our block hut, with our flag, and the smoke from our fire, a long way off; and knowing, consequently, that human beings must be on the rock, he boldly stood towards it. The vessel was the iron clipper barque *Silver Craig*, of Liverpool, homeward bound.

"We had a prosperous voyage, and at length reached old England in safety.

"Now, you see, my lads, that I've reason to trust God's mercy and lovingkindness; and if you do the same, He will never deceive you. If it hadn't been for that, though we had managed to get on shore, our bones would long ago have been bleaching among the wreck-timbers of that Rocas Reef, picked clean by the ants and sea-fowl. It was He who placed that fresh water for our use, and fed us with His creatures of the air and wave. It was He, too, who put it into the heart of the English Consul to plant those palm-trees from which we made the hats that protected our heads from the burning rays of the sun; He kept us in health, and then, at last, brought a ship to take us away and restore us to our homes and families."

The sailor's yarn lasted till we reached our destination. Shaking hands all round before he got out, he made his way along the platform, with a seaman's rolling walk, and we saw him no more.

NOTE.—That the unknown seaman's narrative was perfectly correct, in all the main points, I have not the slightest

doubt, from its agreement with a most graphic account I met with a year or two ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, of the wreck of the *Mercurius* on the Rocas Reef, and the preservation of six of her crew, who were at length rescued by the *Silver Craig*. I consider it, therefore, worthy of a place among the other authentic accounts of shipwrecks which it has been my task to collect.

THE BERNICLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BURNING OF THE "SARAH SANDS."

AMONG the annals of disasters at sea, we find no example where the courage and discipline of British soldiers, and the admirable seamanship and calm bravery of a naval commander, have been more conspicuously displayed than in the instance of the burning of the *Sarah Sands*, enabling them, under God's merciful providence, to triumph over the most fearful peril in which a ship has ever been placed, and rescuing them when hope might well-nigh have been abandoned.

In the case of the *Birkenhead*, the same courage and discipline was displayed by the troops she carried, and to it the women and children who escaped in a great measure owed their lives, although it availed them not in preserving their own.

When the news of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857 reached England, troops were hurriedly despatched to India by such steamers as were available for the purpose. Among others the *Sarah Sands* was chartered by the East India Company, to convey to Calcutta the head-quarters of her Majesty's 54th Regiment, comprising the Lieut.-Colonel, Captains Brett, Thompson, and Gilham, Lieutenants Galbraith, Hughes, and Crowpe, Ensign Wood, Lieutenant and Adju-

tant Howston, Surgeon Grant, Assistant-Surgeon Donovan, Quartermaster Hopkins, Paymaster Daniel, and about 350 rank and file, with several women and children, and a number of ladies.

She was an iron vessel, built in three water-tight compartments, of 1,100 tons burden, and had been previously employed in running between Liverpool and America. No better seaman ever stepped the deck than Captain Castle, appointed to command her, while the same might be said of his officers; but from the scarcity of hands to make up the complement of his crew, he entered, from such as offered, several foreigners and worthless fellows, who proved wanting in the hour of trial.

The *Sarah Sands* sailed from Portsmouth on the 15th of August, 1857, with this large number of people on board, for whom her accommodations were sadly inadequate, while more than two months passed before she reached the Cape of Good Hope.

After remaining there about a week to coal, she again put to sea, steering for Calcutta by way of Ceylon. She was about 1,000 miles distant from any land, when, on the 11th of November, at about three o'clock in the afternoon—a heavy gale blowing at the time—as the passengers were in their cabins preparing for dinner, soon to be served, and most of the troops were below, some of the soldiers berthed on the after orlop-deck noticed a smell of burning, which apparently proceeded from beneath them in the hold. Smoke soon bursting forth, the fearful cry of "Fire! fire!" was raised, and echoed along the decks. The commander appearing, ordered all hands to their stations; the soldiers coming from below were drawn up on deck. The chief officer and carpenter, with some of the men, were directed immediately to ascertain the cause of the alarm. The after hatches were opened, and bale after bale of the cargo stowed in the after hold was hoisted, but in vain was the seat of the fire sought. In a few minutes dense black masses of smoke issuing forth, baffled all the efforts of the

men; and so rapidly did the smoke ascend, that there was barely time to wrap the ladies in blankets, and hurry them on deck, before the whole saloon was filled with a dense and stifling mass. It seemed impossible that any human beings could exist a moment in such an atmosphere; but just then a cry was raised that the colours of the regiment were at the further end, when Private William Wyles, and a seaman, Quartermaster Richard Richmond, were seen dashing off into the darkened space, regardless of the terrific danger they ran. Their return was eagerly looked for. Again they appeared from amidst the wreaths of smoke,

THE FRIGATE PELICAN, OR BOATSWAIN BIRD.

holding up the colours; but, scarcely had they reached the open air, than, exhausted by their gallant efforts, they fell down side by side upon the deck; loud cheers greeting the success of their exploit.

Had the crew been inclined to yield to superstitious terrors, they might have had an excuse for declaring that all hope of saving the ship was gone; for just then it is recorded that an enormous boatswain bird, which sailors say appears only when danger is near, was seen hovering over the mainmast, its long white wings and tail stretched to their fullest extent. There it remained until the dense canopy of smoke which formed over the ship hid it from sight. When daylight appeared, the bird was gone.

Meantime, the engines had been stopped; the crew were aloft furling the sails, and the ship was brought head to wind. Lengths of hose were run out from the fire and donkey engines to drown, if possible, the fire now bursting forth. The first thought, however, was with regard to the magazines. A party of soldiers were told off, and, bravely descending, succeeded in clearing out the starboard magazine; but there was another on the port side. Already smoke was filling the surrounding space, and the flames threatened every instant to burst through into it. A cry for volunteers was raised, and volunteers instantly rushed aft, led by the gallant Hughes, of the 54th Regiment, who was the first to descend and pass up a cask of ammunition. Several who followed him were drawn up senseless. Most of the powder, however, was brought up on deck, and hove overboard. Still some remained. In vain efforts were made to reach a cask of ammunition dropped by a fainting soldier, and a quantity of ships' signalling powder, which had been overlooked till too late. What fearful consequences might result from these two casks all well knew; but human strength could not avail to obtain them. The brunt of the explosion, whatever might be its effects, had to be sustained.

One of the first precautions taken by the commander for the safety of those under his charge, was to lower the boats. He had kept them prepared for any emergency. They were free from lumber, properly slung, and the falls in good order. Under charge of the ship's officers they were carefully lowered, and, in spite of the heavy sea running, reached the water in safety. The ladies, with the other women and children, were then handed into the port lifeboat, which was provided with fresh water, and such provisions as could be obtained; while the captain, with admirable forethought, supplied her also with a compass and chart, that, should the ship go down, the officer in charge might find his way to land.

No rush was made towards the boats, but the troops

drawn up obeyed the word of command with as much order as on parade. A few of the foreign seamen were the only people on board who, regardless of discipline, leaped into the boats; the remainder, with the stokers and others, were set to work under the direction of the officers to form rafts from the spare spars. Two of a size sufficient to support a considerable portion of those on board were thus constructed and launched, while a third was left across the deck, to be lowered at a moment's notice.

Everyone knew of the powder still remaining in the magazine; and while all laboured together in the terrible struggle, they were aware that at any moment an explosion might take place and the ship be sent to the bottom. For the preser-

THE WHITE SHARK.

vation of those in the boats, they were ordered to keep at a distance, out of the risk of danger from the event.

What must have been the feelings of those who thus watched in the boats at a distance, amid the raging sea, the flames enveloping the ship which contained their husbands and fathers, their fellow shipmates and friends, while ravenous sharks came about them, and, as they swam to and fro, frequently struck the boats as if endeavouring to overturn them, and seize the hapless people on board.

The troops drawn up on deck were formed in sections, and counter-marched round the fore part of the ship; that is to say, those with their faces towards the after part, where the fire raged, were on their way to relieve their comrades

who had been working below, while those marching forward were going to recruit their exhausted strength, and prepare for another attack when it came to their turn. As the men reached the after part where the fire was raging, they went below, dragging the hose and heaving buckets of water, which were passed from hand to hand towards the flames, and when exhausted by the stifling smoke and intense heat they were drawn up on deck, many quite insensible, looking as if they had been roasted, while others immediately sprang forward to brave the same dangers in their places. Each man worked as if his own individual exertion could save the ship.

Evening was approaching. The great aim was to prevent the flames from getting beyond the after bulkhead, by keeping

THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

it cool, and to check them ere they could rise to the rigging. At length, however, soon after night set in, the fire burst up through the deck, and running rapidly along the various cabins, set the whole in flames, which, fanned by the furious gale, now raged with tremendous power. All efforts to prevent them from gaining the mizen rigging were vain. Higher and higher they ascended, surrounding the mizen-mast. The mizen rigging caught fire, and the mast with a crash fell over the ship's side. There it hung, and dragging on the after part of the ship was causing her to fall off before the wind. It was a moment of fearful suspense, as this would inevitably have caused her destruction, when a gallant seaman, axe in

hand, ran along the bulwarks, and in spite of the flames which surrounded him cut away the rigging, and the mast, thus cleared, fell into the sea.

The moment which might prove fatal to all was fast approaching, yet the calm resignation depicted on the countenances of the men, as they performed their arduous duties, showed that no cowardly fear agitated their souls. For a moment the bravest held their breath. A tremendous explosion was heard. Its effects were fearful. The stern of the vessel dipped, and for an instant was under water, and all believed that she was about to founder, but she rose again. The remains of the stern cabins were sent flying into the air, and a portion of the port quarter was blown out, the ammunition exploding with the brilliancy of numberless sky-rockets, while the whole after part of the ship, from the main-yard to stern, was a mass of raging flames. Many expected to have the *débris* come down in showers on their heads, but happily the greater portion was sent astern, falling overboard. Even at this moment not a man of the troops attempted to rush upon the rafts, the officers urging them still to maintain their battle with the fire. Thus they continued marching round and round like a forlorn hope advancing to the assault of a fortress, their weapons buckets of water passed rapidly from hand to hand.

The deck before the after bulkhead had been cut through with hatchets, and the men continued to be lowered down into the space thus formed, to heave their buckets of water against the iron wall. Although by the heroic courage of the men engaged the fire was prevented from advancing below, the flames still raged in the after part of the ship, and at length, circling round the mainstays, were seen flying aloft, and already playing round the main and maintopsail yards. Directly this was observed Mr. Welsh, the chief officer, followed by several soldiers, went aloft with wet blankets, which they cast over the mast and rigging. For some time the struggle with the ravaging element continued high up on the lofty mast, swaying to and fro as the ship

rolled from side to side, and terrible must have been the spectacle to those thus engaged, as they gazed down on the fiery furnace which raged below, and cast a lurid glare on the foam-topped seas as they rolled up on every side. At length the brave seaman and his gallant supporters succeeded in extinguishing the flames—not, however, until the yards were greatly damaged.

Although the brave commander of the *Sarah Sands* must have felt how small was the hope of saving her, yet he struggled on against hope. The ship still floated, but it was discovered that her iron sides were becoming red hot, a fact sufficient to fill the bravest with dismay. The whole of the woodwork abaft the bulkhead had been destroyed, and as the flames ascended from the remaining combustible material in the hold, a blue vapour arose, which hung over the red-hot iron underneath, completing the awful grandeur of the scene. For miles around the sea wore a deep scarlet tinge, while the clouds overhead reflected the light of the fierce flames as they darted upwards.

Thus the whole of that fearful night was spent, and even when morning dawned still the flames were not extinguished, although already yielding to the brave efforts directed against them. By nine o'clock, however, steam was observed rising instead of smoke, and at length the victory was won ; but fearful still was the peril of the ship. A vast hole had been made in the quarter, through which the water poured in torrents as the ship rolled from side to side, and injured as the stern was, it was feared that it might fall out, and the ship founder. To prevent this two hawsers were stretched over the opening which had been formed in the quarter, and which at length partially prevented the water from pouring through. Still the gale blew furiously, and the ship was pitching and rolling, while the water-tanks, which got loose, were dashed from side to side with every heave she made. There being fully fifteen feet of water in her hold, as yet no rest could be allowed to the hard-worked band. All hands were kept either at the pumps or baling, to prevent the ship from

foundering at the last. At length the tanks were secured, and further damage prevented. Not, however, till nearly twenty-four hours after the fire had broken out could the boats be allowed to come alongside. The women and children were then once more received on board. No casualty during the whole time had occurred, although opposed to a fearfully heavy sea, except that one gig had been swamped; the officer in charge of her, however, and the hands, were picked up by another boat.

During the whole of that terrible night shoals of sharks, attracted by the intense light of the fire, had been seen swimming round the ship, and as the people from the boats were lifted on board, the voracious creatures repeatedly darted forward in the hope of seizing some of them as their prey.

Hitherto the ship had been drifting at the mercy of the seas. The rudder itself had happily escaped destruction, though the whole steering apparatus had been burnt. A fresh tiller with tackles was however fixed, and six men stationed on either side, by hauling and slackening on the tackles, steered the ship. Sail was then made, and a course steered for the Mauritius, the commander, having saved a compass and chart, being able to lay it correctly, although, the chronometers and most of the other instruments having been destroyed, calculations were made by means of the watches belonging to the officers. The ship was still in a most perilous condition. Nearly all the fresh water had been lost, and the condensers were so damaged as to be almost useless. Nearly all the provisions also had been destroyed, a few casks of salt beef and flour alone remaining, and a quarter cask of sherry and a cask of rum. These, sparingly portioned out, with such water as the condensers could produce, served to keep the passengers and crew alive. The clothing, too, of everyone had suffered from the flames and damp. A canvas screen on the upper deck served to separate the place devoted to the ladies from the rest of the people on board; while their time was occupied in manufacturing sailcloth

dresses to replace their wardrobes, which had been entirely lost.

The privations all suffered were still very great. Their food was scanty and coarse, the bedding of a large number had been destroyed, while still there was great cause for anxiety. Frequently the seas fell over the stern into the gutted ship, and during the night, when the wind rose, no one could tell whether some mountain wave might not break on board and carry the vessel to the bottom.

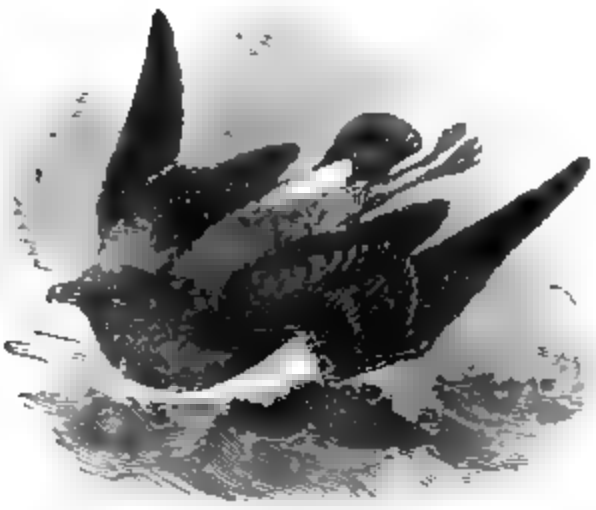
Thus day after day the *Sarah Sands*, in this battered condition, ran on under sail, the commander fearing, in her weakened state, to put on steam. As the weather improved he yet further strengthened the stern.

At length, after this dreadful state of suspense had been endured for eight days, the lofty peak of Peterbot, as evening was approaching, appeared in sight. Truly rejoiced and thankful were all on board to gaze on a land they had scarcely expected again to see; but great was their disappointment to find that the commander had determined not to run the risk of entering the harbour in the dark. During the night, therefore, the ship remained outside, narrowly escaping even then running on a coral reef. As the sea was calm, the commander, anxious to get steam once more on the ship to take her into port, resolved, with the concurrence of the engineer, to try the effect of a single revolution of the screw. The fires were again lighted, and many gathered in the after-part of the ship to watch the shaft make its first turn. Although it shook the vessel, it was their opinion that the engines might be worked slowly. Once more propelled by steam, the *Sarah Sands* glided over the smooth sea. At early dawn her head was turned landward, and Port Louis was entered in safety. The regiment was disembarked, and the gallant officers and men were received with well-merited honour by the inhabitants of the island.

On the report of the wonderful preservation of the *Sarah Sands* reaching England, the Commander-in-chief issued a General Order, to be read at the head of all the other

regiments, praising the heroism and gallantry displayed by Major Brett, who succeeded to the command of the regiment, and the officers and men under him, giving especial credit to Captain Gillam, Lieutenant and Adjutant Howson, and Lieutenant Hughes; several of the sergeants and privates also were especially named, nor were the gallant William Wyles and the seaman Richard Richmond, who, at the hazard of their lives, saved the colours of the regiment, forgotten.

His Royal Highness concludes by observing, "That the behaviour of the 54th Regiment during the period of this destructive occurrence was most praiseworthy, and, by its result, must render manifest to all the advantage of subordination and strict obedience to orders under the most alarming and dangerous circumstances in which soldiers can be placed."



STORMY PETREL.

CHAPTER XX.

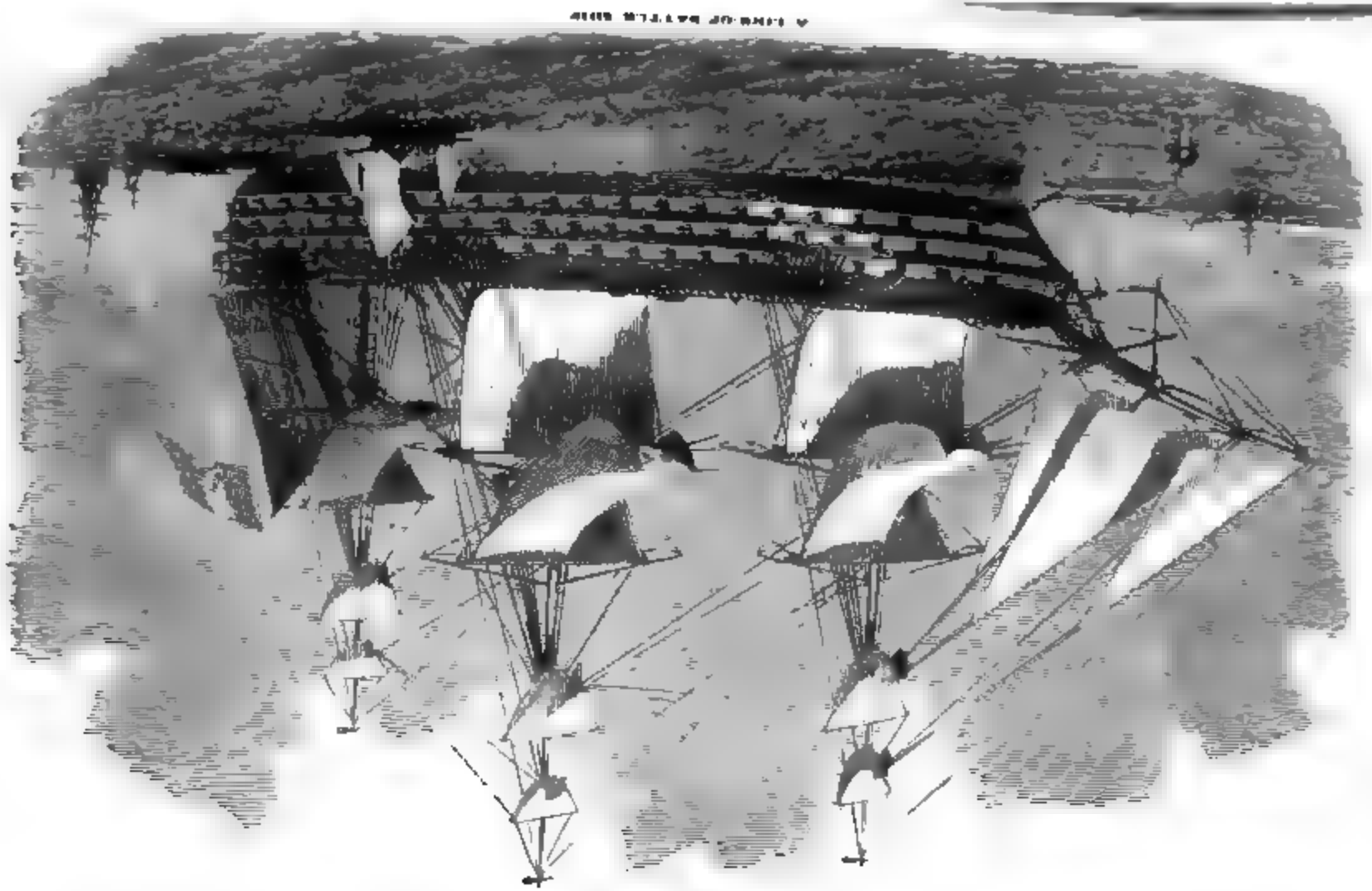
DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "BOMBAY."

HER Majesty's line-of-battle ship *Bombay*, under the command of Captain Colin Campbell, and carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Charles Elliot, Commander-in-chief at Monte Video, was off the coast of South America on the 15th December, 1864.

"We had left Monte Video Roads soon after daylight on the previous evening, and were between Flores light and the English bank. During the forenoon we had been exercising at general quarters, and firing at a target. In the afternoon we again went to quarters, and were exercising the foremost lower-deck guns, when at about 3h. 35m. P.M. the sound a seaman of all others dreads to hear, that of the fire-bell, rung in our ears.

"Still stern discipline prevailed. Everyone knew what he would be called upon to do, and all hands hastened to their fire-stations. The hose were put on, and an ample supply of water immediately obtained. The report ran along the decks that the fire had broken out in the after-magazine.

"The captain, who was as cool as if nothing unusual was occurring, forthwith ordered the magazine to be flooded as fast as possible, while the commander went below, by his



directions, to ascertain the exact locality of the fire, and what progress it had made. He shortly afterwards returned on deck with the unsatisfactory report that the fire was in the after-hold, and had already made considerable progress.

"The pumps had been manned, and were working well, sending full streams of water into the hold, while as many blankets as could be procured were being thoroughly wetted and passed down, in the hope of stopping the flames.

"The captain was now seen going below, with two or three other officers and a party of men.

"By this time both main and lower decks were full of smoke; but so dense was the smoke on the orlop-deck, flames at the same time issuing from the after-hold, that they quickly had to beat a retreat, while several, who remained for a few seconds afterwards, fell insensible, and would have perished had they not been carried up by others.

"It was now evident that, in spite of all our efforts, the fire was gaining on us. Still the pumps were kept going, and all means were taken to keep the fire under as long as possible.

"On this, the captain ordered the quarter-boats to be lowered, and the sick to be passed into them. This was done under the order of Lieutenant Stirling, who, though energetic as could be, was as cool and collected as the captain himself. The captain next directed the boom-boats to be got out, a little more than a quarter of an hour after the fire had been discovered.

"Even now there was not the slightest confusion; not a man ordered to work at the pumps, or otherwise engaged at the fire, left his station, but remained resolutely at work till actually driven away by the flames.

"The cutter, pinnace, and first launch were hoisted out on the starboard side, and the barge on the port side.

"We knew pretty well by this time that all hopes of saving the old ship must be abandoned. The men, who had continued below as long as they could, now came rushing up blackened, and some of them burned, driven away by the

smoke and flames; our two lieutenants, Kelley and Fullerton, being the last, they having remained at the fire till nearly stifled. Lieutenant Fullerton indeed, having been engaged in pointing a branch-pipe till the smoke overcame him, was brought up from below almost insensible. Among the men, James Warner, captain of the mizen-top; George Carr, blacksmith; and Robert Giddy, chief boatswain's mate, were working away with the lieutenants to the last, and with difficulty escaped with their lives. The warrant officers did their duty courageously and nobly at their respective stations; as did Mr. Franklin, supernumerary boatswain—who, poor fellow, ultimately lost his life. No one set a better example, perhaps, than our commander, John Wilson, who went among the men cheering them up, and seeing that all the captain's orders were carried out, and that everything that could be done was done as promptly and completely as possible.

"When all hands were on deck the hatchways and skids were covered, in the hope of keeping the fire under, and every endeavour was made to get the second launch out.

"But while we were desperately labouring away, knowing full well what must in a few seconds occur, upwards burst dense mases of smoke and flames from the main and after-hatches. In a few seconds the fire was around, below, and above us, spreading rapidly in every direction, and streaming out of the ports and through the hatchways and skylights. The flames seized the rigging, upwards they rapidly climbed; the masts and spars and sails were blazing fiercely. Some of the people made their way to the poop, the greater number forward, and others over the side. The boats took them in as fast as they could, and as each boat was filled she shoved off, and the crew lay on their oars to pick up stragglers.

"The captain had ordered the hammocks, gratings, and every article that could float to be thrown overboard, that those who reached the water might cling to them.

"As to attempting to give a full description of the scene,

it is impossible. So rapidly and fiercely did the fire spread, that, in a few minutes, the greater number of the men who had not been taken into the boats were compelled to leap overboard to escape the flames, with the exception of those who had gained the anchors, cables, and bowsprit, while several also were holding on to the ropes hanging overboard.

"Our gallant master had gained the poop with the ship's log, which he had succeeded in saving, under his arm. The paymaster and Trollope, the assistant-clerk, had made several attempts to get into the main-deck office to secure the remainder of the ship's books, but were driven away by the heat and were compelled to abandon them.

"As the boats could not carry all the people, we, as may be supposed, had been anxiously looking out for assistance, and were thankful to see several vessels coming off towards us. The ship was now in flames fore and aft, surrounded by the boats, which were of necessity compelled to keep sufficiently far off to avoid the falling spars. The intermediate space was filled up with men, some swimming, others supported by the articles which had been thrown overboard, while a number still clung to the portions of the ship which the flames had not actually reached.

"The master, Mr. Watts, was now discovered standing on the poop, cut off by the fire from the rest of the ship; the spars falling around him, and knowing, too, that any moment the magazine might explode and blow him into the air. The first launch now dashed in towards the ship's quarter, when he lowered himself down into her; but scarcely was he himself safe, when he saw Lieutenant Carr at some distance, and, jumping in, he made his way towards him and dragged him into the boat.

"The other boats were employed meantime in picking up the men as they swam off from the burning ship. Some of the people still hung on to the ropes under the bows; the foremast as well as the other masts surrounded by flames, burning furiously, blocks and spars falling thickly above

them. Fearful was their position; and now one, now another poor fellow was struck, and many perished; when Mr. Mandeville, a sub-lieutenant, calling for volunteers, offered to pull back in one of the boats to attempt their rescue. Several brave fellows volunteered to form the crew: they were Thomas Shilson, captain of the forecastle; A. Barton, J. Webb, J. Lee, sailmakers' crew; W. Brunner, gunner's mate; J. McMahon, captain of the hold; A. McCardell, S. Acland, orderlies. Away they dashed in gallant style, right under the shower of heavy masses of burning wood which came from aloft, with the imminent risk every moment of the magazine exploding. But they had determined to rescue their shipmates, and they were not to be daunted. Their hands were held out to seize the men hanging on to the ropes, and one after the other the poor fellows were hauled into the boat; and, when all were saved, back they pulled, received with a hearty cheer by those in the other boats.

"Among the swimmers hauled on board by the boats was our brave captain, who had been one of the last to leave the ship; indeed, till driven overboard by the flames, he had remained on deck endeavouring to save the lives of those under his charge. He immediately despatched Lieutenant Vidal in the second gig to Monte Video to make known what had occurred. In the meantime, however, several vessels were coming to our assistance. The first arrival was a pilot-boat, which relieved the pinnace of a number of her men. Other vessels shortly afterwards arrived, and the rest of the boats were picked up, the men being kindly and hospitably cared for. The larger number of them who had thrown off their jackets, or had their clothes burned from their backs, were nearly naked, and were liberally supplied by the crews of the vessels which picked us up."

Lieutenant Mandeville performed another gallant act in jumping overboard to save the life of a man who was nearly drowning close to the ship. Two seamen also, Henry Priest and Samuel Grant, whose names must not be forgotten, bravely swam up to the burning ship, when no boat could

get near, and brought men off who had been hanging from the ropes alongside and were unable to swim.

Out of the ship's company, two officers and several men perished; and had it not been for the admirable discipline maintained throughout the trying circumstances, many more must have lost their lives.

How the fire occurred no one was able positively to state. It appears that two men who were stationed on the platform of the hold to pass up shell were the first to perceive the fire. They stated that the after light-room and magazine were secured, and that they were in the act of putting the light out in the fore light-room when they discovered the fire. They also declared that there was neither flame nor smoke in the light-room, and that, with the exception ot one, all the lights were burning. One of them saw flames and smoke issue from under the starboard foremast handing-room of the after-magazine and platform adjacent, and on this he immediately rushed up, rung the fire-bell, and reported the fire.

The only way to account for it is, that by some means or other the spirits were ignited; and this seems probable from the intense volume of smoke and flame which issued forth, and the extraordinary quickness with which the fire spread. It is possible that one of the crew was attempting to steal spirits, and he, in all probability, was among those who perished.

By a quarter-past four the mainmast went over the side, just forty minutes after the fire was discovered; the mizen-mast fell at forty minutes past four, and the foremast went at four minutes past five; but still it was not till twenty-five minutes past eight that the after-magazine, though so long surrounded by flame, exploded, and not till long after that the gallant ship sank into her ocean grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WRECK OF THE "CABALVA;" OR, THE ADVENTURES OF OLD BO.

HAD a great fancy when I was a youngster to go to sea; a fancy opposed by my father and friends for very good reasons, though I didn't think them so.

At length my father yielded to my importunities, and allowed me to make a voyage in the *Gipsy* schooner, trading to the Azores for oranges, commanded by a worthy man to whom he had rendered some service, and he offered to give me the trip and to bring me back in safety, with God's providence and wind and weather permitting, as he observed.

I was delighted, for I was sure I should like it; and I considered it the first step up the ladder to lead me to fame, for I hoped afterwards to enter the navy, which I had set my heart on doing. My chest and I were sent on board at Plymouth, near which place I lived, and, running down Channel with a fair wind, we took our departure from the Land's End.

I am not, however, just now going to narrate my own adventures. On board the *Gipsy* was a fine old seaman, the second mate, a regular "salt," and he and I soon became great chums. His chief pleasure in life seemed to be yarn-

spinning, both literally and metaphorically; and while he kept the crew at work with the first, he indulged me with the second, and ever found in me a willing auditor.

Whenever the mainsail was furled, either in harbour or running dead before the wind, he had the fancy to take his seat on the main-boom, and there he would sit keeping the

THE OLD SALT AND YOUNG NED.

reel going, as he called moving his tongue, at a great rate. I asked him one day how it was he came to go to sea.

"Because I couldn't help it, Ned," he answered. "To my mind, many go for the same reason I had never seen the sea till I was about twelve years old, when I went down

with some friends to the coast of Devonshire. A youngster of about my own age had invited me to take a cruise with him in his boat, rigged with a spritsail and jib. Away we went sailing merrily over the sea, till it came on to blow pretty fresh. By a sad mishap poor Tom fell overboard, and I could do nothing to save him. The consequence was, the boat ran away with me. I knew enough about steering to keep her before the wind, and seeing a vessel coming down Channel I steered for her, thinking I should be safer aboard her than tumbling about in the boat, which was already half-full of water. I somehow managed to get alongside, when a rope was hove to me, which I clutched for dear life, as at that moment the sea washed into the boat and swamped her. I was hauled on deck, and the captain, when he heard my story, said he would put me on board any pilot vessel he might fall in with, or any other craft homeward bound. It, however, came on to blow a heavy gale that night from the nor'ard, and he was glad for the safety of the ship to get clear of the Channel and well out to sea. The ship I thus chanced to get on board was the *Triton*, Captain Knowles, of 500 tons, bound round Cape Horn. As it happened, we didn't speak another ship till we were far away to the south'ard of the Line; it was then blowing hard, and neither captains felt disposed to risk the safety of a boat's crew for the sake of a youngster like me. Captain Knowles, however, sent a message home to my friends to say I was safe, which they never got.

"By this time I was pretty well reconciled to my lot, and had taken a liking to a sea life.

"We were to visit the west coast of Africa, and afterwards to run across to China, touching at the Sandwich and other islands on our way.

"I was so well pleased at the thoughts of visiting so many strange places that I begged the captain, instead of sending me home, as he proposed, to let me remain on board. As I had already learned to make myself useful, he had no objection to this, and I was entered as one of the ship's boys.

HAULED ON BOARD.

"We had already been nearly two years out in those parts trading with the Spaniards, and had disposed of all our goods, and had got a full cargo of hides, and not a few chests of dollars besides on board, when the captain received intelligence that war had broken out some time before between England and the United States, and that an enemy's squadron was in the Pacific on the look-out for British ships. He resolved, therefore, to make the best of his way homeward. Not many days, however, had passed before we sighted a strange sail. We did our best to get out of her way; but she was quickly in chase of us, and before sundown we were a prize to the United States frigate *Essex*. A prize crew came on board and carried us to the Gallipagos Islands, where we found ourselves in company with a good many other captured merchantmen and whalers. I don't know how many vessels had been taken; some, I fancy, had been burned, some sent into South American ports to be sold, while one or two were fitted out as cruisers. The crews of some of the captured ships had been landed on the coast of Peru, and others were put on board an old ship restored to her captain, who undertook to carry them round to Rio de Janeiro and land them there. I and most of the crew of the *Triton*, after we were removed from our own ship, were put on board another vessel, and sent to be landed where the others had been. We had the luck, however, to fall in with a British frigate, which retook the prize, when I and most of the rest entered on board her.

"The *Essex*—after she had taken a number of whalers, and after her crew, landing at the Marquesas Islands, had burnt villages, ravaged the country, and killed the inhabitants—was herself captured by the *Phœbe* frigate; and sarve her right, you'll allow—though, to do the Yankees justice, they made a desperate fight of it, and didn't strike the stars and stripes till more than half of them were killed and wounded, the ship was on fire, and her bottom riddled with shot. But I have nothing to say against their courage, and I would rather have them as friends than foes; indeed,

I never could see any difference between them and us, except that some of them are apt to talk bigger; but then, in most cases, they do very well for all that. They talk and do, we do without the talking.

"I remained in the Pacific for upwards of three years, having been transferred from one ship to another. When I at length got home, though I had made up my mind to remain in the navy, having no objection to the service, I and a good many others were discharged, to look after ourselves, as our country had no further use for us.

"With a fairish amount of cash in my pockets I set off, as soon as I was at liberty, to look for my family. They had moved from where I had left them; and after coaching here and coaching there, and spending most of my money, I found that my father and mother had died, believing that I was lost; and when I presented myself to my few surviving relatives, they thought I was an impostor. However, having still a little cash in my pockets, I was able to convince them to the contrary; and when that was gone, lest they should change their minds about me, I set off to go to sea again.

"Falling in with an old messmate, who had entered on board the East India Company's ship the *Cabalva*, he persuaded me, as she was still in want of hands, to volunteer for her.

"She was of 1,200 tons burden, with a ship's company of 130, all told, under the command of Captain James Dalrymple, and bound for China direct, with a cargo of cloth, muslin, iron, lead, beer, and all sorts of other things.

"We left Gravesend on the 14th April, and sailed down Channel in company with the *Lady Melville*.

"Our ill-luck began—for ill-luck we had from first to last—by our striking on the Owers Light pretty heavily, and though we got off, we had to keep our pumps jogging day and night ever afterwards. The next thing was a bit of a mutiny, in consequence of the captain starting some of the foretopmen for bungling when reefing and hauling topsails. Belaying-pins and all sorts of things were sent flying about

the deck at the heads of the officers; but they got their arms, and several men were punished; one, who had been caught heaving bolts at the officers, with six dozen lashes.

"We parted company with *Lady Melville* and another ship we had fallen in with, in a gale of wind off the Cape of Good Hope. The heavy sea which was running increased our leak by twenty inches an hour. Foul winds compelled us to steer a course between the Mauritius and Bourbon, the captain intending to touch at the former island. The pumps were double manned, and we carried moderate sail for fear of increasing the leak.

"It was the morning watch, and I was on deck about an hour before daybreak; the stars were shining in the clear sky overhead, and the wind was moderate, the ship being under easy sail with a breeze on the quarter. I was stationed aft, and as there was nothing to do was lying down asleep, when I heard the look-out from aloft sing out, 'Breakers on the larboard! bow hard a-port.'

"The ship the next instant rounded to, scraping along the rocks, and then with a tremendous blow, which made the masts tremble as if they would fall, was brought sharp up, while the wheel spinning round sent the man at the helm away to leeward, dead or dying. Another poor fellow on the fore-yard arm was hove off and drowned.

"In a moment the deck, before so quiet, was crowded with people running here and there, not knowing what to do; some crying out and calling on Heaven for protection; the captain and officers shouting to them; beams, timbers, and planking crashing and parting, and the surf breaking over us.

"'Clear away the boats!' cried the captain.

"'Cut away the masts! stand clear!' shouted some of the officers.

"The axes were soon at work, and away they went, while I was employed with others in launching the cutter.

"As daylight broke, we thought we saw a sail, but it turned out to be the points of a rock rising amid the water.

Many of the people jumped into the boat, and the captain was asked to go in her, but he refused.

"One of the petty officers had wisely made a rope fast to the wreck, and as the boat drove towards the rock, had eased off the slack. This enabled her to reach the rock, but as she touched it, the surf broke over and washed every soul out; some were lost, others were hove on the rock, sorely bruised.

"The rock was not above 150 yards from the wreck, but the pieces of timber and the masts and spars dashing about amid the boiling surf, made the task a hard one to reach it. I saw our surgeon's assistant, a good swimmer, go down in the attempt. One of our men however, Bill Jones, after putting a quid in his mouth, jumped overboard, and catching hold of a bale of cloth, safely landed.

"I had remained with the captain, and many others, when the ship parted in two, and we were all sent struggling together into the boiling water. Some got hold of spars and pieces of wreck, and were carried to the rock; many more were struck on the head and stunned, or sank as they endeavoured to make their way from one fragment to the other. The long boat by some means got clear, and I, with the captain and fifth and sixth mates, and about twenty hands, leaped into her, but she was stove to pieces. I then swam to a mass of spars and rigging, which formed a raft large enough to hold a number of us, but it turned broadside to the surf, and rolled over and over, when the captain and several others were washed away. I should have been lost if Bill Jones hadn't made a rope fast round his waist, and, springing off from the rock, swam out to me. He caught me just as I was going down, when those at the other end hauled us in. The first mate saved two or three others in the same way; while the rest were driven on the rock by the surf, and scrambling up it, we held on for our lives. It was a wonder so many of us were saved. When we came to muster the hands, we found that all the officers and midshipmen, with our only passenger and 110 seamen, had escaped.

MY LIFE SAVED BY BILL JONES.

"The tide was ebbing fast, and a wide extent of coral rock now appeared above the water, covered with pieces of wreck, bales of cloth, casks, chests, cases, and all sorts of things, strewn about in every direction. Some way off we discovered some low sand-banks, extending far away to the north-west. The officers, with some of the men, were attempting to repair the boats, others building rafts, as we saw that the water would soon rise again, and sweep us off from the rock. Not a few of the men had broached some spirit casks, and were already very drunk. The people who had been roused out of their sleep, mostly in their shirts, had dressed themselves in the muslins and silks, and pieces of cloth of brilliant colours, which they picked up. The knowing ones had bound pieces of muslin, in the shape of turbans, round their heads to keep off the sun, and many had donned fancy hats and caps. Altogether the ship's company was transmogrified into as curious a set of figures as could well be seen.

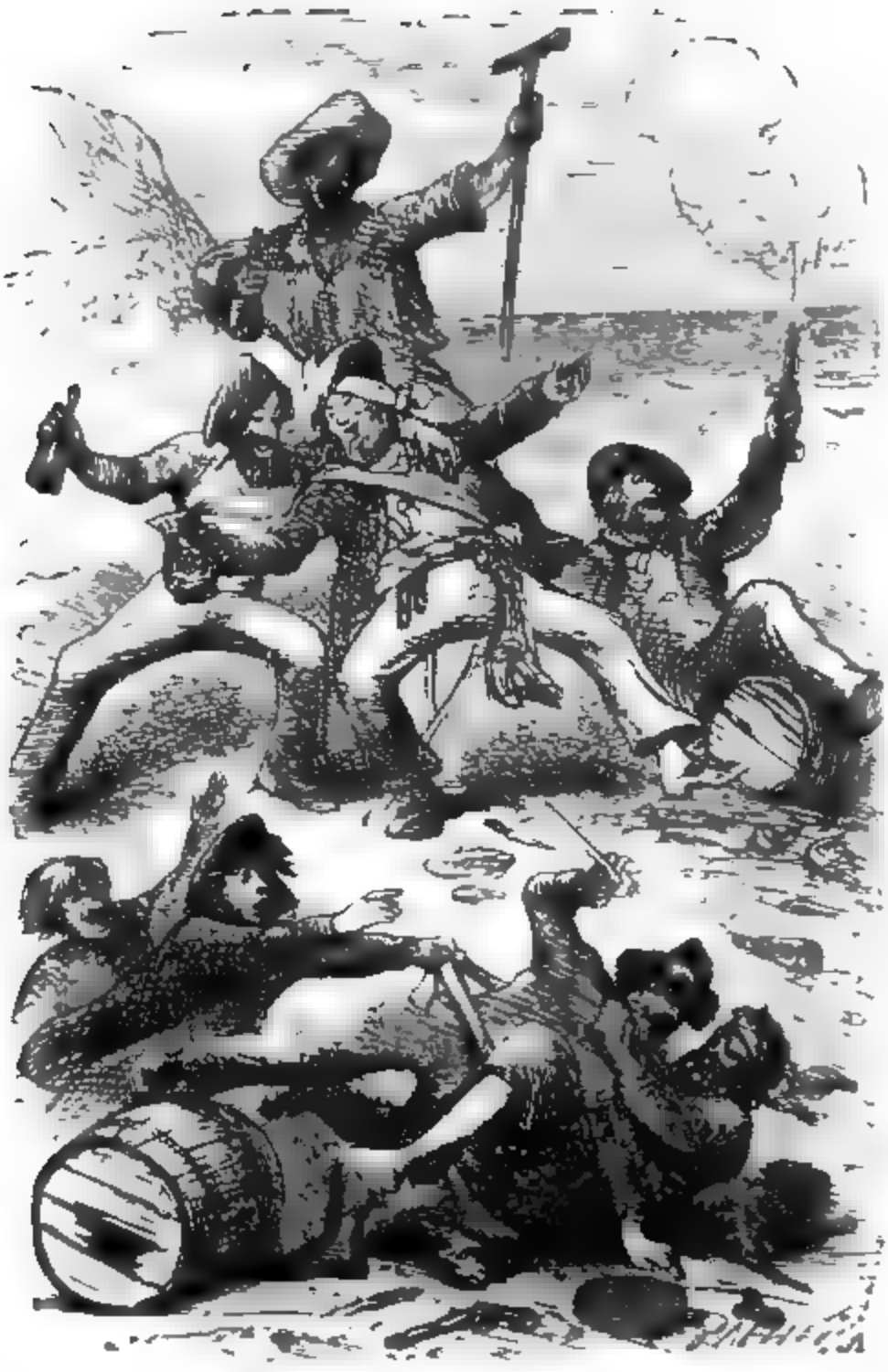
"I and a few others accompanied one of the mates to the sand-banks, where we thought we should be safer than on the rock. Here also the greater number of the people soon assembled.

"When we came to examine the amount of provisions we had collected, we found that we had but seven pieces of pork, with a shark and three lobsters, about a dozen bottles of wine, and three buckets of fresh water. We managed to light a fire, however, by means of a razor and a piece of glass, with the help of some rags and gunpowder which had come on shore in a copper barrel. We built also a hut, big enough to contain about forty people; but I am ashamed to say some of the men took possession of it, turning out the officers to shift for themselves. Greatly to our satisfaction, we found, when the tide rose, that the sand-bank remained above water, and we were able to pass the night without any fear of being washed away. The chief officer, with a gang of men, of whom I formed one, next morning visited the wreck, while other parties went in

different directions to pick up what could be found. On our way we fell in with the large cutter, and loaded her with all sorts of things, among which was a drowned sheep, and twelve drowned fowls. She had been hauled high up on the rock, and though somewhat battered, we hoped to repair her sufficiently to make the voyage to the Mauritius, to give notice of our condition. Among other things in the boat was our passenger, who was bitterly complaining, though to my mind he was more drunk than hurt

"Seeing a grog tub float by, we got hold of it, emptied the water out, and clapped him into it, setting him on a cage which had three live canary birds within. Just then, there came floating by, a live pig, standing on the lid of a chest. This we took in tow. We got hold also of three more live pigs, and two live sheep, and back we made our way to the sand-bank, some loaded with drowned fowls, or mus-kets, and other things, towing or shoving our prizes as we waded through the water.

"I am sorry to say that some of the men had formed a plan for going off with the cutter. Had they done so, they would certainly have lost their lives, as none of them knew anything about navigation; but the chief officer found it out, and took measures to prevent them from carrying it into execution. All the officers and best-behaved men were engaged in looking along the sand-banks for provisions, and anything that might prove useful. A mutinous party of fellows, however, had got away from the rest of us, and had established themselves on a sand-bank some distance off. I was accompanying one of the mates when we fell in with them. We had thought ourselves a wild-looking set, but these altogether beat us. They had got hold of a number of casks of beer, the heads of which they had beaten in, and were baling out the contents with a globe lamp. Near them was a fire, where they were frying some fish which they had caught. They had hung round themselves fowling-pieces, pistols, cutlasses, and carving-knives; and each man



THE BEER ISLAND GANG.

had a bottle of spirits or a big knife slung to his waist, while they had rigged themselves hats, or caps, or turbans, on their heads, and pieces of cloth or muslin wrapped round their heads or over their shoulders. They were most of them rolling drunk. One of them fired his pistol off as we approached, while two others were struggling on the sand for a gun, which one of them wanted to get hold of, and a black fellow, one of the cook's mates, as tipsy as the rest, was encouraging them with his shouts and jeers. They asked us to come and drink with them, but we declined the honour, though several others joined them for the sake of sharing in their beer. We gave them the name of the 'Beer Island gang.' We should have liked to have carried away some of the casks, but, as they seemed inclined to defend their property, the mate judged that it would not be wise to make the attempt. We however, on our way, picked up thirty pieces of pork, three dozen of wine, and two empty kegs, which we knew would be of use for the large cutter, and placing them on a raft of spars we towed them back to the settlement.

"The ship had been lost on Tuesday; it was now Sunday and we resolved to make it a day of rest. The purser offered up prayers, and gave us a kind of sermon, telling us that though some of our shipmates had been lost and we had been saved, we should not consider that it was because we were better than they, but should thank God for His mercies to us, and, trusting to Him, do our best and work together, and be of good cheer, knowing that He orders all things well, and would take means to deliver us if He thought fit.

"Several of the men returned in the morning from Beer Island, with a midshipman at their head. He was a scampish youngster, and seemed to have been well pleased with his wild companions, among whom he had spent a couple of nights. He had slept, he said, in an empty water-butt, in company with that black scoundrel the cook's mate. He described their life as a very jolly one; and said that

they had as much fish and beer and wine as they could consume. One of the fore-top men had been chosen as chaplain, and he read prayers every night out of a Prayer-book, which had been picked up on the beach; while their day was spent in fishing, sporting, and cooking their meals, eating, drinking, and not unfrequently fighting.

"All Monday we were busily employed in getting the cutter ready for sea. It had been arranged that Mr. Francken, the sixth officer, was to command her, and that he was to be accompanied by Mr. Ayers, the purser, with eight men as a crew.

"The next morning, Tuesday the 14th of July—the boat's crew having had a good breakfast—we launched her on the west side of the sand-bank, and gave her many a hearty cheer, as, setting her mizen and fore-sail, she stood away before the wind. As soon as she was clear of the breakers the crew returned our cheers, and in a short time she was lost to sight.

"Meantime we who remained on the sand-bank continued as before, doing our best to support existence, not knowing how soon we might be relieved. We found a quantity of turtles' eggs, and we managed to catch a good number of fish, but scarcely anything eatable was washed on shore from the wreck.

"Five days passed by, when on Sunday, the 19th of July, while we were collected at prayers, the boatswain suddenly started up, shouting, 'A sail! a sail!' and away he went, rushing over the sands as if he had gone mad. In an instant the whole congregation were at his heels running across the beach. It seemed as if most of us were out of our wits. Some began letting off gunpowder, others got hold of the provisions and liquor, others knocked over the tents, and a few went down on their knees and thanked God that there was a prospect of deliverance. The officers did their best to quiet the people, while the chief mate, with a party he called round him, launched the captain's gig, and pulled away in her towards the ship, which we now saw

was an English frigate. She proved to be the *Magicienne*, Captain Purvis, and soon afterwards his Majesty's brig the *Challenger*, which had accompanied the frigate, came to an anchor off the sand-bank.

"Next day the ships came closer in, and Captain Purvis kindly sent ashore some bags of biscuits, which proved a great treat. The Beer Island gang, when they saw the pendant of the frigate, wisely joined the rest of us, and though they might have expected to be severely dealt with, nothing was said to them.

"On Tuesday we were all embarked on board the *Challenger*, which conveyed us safely to Port Louis by Tuesday the 28th, just twenty-one days from the time we were wrecked. Beer Island gang seemed very unhappy at having had to leave behind them three casks of beer, which they declared they would have drunk if they had had time.

"Mr. Francken had, we heard, an unusually quick run to Port Louis, and scarcely an hour after his arrival the *Magicienne* was under weigh, proceeding to our relief. She remained behind at the sand-bank with our first officer for the purpose of saving some of the cargo.

"Although many of our ship's company declared that they would never go to sea again, in the course of a few days we most of us had shipped on board the different vessels in the harbour, and were soon scattered far and wide, never to meet again.

"I shipped on board the *Barbara*, on a trading voyage among the East Indian Islands.

"We cruised for many months here and there in that curious region, having to keep a bright look-out for pirates, of whom there were not a few ready to cut off any vessel not prepared for them. As we carried six guns, and our men were well trained, while our captain was up to the tricks of those gentry, we felt pretty secure; but we heard of not a few merchantmen, and no end of Chinese and other small craft, having been captured. The Dutch and

Spaniards have the chief trade in those seas, and are jealous of the interference of other nations.

"I had the luck, while on shore, to get a sight of a big ourang-outang, the largest ape I ever set eyes on; he was up a tree picking some fruit, and as he seemed inclined to come down, my shipmates and I didn't stop to shake hands with him, and made the best of our way to the beach.

"It was more to the eastward of the coast of New Guinea, where I saw, also alive, several of those beautiful birds which I had heard tell have no feet, but live in the sky, and only come down on earth to die. I saw them, however, on the tops of trees, with their wings and tails and other feathers spread out, and hopping about, each with a pair of legs of their own, and picking the fruit like any other mortal birds.

"The people of New Guinea, along which coast we sailed, are, on my word, a curious set of beings. We were sailing through a strait, the shore of which was flat, and covered with a broad belt of mangrove trees, which came right down to the water's edge, or indeed into the water itself. As the wind was light, the second mate, with a boat's crew, of whom I formed one, was ordered to pull along the shore, to try and find some opening, that we might see what the country was like beyond the mangrove trees, and get some fresh water, of which we stood in need.

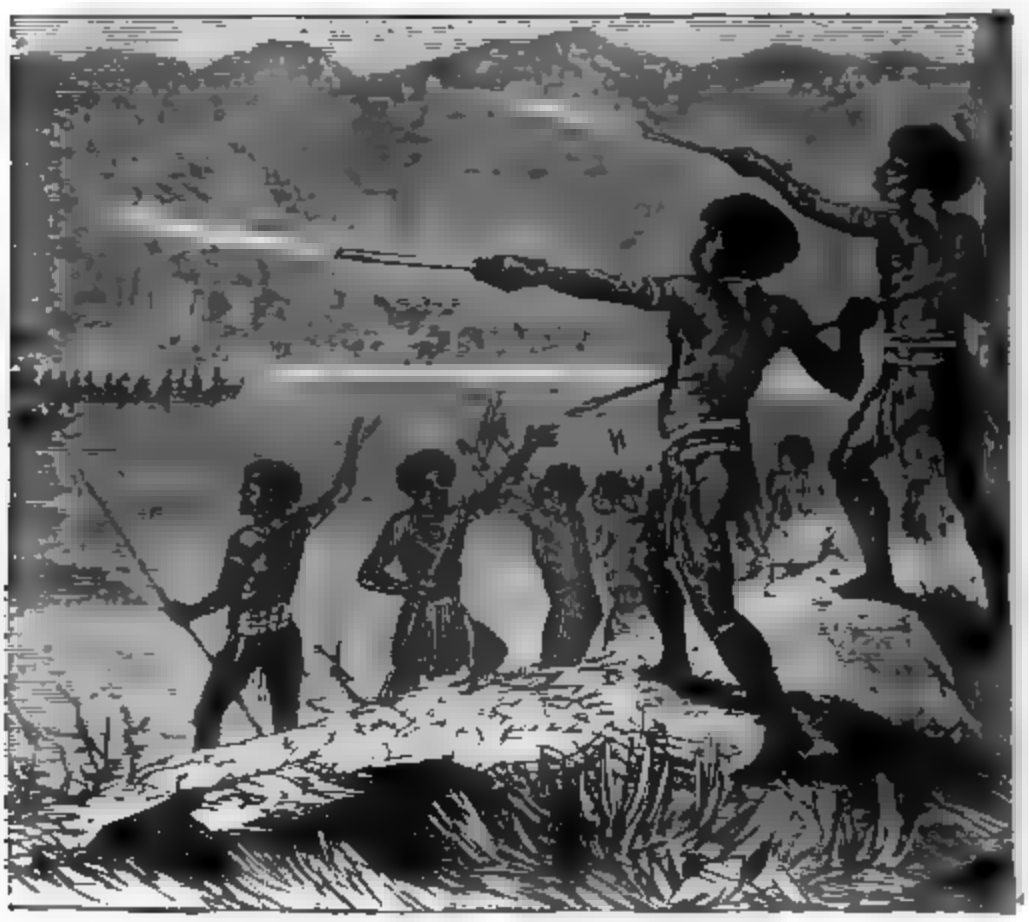
"We had gone some way, when, looking up among the trees, we caught sight of what seemed to be a troop of large monkeys moving along the boughs at a rapid rate; a second look, however, showed us that they were not monkeys, but black men perfectly naked; though I doubt if any monkeys could have beat them in activity, as they swung themselves from branch to branch, keeping pace with the boat, and chattering to each other while they watched us. As we saw that they had bows and quivers on their backs, the mate judged it would be wise not to pull in, for they might have shot at us, while we should have had little chance of hitting them in return among the branches.

"We pulled on for some miles, when we came to a river, up which we went till we reached a village on its banks—if a collection of huts like the tilt of a waggon covered with leaves and raised on posts above the ground, could be so called. As soon as the natives saw us coming they made off, men, women, and children, the little ones fastened to their mothers' backs. Mounting up the trees away they went, scrambling among the branches, just like those we had before seen. As nothing could induce them to return, we filled our casks from a stream, and returned to the ship.

"Some way further on along the coast, when we had gone on shore to get water, we caught sight of a large number of black fellows rushing down towards us. The mate, who had orders not to use the muskets if it could be avoided, told us to make the best of our way to the boat. We had just time to reach it, leaving several of our casks behind, when the natives reached the shore, which was here high, and free from trees. They were a finer-looking set than those we had last seen, and not quite so black, but naked, with their hair cropped short; they had spears in their hands and what we took to be short thick sticks; but what was our surprise to see them waving them about, and sending out thick wreaths of smoke from them. Some of our people thought they were pistols, but as no shot came from them, and there was no report, the mate laughed at the notion, and at all events they did us no harm. We had to make the best of our way to the ship, for just then a number of canoes rounded a point not far off. We should probably have quickly driven them back again, had we been allowed to fire; but our captain was a right sort of man, and would never allow a native to be hurt if he could help it; he used to say the poor black fellows know no better, and it's our business to set them a good example; and I cannot think but what he was right.

"I might tell you a good deal more about these curious people of New Guinea; but I must go on with my yarn.

"We fell in, by the by, with some of their canoes, which, considering the ignorant savages they seem to be, are clever contrivances. The largest we saw were shaped out of the trunk of a tree, just as if a narrow slice had been taken off nine or ten inches down one side, and the trunk had been



NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA USING FIRE-TUBES.

hollowed out. Thus, though the canoe has considerable beam, the whole width of the trunk half-way down, the sides fall inwards so much towards the gunwale that a man can only just get his legs into it; the bows and stern are well-shaped and carved. As such a canoe would turn over and over, an outrigger is fixed to it at the end of a number of long poles; the outrigger itself touching the water, and secured to the ends of the long poles by short upright pieces

CANOES OF NEW GUINEA

of wood. Some of the crew sit in the canoe itself, others on the outrigger. They carry mat-sails, which, when not used, are rolled up and placed on the long poles I have spoken of. This is only one of several sorts of canoes we saw; others were shaped stem and stern alike, more of a boat shape, hollowed out, and decked over so that the water cannot get inside; the paddler sits on the deck with his cargo placed on a small platform or stool before him, over which the water washes freely. However, as I said, I must go on with my yarn.

"We afterwards went to Macao, in China. While we lay there a ship called the *Saxon*, belonging to the same owners as the *Barbara*, came in. She had lost her captain, and arrangements were made for our second-mate, Mr. Hodgson—a smart young fellow, and a relative of the owners—to take command of her; while I and two others of the *Barbara's* crew accompanied him. As the ship was new and well found, the agents considered that it was for the interest of the owners she should remain out in those seas, and be occupied as was originally intended. This was to obtain sandal-wood among the islands of the Pacific, and to return with it to China, where it was in great demand, especially for burning in the joss-houses or temples.

"Captain Hodgson was a man well suited for that sort of trade, as he was bold and determined, at the same time cautious, and knew well how to deal with the savages. He knew very well the way, too, many masters had behaved towards them, ill-treating them, cheating them, and playing all sorts of pranks, caring nothing how many black fellows were killed provided the wood could be obtained; and, as he said, it was in consequence of these evil proceedings that so many ships and boats' crews had been cut off.

"He hoped by a different system to obtain the required wood, and to escape the disasters which had overtaken others. From first to last we had, when in harbour, the boarding netting triced up; never more than half-a-dozen

natives were allowed to come on deck, and, when we had to go on shore for water or wood, one-half of the crew stood on guard while the others worked, and the natives were never allowed to gather round us. He took care that the traders should clearly understand the price proposed to be paid before he would receive a stick of wood, and he strictly paid what he had promised. Where he was well known, he consequently had no cause to fear going among the natives; but on two or three occasions, notwithstanding all his caution, at some places where the blacks had been ill-treated by white men, he narrowly escaped being set upon and killed.

"I should like to have always served with men like Captain Hodgson; he was as humane and kind-hearted as he was brave and careful.

"He got notice during one of our cruises that a vessel had been cast away on a wild island to the nor'ard, and he determined to visit the spot in hopes of rescuing any of the crew who might have escaped. It was not far off the Solomon Islands, inhabited by savage blacks; and we knew that if the white men fell into their hands they would run a great chance of being killed. The master of the sandal-wood trader who had seen the wreck was a heartless fellow, and had taken no pains to look after the survivors of the crew. Owing to the rocks and reefs, Captain Hodgson didn't wish to take the ship near the wreck; we therefore came to an anchor; and he started in a boat, in which I went, carrying provisions and water, and other things which he thought might be needful. We were well armed, not knowing whether we might meet with natives.

"On reaching the wreck, the captain having examined her, he feared that few or none had escaped on shore. The masts had gone by the board; fragments of the boat were still hanging to the davits, and he fancied that the crew must have been washed away almost immediately she had struck. From her build she appeared to be an English vessel. Leaving the wreck, we pulled for the shore, about a mile off. We

could find no traces of any of the people, though the beach was strewed with spars, and wreck, and bales, and casks, and goods of all sorts. Still the captain, unwilling to abandon the search, led us across the island. Having got to the top of a hill nearly on the other side, as we looked out westward we saw a canoe rapidly approaching the beach. The captain, supposing the people in her to be natives, proposed returning, fearing that a quarrel might arise between us. 'We will wait a little longer,' he said; 'they may after all be whites, and we shall still have time to get away.'

"We kept watching them, concealed behind the bushes. They soon landed, and we saw them looking about; and, just then, we heard a cry—it was that of a child. Casting our eyes below, we saw a little boy running, and a short way off was a woman. As she saw the savages, for such they were, she fell on her knees as if to implore their pity; while the little boy rushed into her arms crying out, 'Save me, mother! save me!' There was no time to be lost, for a number of savage blacks were advancing towards the poor white woman, and might have killed her or carried her off to their canoes. 'On, lads, on!' cried the skipper; and we rushed down towards the savages, one of whom on seeing us made a grab at the little boy and attempted to carry him off. The child clung to its mother, when the savage finding himself deserted had to let go and follow his companions; they seeing a good many of us, and not knowing how many more might be behind, jumped into their canoes and paddled off.

"The poor woman was the wife of the commander of the vessel which had been lost, and he and all his people had perished; but having lashed her and his boy to a raft, they had been washed on shore. The poor lady was well-nigh broken-hearted, and if it hadn't been for her child I don't think she would have lived as long as she did. She had kept up wonderfully on that desert island, subsisting on some of the provisions which had been washed on shore. The little fellow became a great pet of our captain's—

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AND THE SAVAGES.

indeed of all on board—though the poor lady died before we arrived at Macao.

"We soon after this sailed for old England, the captain taking the little boy, Ned Sandford, with him. We had got many places to call at, and to go round to Cape Horn; but the captain hoped to make the voyage pay well. At one of the places we touched at we picked up a shipwrecked crew, and as we had now more hands on board than were required, and I, having no friends at home, was not in a hurry to get back, I volunteered with others to join a whaler which wanted hands, having lately lost several. I was sorry to part from Captain Hodgson and little Ned, and I promised if I should ever get back to go and see them.

"I will not stop to describe my life on board the whaler. We had rough work; but the captain was a good man, and the crew were contented and comfortable. I was in her for well-nigh three years, and when she went home with a full cargo I joined another whaler. I had been in her for some time, when, having had but little luck, the captain asked whether two or three of us would volunteer to land on an island and remain there for a few months to catch seals, which frequent the shore in great numbers. I always fancied I should like a Robinson Crusoe sort of life; so I offered to stay, and so did two others, Jack Hilton and Bill Dylke. I had no objection to my mates, though Bill had a long tongue of his own; but there was no harm in that, when he had no one to talk to. There was plenty of water and wood, and the captain sent on shore with us a good supply of provisions and tools, and salt for pickling down some of the seals' flesh, and casks for the oil, with a boat to help us catch them. I felt somewhat lonely when the old *Lion* sailed away; but the captain had promised to be back in five or six months at furthest; and as the climate was not bad, even in winter, my mates and I thought we should have a very good time of it.

"The seals used to come on shore in great mobs, as no one had disturbed them for some years; and all we had to do

was to go in among them with our clubs and knock them on the head. We should have got on very well, if it had not been for the boat; but Jack and Bill would go out cruising in her, when they ought to have been on shore curing the seals' skins.

"One day they had gone further off the land than usual, when it came on to blow hard. I caught sight of the boat's sail, and hoped she would make the harbour, but the gale increased, and the wind blew directly off the land. I waited for her in vain. Night came on. I made a fire on a point at the mouth of the harbour to serve as a beacon, and sat by it all night; but as the hours passed by, and the gale blew harder and harder, my hopes of ever seeing them again decreased.

"When morning came I looked out for the boat, but she was nowhere to be seen; still I hoped that she might have been blown off the land, and that when the gale abated she might be able to regain it. At last, when several days had gone by, I felt sure that they were lost, and had to make up my mind to live alone till the *Lion* came back for me. Poor fellows, I was very sorry for them; but I have always held that 'What cannot be cured must be endured,' so I tried to make the best of a bad job.

"I killed as many seals as I could, and hoped, when the *Lion* came back, the captain would be satisfied that I had done my duty. I kept a regular reckoning of time by notching a stick, with a double notch for the Sundays; when I read the Bible and other books, and mended my clothes.

"Five months went by—six months; still the *Lion* did not appear. Two more months passed over my head. Day after day I looked out for a sail, expecting to see the old *Lion* standing in for the harbour; but she did not appear. At last I began to fear that she had been lost, and that I might have to live many more months, or years it might be, all by myself.

"At last, one evening, as was my custom, I had gone to the hill above the harbour to cast my eye over the ocean before turning in for the night, when my eyes fell on the white canvas of a ship against the dark sky in the offing.

Could she be the *Lion*, after all, come to take me off? I did not like the look of the weather; the wind was whistling among the trees, and the seas, which came rolling in towards the shore, curled over with thick masses of foam, and broke with a loud roar on the rocky coast. If she was the *Lion* she would know her way into the harbour; but if a stranger, I hoped for her own sake that she would give the land a wide berth. I watched her as long as daylight lasted, and then went down and lighted a fire to guide her in should she prove to be the *Lion*. I watched by it for some hours in spite of the heavy wind which was blowing, and at last, no ship appearing, I went back to my hut and lay down, intending at daybreak to go to the top of the hill and try and ascertain what had become of her. Though the sea roared and the wind howled, I fell asleep.

"I was awoke by the sharp bark of a dog outside the hut. I started up, wondering what it could mean, fancying I had been dreaming. On opening the door, there, sure enough, stood a fine large water-dog. As soon as he saw me he leaped up and gave a pull to my jacket, and then went off as if he would have me to follow him. I was sure he had some reason for this; so, off I went, he leading the way among the rocks towards a distant part of the shore outside the harbour. As we got on the other side of a hill, which had before shut it out, I caught sight of a vessel on a reef at some distance from the land; her masts were gone, the sea was breaking over her. The dog, however, instead of going straight on, turned down to the head of a small bay with rocks on either side; stopping for a moment to look round to see that I was still following.

"As I reached the shore, I saw a stout spar with some of the rigging still hanging to it, drifting in slowly towards the beach. I hurried forward, for I discovered that a young girl was lashed to it; and I was afraid that it would be rolled over by the surf, and that even had she hitherto escaped she would be drowned or severely injured. My heart sank within me, as I rushed into the water, when I saw that her eyes were

closed and that her face was pale as marble. I made sure that she was dead. Not to lose a moment, I had my knife out, and the instant I could get hold of the spar I cut the lashing, and, lifting the little girl in my arms, hurried with her to the beach. I pressed her pale face to mine, and just then I fancied I saw a movement of her eyelids. Not a moment was to be lost, of that I was sure; so I made the best of my way back to my hut, followed by the dog, who seemed satisfied with what I had done. Taking off the child's clothes I put her into my bed, and my fire having been alight all night, I warmed a flannel shirt and wrapped it round her, and chafed her feet, and did everything else I could think of to bring her back to life. I almost shouted

FINDING LITTLE MARY.

for joy when I saw her bright blue eyes open, and looking at me. 'All right, missy,' I said; 'don't be afraid; you are with a friend; just take some of this,' and I gave her a few drops of coffee which I had ready. The dog kept watching all the time; and not a bit of food would he eat till he had leaped up and licked her hand, and satisfied himself that she was alive.

"It was hours though before she could speak. She then told me that she was the daughter of the captain of the ship which had gone on shore, and that the last thing she could remember was her father lashing her to the spar, and the dog standing by on the deck. She asked if her father

and mother and the rest of those on board were saved, and wanted to know where they were. I felt something rising in my throat, for I could not bear to tell her that I thought they were all lost. I did not like to leave her, or I would have gone to look for them; so I tried to comfort her, by saying that by and by I would try to bring her news of them.

"As the day wore on she was able to sit up and eat a little, and as soon as I thought she was out of danger, leaving the faithful dog to look after her, I set off along the coast, in search of any of the crew of the unfortunate ship who might have been washed on shore. As to any boat having lived through the heavy sea which had been breaking between the reef and the shore, I felt that that was almost impossible.

"I had a sad walk and scramble among the rocks; though I found three dead bodies, not a living person could I see; neither the captain nor his wife were among them; the only chance they could have had of escaping was, had they once got clear of the reef, by pulling out to sea, but that I thought very unlikely that they could have done. I went back, and got a spade and buried the dead bodies; this done, after I had again looked out in the hope of seeing a boat, I made my way back to the hut. It was the hardest task I ever had to do, to comfort the little girl. I told her what hope I had that her father and mother might have escaped, but she shook her head; she remembered too well the tremendous sea she had seen breaking over the ship to believe that a boat could have got away. At last she cried herself to sleep, while the dog lay down to keep watch by her side.

"The next day she told me that the ship was the *Druid*, homeward bound, that her father was Captain Vincent, that her name was Mary; but she spoke very little; it seemed to me that her young heart would break with grief; still every now and then she would ask me whether I thought her father and mother would come back. I felt very sure they never would, still I could not bring myself to say so.

"Day after day went by; the weather moderated, and had

fallen quite calm. I determined to go off to the wreck; my only fear was for Mary's sake, lest any accident should happen to me. I told her she must keep house for me, and showed her where all the provisions were, and how to cook them, and left her with her dog Faithful.

"There was no lack of materials for a raft, and having put one together without difficulty, I got on board the wreck. The ship was strongly built, and had held together, and had the people remained below their lives might have been saved: probably they were all washed away by the seas breaking over the deck. I found plenty of provisions and stores of all sorts, and carpenters' tools, and I made up my mind that, as the *Lion* was not likely to appear, I would build a vessel, and try and make my escape, with Mary in her, to the coast of South America, which I hoped we might reach in ten days or a fortnight.

"The fine weather was likely to last for some time, so I hoped to get on shore everything I should require, while the sea was calm. I set to work at once, and having loaded my raft, returned to the bay where I had found Mary. When the little girl got better I told her what I proposed doing, and asked her to come and help me, as I knew it was the best thing for her. While examining the cargo, I discovered the framework of a large boat, which the ship was carrying out to some place or other in the Pacific. I got all the stores I could require, and timber and planking enough for a good-sized craft. I would never let Mary go off with me, but she carried up the lighter things as I landed them, and Faithful would always try to get hold of something and drag it up after her.

"When a man has made up his mind to do a thing, and has a clear idea how to do it, he generally succeeds. The framework of the boat I spoke of, helped me greatly. Week after week, and month after month, I worked on; I had no necessity to knock off to look after food, as the ship had supplied us with an abundance. At last by perseverance I got a schooner built, and rigged, and what was more, launched. As soon as she was in the water, the wind being fair, I took

Mary and Faithful on board, and stood round into the harbour, where she might lie securely, while I fitted her more completely and got provisions and stores stowed away. I had fitted up a sort of cabin for Mary; I of course didn't want one, as I should have to heave the vessel to when I could not keep awake, and lie down on deck. I had built a sort of bunk for myself right aft, so that I might be ready to spring to the helm at a moment's notice.

MY VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER WITH MARY.

"All being ready we went on board, made sail, and stood out of the harbour. As soon as we were clear of all the reefs, I lighted my pipe, and shaped a course for South America, while Mary sat by my side, and Faithful lay at my feet. We had plenty of provisions, and, should the weather hold fine, I had little fear of reaching the coast of South America in time, always provided there were no rocks or islands in the way. What I most prayed for was plenty of

sea-room, and moderate breezes; for the little vessel was as light as a bottle, and floated like a cork. I was no great navigator, to be sure; but I had found a couple of compasses on board the wreck, and I knew that by steering east I must reach land at last. As to the currents, I could not tell which way they ran, but it would make no great odds, I thought, what part of the coast I sighted. The Spaniards are pretty good people, if they do not happen to be jealous of you; and I thought, at all events, that they would treat little Mary kindly, and as to myself it made no great odds what they might do.

"As I stood at the helm night after night I used to think —more than about anything else—what would become of her, poor little dear. If I could fall in with any right sort of English captain, I made up my mind to sell the schooner, which would fetch a fairish sum, and give the proceeds to him to take her home, and look after her. Sometimes I could not help stopping to say to myself, 'We must get to South America, though, first.'

"When the wind was light I used to shorten sail, heave the vessel to, and tell Mary to keep a bright look out while I went to sleep, and to call me sharply if she saw anything, or that anything was likely to happen. She was as sharp a little creature I ever came across, and yet so mild, and gentle, and loving. Often I thought I could not bear to have to part with her; but it would never do for a sweet little girl like her to be knocking about with a rough salt like me; and as to going and living on shore I was not fit for that, and should not have known what to do, even if I had had my pockets full of gold.

"We had one gale of wind which lasted three days, and all the time I never closed my eyes. Mary used to hand me food up from below, and Faithful would go and fetch it from the hatchway. He never left me, seeming to think he was wanted on deck; and when a sea broke aboard, he would hold on with his teeth to a rope, to save himself being washed away. When the wind moderated, and the

sea went down, I let Mary come on deck, and I turned into my bunk. I gave her her breakfast, and told her to call me when she got hungry. She held out for six mortal hours, unwilling to arouse me. At last she could stand it no longer. 'Bo!' I heard her say as she bent over me; 'Faithful and I so hungry; time to get up, I think.' I turned out, got dinner ready for the three of us, and then, easing off the sheets, went to the helm, and stood there till pretty nearly the same hour the next day. I should have liked to have taught Mary to steer, as it would have been a great help to me, but she was too young for that.

"I kept a sort of log with a stick, which suited me better than paper and ink work; and I calculated that we had been about three weeks at sea. When one day I was taking my snooze, I heard Mary say, 'Big ship! big ship!' and Faithful barking at the top of his voice. She had come down upon us, bringing up a strong breeze. The weather was very hot, and I have a notion that the little maid herself must have dropped asleep, or she would have seen the stranger sooner. In a short time she was close-to. Seeing that she was an English vessel I hailed her, and asked her to send a boat aboard the schooner, as I wanted to speak to her captain. She hove-to, and a boat pulled towards me. I felt somewhat strange, as I had not spoken to a human being, except little Mary, for so many months, though to be sure she had kept my tongue in play. There were two officers in the stern sheets; one was a young man, the other considerably older, and looked like the captain of the ship. As the boat drew near, I felt sure I knew him. He was my late commander, Captain Hodgson.

"'You seem short-handed, my friend,' he said, as he stepped aboard.

"'I never could wish to have a more obedient crew though, Captain Hodgson,' I answered.

"He knew me directly I spoke, and put out his hand and shook mine warmly.

"'Here's another old friend,' he said, pointing to the

young man. 'You remember Ned Sandford, who we saved from the savages? He has been with me ever since.'

"Of course he was very eager to know how the child, and the dog, and I came to be aboard the strange-looking little craft. It didn't take many words to give him a notion of what had happened, and I told him what I thought of doing.

"'I'll gladly take charge of the little girl,' he said, 'and as we are not a week's sail off the coast of America, we will run in to Valparaiso, and dispose of your vessel there, and you must then come home with me. But I cannot let you navigate her by yourself; I'll send a mate and a couple of hands aboard you, and I hope they will take her in safely.'

"Well, it's time I should bring this yere yarn of mine to an end. The vessel was sold. Captain Hodgson insisted on my keeping the proceeds. We made a quick passage home, and after that I sailed several voyages with Captain Hodgson, who left Mary under charge of his wife, for they had no children of their own. Ned Sandford became first mate; and I was well pleased to find that he had fallen in love with Mary, who became his wife. I had kept the money I got for the schooner, and had settled it on her. Whenever I am on shore I go and see her, and her sweet little children. Her second girl is the image of herself, as she was when I saved her from the wreck. But the breeze is drawing more on the quarter; we must set the mainsail."

Thereon Bo and I had to vacate our usual seat. Perhaps some day I may put down another of his long-winded yarns.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOSS OF THE "MEGÆRA."

SHORT time ago, one Saturday evening, I was passing along the lower deck of H. M.'s ship the old ——, in company with a friend whose seaman-like bearing betokened very little of the minister of the Gospel, though minister he was notwithstanding. Our object was to have a word or two with the men, and to leave them something to read on the following day.

Now the best way to get a sailor to attend to one is to listen first to what he may have to say. The men were in a jovial humour; the good old toast of "Sweethearts and wives" was being drunk. I recognized the countenance of an old acquaintance among the weather-beaten, big-bearded faces, brim-full of glee, gathered round one of the mess-tables.

"Ah, Tom! Where have you been since we last met?" I asked, putting out my hand, which received a hearty grip; a sailor is not likely to put confidence in a man who would refuse him a shake of the fist.

We were immediately invited to sit down, the men making way for us.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Tom. "And as to where

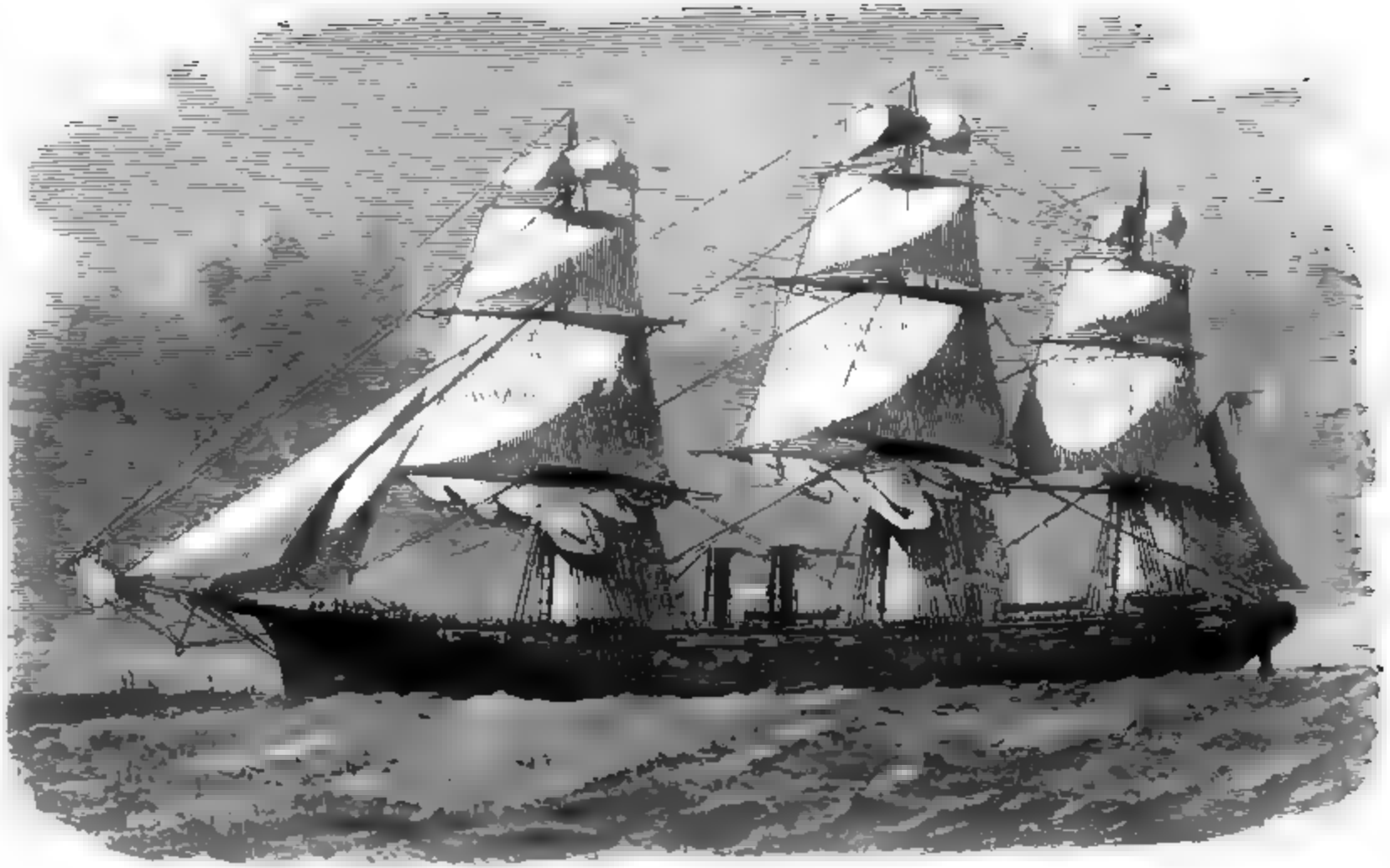
I've been, why I may say half-round the world, and pretty well-nigh to the bottom into the bargain."

"How is that?" I asked. "Let me hear all about it."

"With all my heart, sir," answered Tom, who was, as I knew, fond of letting his tongue wag.

SATURDAY NIGHT ON BOARD.

"You must know, sir, I was draughted aboard one of those big iron kettles they send to sea nowadays, and somehow or other she managed to get a hole through her, which let the water in faster than all hands could pump it out, and



THE [illegible] CUMMINGER.

when that's the case it does not require a Solomon to say what must be the consequences."

"Do you mean the *Megæra?*"

"Ay, sir, you have guessed right. She was a fine-looking craft, howsomdever, and newly commissioned, and when we left Queenstown on the 14th of March, 1871, who would have guessed that before many weeks were over her bottom would become as rotten as a honeycombed old saucepan? for, do you see, she was just out of dock, where it had been cleaned and fresh coated. Still from the first I mind there was grumbling among the crew, and reports going about that everything was not altogether right.

"A hundred tons of cargo had been landed, and certain defects which had been found in her were said to have been made good, and the ship was inspected at Queenstown and passed there as fit for the voyage. I can't say much about that inspection; all I know is that it didn't take long. After this no one had anything to say against proceeding on the voyage, but still the croakers were not altogether silent, and some were inclined to pull long faces.

"We had generally splendid weather after taking our departure from Ireland, the ship averaging eight to nine knots to the Cape. Well it was for us that it was so fine, for she was deep in the water, and cumbered with stores, and it was a hard job to get things snug and shipshape.

"We had got so accustomed to the fine weather that we began to hope it wouldn't leave us till we reached Sydney.

"We steamed out of Simon's Bay early on Sunday morning, the 28th of May. The fair weather stuck to us; the sun shone brightly; the shore, with Simon's Town at the foot of the big mountain, looked smiling, and everyone, except two or three licensed grumblers, said there was no doubt we should have a fine passage.

"We mustered on board, all told, 333 souls, for we had 42 officers, 44 marines, 180 men, and 67 boys.

"The fair weather continued all that Sunday, and the next two days, and after that the wind breezed up and we had a

heavy sea and cloudy sky, and everything was damp and wet on board as well could be, but that was not much to think of.

"It came on to blow pretty fresh on the 7th of June. We lay our course, running under double-reefed tawsels and courses, the water tumbling aboard every now and then and wetting our jackets pretty freely. One poor fellow, a marine, was caught by the sea and washed overboard, and before any help could be given him he was gone. Some said afterwards that he knocked his knee into the ship's bottom, and others declared his baggonet had gone through her, but that could not have been, seeing as how he hadn't it with him.

"Be that as it may, on the next day, that is the 9th of June, a leak was reported sprung during the night. How it had happened no one could tell; all that was known was that the water was rushing into the ship as through a mill-sluice. In a short time there were seventeen inches of water in the engine-room. Now as the ship's floors were very broad that showed a very large bulk of water. The order was given to man the pumps, and the bilge pumps were also set in motion. All hands worked with a will, and at length we got the water down to thirteen inches.

"The next thing was to find where the leak was. That was no easy matter. To look for it, it was necessary to grope away under the bunkers among the bilge water.

"I should say that we were more than a thousand miles from any land. Sydney was upwards of a month from us, and the wind would have been in our teeth if we had attempted to return to the Cape. The nearest land on one side was the Mauritius, and on the other St. Paul's Rocks. The question was, whether we could keep the ship afloat long enough to reach either one or the other. The chances were fearfully against us doing that. Everything depended on our keeping the water under, and accordingly all hands turned to at the pumps. Other pumps were manned, and a party was told off to bale out by hand with iron buckets.

These were hoisted up sixty in an hour to the sound of the fiddle and the fife, but in spite of all we could do the water rose higher and higher. Day and night we could hear it splashing from side to side as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea. A heavy gale was blowing; we ran before it, the ship sometimes going twelve knots.

"On Sunday, in spite of the sea running, there was service, but the parson had to cut it short, and no wonder, for it was difficult enough to hear what was said.

"The next day was worse, and it was a hard matter to get the pumps to work. The rain came down heavily, and the sea continually broke on board. A hundred hands were therefore put on to bale, and now fresh efforts were made to try and find out the leak.

"A Scotchman, Jock Brown by name, one of the leading stokers, took it in hand. He got down with a lantern about the bilges by the beam on which the bunkers rest, and there in one of the plates under the bunkers, he saw the water streaming in like a waterspout. The matter was soon reported to the skipper, who, with the chief engineer, quickly had their heads down the hole, looking at the sight—not a pleasant one, you'll allow. The jet of water came in so steadily and round, that at first they supposed that only a rivet had dropped out, which might be easily replaced. But it was no lost rivet. The hole was bigger than the tips of my fingers and thumb could cover, worn through one of the iron plates, and the whole plate was so thin that it bent as the hand was pressed against it, just as a sheet of tin would have done.

"As soon as the leak was found, the order was given to thrum a sail, and to stuff with yarn a mattress, which, being drawn under the ship's bottom, might be sucked into the hole. Before this was done, however, another plan was thought of. It was to screw a plate of iron covered with gutta-percha on the inner surface of the damaged plate. As the rotten plate, which was about six feet by four feet in surface, could not have borne rivet or screw, it was

settled to fit the supporting plate with a long rod or clamp, to be screwed into a sounder part of the ironwork, so that the new plate might press gently and evenly against the rotten one.

"This fitting on of the plug-plate was dangerous work, for at any moment the old plate might have been forced out, when nothing, as far as we could see, could have saved the ship.

"It was difficult not to think of this. Some of us—a third perhaps, or more—might have escaped in the boats, but had the plate given way the remainder must have found a watery grave.

"The plate when it was fastened did no good; although the water did not come in as before, in a straight jet, it oozed through, all round the plug.

"We were by this time, the 15th June, steering for the Island of St. Paul, which was about 300 miles off. Having a strong wind in our favour we made good 206 miles, and as we were now within a hundred miles of land we began to think that there was some chance of escaping. All hands were kept hard at work at the pumps spell and spell, but still the leak increased.

"On the night of the 16th, when about thirty miles from St. Paul's, a heavy gale blowing, we hove-to, when, wonderful to relate, the leak stopped. Something had been sucked into the hole, it was supposed. We were thus able to gain on the leak.

"The next morning broke so hazy that we could scarcely see a mile ahead, but as the sun rose to our joy we made out the land about nine miles off. A press of steam was put on, and in a short time we were at anchor in fourteen fathoms close to the rock.

"The first thing to be done was to send a diver—Bell by name, belonging to the *Excellent*—to examine the condition of the ship's bottom. He had to go down a dozen times, and when he at last came up for good he reported that there were several rusty spots, so like one another that it

was hard to say which was the leak, and that some of the plates were so thin that he could have shoved his knife through them, only he didn't like to. This was not pleasant news. He said also, he saw other spots which were not far from leaking either. It was found also that some of the frames were so eaten, that the leaky plates had been torn away from them. The pumps also got quickly choked with pieces of iron of an inch to an inch and a half in length, broken away from the iron frames. Many of these pieces had cement sticking to them, showing that they were bits of the decayed frames.

"The ship had on board only 150 tons of coal, a supply which would not have lasted us to Sydney. What the captain then thought about the matter I cannot say, but I should think he could not have had much hope of taking the ship to Sydney. The place we had come to was not the pleasantest in the world. We had not long been at anchor before we found that the ship was drifting out to sea. We steamed back again, and hove up the anchor, which had parted across the shank, leaving both flukes fast in the black sand. Another anchor was let go closer in shore, but again we drifted out to sea, and found that we had lost another anchor. Once more we stood back, and dropped a third.

"The next day was Sunday. The captain mustered all hands, and after reading prayers he told us that as the ship's bottom was pretty nigh dropping out, and that as there was not a chance of carrying her safely to Sydney, he had made up his mind to land all hands, and beach her, to prevent her going down. 'And there's one thing, my lads, remember I must have,' he added, 'that is, strict discipline and obedience to orders, and you will understand that any insubordination will be severely dealt with. I say that, but I am sure that every one of you will work with a will.'

"We gave him three hearty cheers as soon as he finished, and at once began to land the stores.

"You will understand that the Island of St. Paul's is just a big rock, about two miles long and a mile and a half

broad, with a large basin in the centre, having a narrow opening to the sea. The rock is the top of a volcano, and the basin is the crater, now filled with water. It is from twenty-six to thirty fathoms deep. On the bar across the passage which leads to it there are at the top of spring tides twelve feet of water, but when we reached it there were but six feet, which was not enough, by a great deal, to let the *Megæra* pass over it. The rocks rise round the crater to the height in some cases of 860 feet, and are so steep that even a seaman could not climb up them. Near the entrance, however, the rocks were lower, and on the north side shelved away right down to the water of the basin. This was the place the captain chose for our encampment.

"All hands worked with a will to land the stores, officers as well as men pulling and hauling away at the ropes.

"We found two Frenchmen living on the rock, who had been left there to catch seals. One of them, a lame chap, we called the 'governor,' the other, his subject, was a fine active young fellow, and was of great use to us. They had four boats, which we found very serviceable in landing stores. The only other inhabitants were a number of goats, which managed to pick up a livelihood on the rocks, where no other creatures could have lived.

"We had in the morning shifted our berth, and got closer in to the landing-place, and by night, so hard did all hands work, we had four months' stock of provisions on shore. Then we turned to and filled the coal bags, ready to land the next day. The captain hoped that if we could lighten the ship, we might get her over the bar during the next spring-tide. During the night, however, it came on to blow very hard.

"When morning broke, we found the ship drifting rapidly on the rocks, and, though steam was got up, we had a hard matter to keep her off them. We then sent the boats on shore with the coals, but they were nearly lost in crossing the bar.

"The gale increasing, we were driven away from the island,

and had a hard matter with all the power of our engines to keep near it. The leak all this time was gaining on us, and it became a question whether we should strike on the rocks, or go down.

"At length, on the morning of the 19th, the captain made up his mind at once to run the ship on the bar. We got up everything from the holds and lower decks, and prepared for what was before us. Some said that the ship would drop to pieces the moment she touched the ground; others, that the sea would break over her, and wash all hands from her decks.

"One of the Frenchmen acted as pilot, the captain's coxswain took the helm, and, with full steam on, we stood towards the bar. All hands were on deck, some fore, and others aft, except the engineers, who had to look to the engines. It was what most people would call an awful time. In another minute or two the ship might be breaking up, and we all striking out for our lives.

"On she went till she reached the centre of the bar, the rocks going right through her bottom in a moment, and there she stuck; but the engines kept working till the water rose inside her and put the fires out. At first she bumped heavily as the rollers lifted her, but soon lay perfectly quiet.

"The marines had been landed, but still the greater part of the officers and crew remained on board. The captain lived in his cabin under the poop, and the gun-room and ward-room officers occupied the ward-room, while the crew lived, some on the main deck, and others under the top-gallant forecastle.

"During the 20th we were employed in landing coals, clothing, cordage, and other stores. Among other things we sent on shore three main deck tanks, out of which the engineers managed to form a machine for turning salt water into fresh. Meantime, those on shore were getting up tents and huts for our accommodation; besides which there were old sheds and cottages, which, being cleaned out, served to house a number of us.

"The captain laid out the plan of our town, as we called it, with regular streets, and houses, such as they were, on either side. The walls were built of stone or turf, and roofed with canvas, and some of them were lined with canvas also. The captain's house was one of the old sheds which the Frenchmen used to boil their whale-oil in. It was cleaned out, floored with some of the ship's hatches, lined with canvas, and divided into rooms by bulk-heads. The outside was whitewashed; and when all was finished, and the cabin furniture put into it, it looked very shipshape. We gave it the name of 'Government House.'

"The marines had a barrack to themselves, the seamen had four houses, and there was another put up for an hospital; the petty officers had one also, and so had the stokers. The stewards had a tent, the servants had another, and there was a storehouse for the bags. The officers lived two and three together, in huts or tents.

"You will understand that most of the buildings were partly huts, and partly tents, just as material came to hand. We were carrying out sails for three or four ships on the station; and though at first the captain tried to preserve them, we had to cut them up at last, to serve us for roofing and clothing too; for the *Megæra's* sails were old and rotten, and were very soon of no use for keeping out the rain and wind.

"One of our chief buildings was the cooking galley; though, as fuel was scarce, we could not have many fires going. We had another booth, a sort of eating-house, called the 'Royal Hotel.' Then there was the officers' mess-tent, and a number of storehouses.

"Altogether, you see, our town was of decent size, and some of us said we ought to send a member to Parliament.

"The marines had not been long in their barracks before they declared that there was a fire lighted somewhere below them; and sure enough, the floor began to smoke, and the paving stones which had been put down got so hot that it was not pleasant to touch them. The fact was, that the

island is the top of a volcano and the [illegible] built over one of the vent-holes [illegible] it into its head to go off the [illegible] blown sky high before they knew where they were. However, in cold weather they had the [illegible] could always keep warm and [illegible]

"Our great want was water. [illegible] could be got from the [illegible] many people, and though the [illegible] well, that might come [illegible] be sure we were very glad when [illegible] the rocks, we came upon some small [illegible] water. Each held about three tons [illegible] to the town in buckets, but afterwards [illegible] hose, by which means it was [illegible] was wanted. We found that the [illegible] day, filled again with a few hours [illegible]

"We had now plenty of water [illegible] short till the dry season; and then [illegible] apparatus to fall back upon [illegible] there was fuel to keep the [illegible] turf and dry grass enough [illegible] half the quantity that the coal did.

"We had pretty hard work all this time [illegible] set us an example, getting up coals and [illegible] all over as readily as the men. No one [illegible] one fellow, who took it into his stupid head to refuse to work: he got four dozen for his pains, and served him right. There were no more skulkers after that.

"As huts were got up the hands were sent on shore, when the captain established rules and regulations for our government, and very strictly they were enforced for the good of all. Guards were stationed to prevent the men from getting into mischief; and the doctor went his rounds, visiting each of the huts to see that the men changed their wet clothing, and that their beds were kept dry.

"We had managed to land a good stock of provisions, but

they, we knew, must come to an end some day; and so we were put on an allowance: one-third of bread, two-thirds of salt meat, half of sugar, and a quarter of tea. But then we soon found that there were upwards of a hundred wild goats on the island, besides which, there were swarms of fish of all sorts, which came into the bay, and could be caught from the rocks. We turned to, and made rods out of rocket-sticks and split planks, though we were at first short of hooks. Some of the fish were big fellows, weighing seventy or eighty pounds, and though ugly to look at, with their lower jaws sticking out beyond the upper, they were very good eating, so we didn't care for their want of beauty. The Frenchmen called them cabots.

"One day we caught 700 lbs. of fish, so there was not much chance of our starving even should no ship for months appear to take us off. We had one fear; that was, that we might run short of hooks, for we lost and broke a great many, and none of the smiths knew how to make them properly.

"At last one day, when searching among the cargo, a cask was found with 3,000 hooks in it. This was a prize worth its weight in gold, and we could now fish away as much as we liked.

"Though we had run the ship on shore on the 19th of June, and most of the marines and crew had soon after landed, the captain, with several officers and about forty hands, didn't quit her till the 29th. The bilge-water by that time had begun to stink, and any day a gale coming on might knock the old ship to pieces. We received orders, therefore, to take our bags and hammocks ashore; and we bade farewell to the old *Megæra*, leaving her to her fate on the rocks. Still, as she hung together, we visited her every day to get what stores we could out of her.

"One of the first things we did was to get a flagstaff up to the top of the rock, 860 feet above the camp; and on it the British ensign was hoisted upside down. We collected a pile of wood also near it ready to kindle a beacon-fire; and

we had blue-lights, and rockets, and a gun loaded to fire should a ship appear in the offing.

"With regard to vegetables, there was but little growing on the island fit to eat. There was one plant, something like spinach, which the Frenchmen ate as a salad; and we took to cooking grass with some roots, and a few other small plants, for want of better vegetables.

"Some seeds were found on board, and several of us tried our hands at gardening; but the climate was none of the best for that purpose.

THE CAPE PENGUIN.

"After we had been some time on shore, some birds were seen coming through the surf in a curious fashion. We caught sight of them by hundreds, some way off; then they would dive into a big wave, which carried them along till they reached a rock, where they would wait till another big wave came up, then they would dive into that, and so be borne along till they landed on the shore, where they assembled in large groups, and seemed to be consulting together as to what they should do next. They were pen-

guins; handsome birds with grey backs, white breasts, long golden feathers on their heads, and pink eyes. It was great fun to see them; for, though active enough in the water, they had no notion of flying, and didn't seem to have found their shore-legs. When they attempted to walk, they waddled along for all the world like boys in sacks, sometimes tumbling over each other in the rummiest fashion. At first we knocked some of them on the head, thinking they might serve us for food; but they were too fishy by half to eat, so the captain gave orders that they were not to be hurt, and allowed to go where they pleased. One day a party of them tried to find their way into his house. It was a hard job to turn them aside; they were not a bit afraid of us, and were so tame that they would let us stroke their backs; but if we attempted to tease them, they would peck away at us with their strong beaks. They did us a good service, too, by showing us the best way to the top of the hill. They made their way up it to lay their eggs in the long grass, which the Frenchmen told us they generally do about the 1st of September.

"We had plenty of work all this time, and from first to last we were never idle. As our clothes wore out, we had to patch them with canvas. In a short time canvas leggings became the fashion among the officers and men. Day after day, whenever the weather would permit, we were employed in visiting the ship and bringing stores on shore, the boats being several times nearly capsized. One party was employed in digging ponds near the old ones, and we dug them large enough to hold ten tons of water each.

"We had our amusements, too. The captain and officers had their whist parties, and we had our quoits and a fiddler, so that many a hornpipe was danced on that barren rock. The first-lieutenant gave a feast to the warrant officers; and we had our parties, though generally, to be sure, we were on short commons.

"Our captain was not the man to forget to return thanks to God for our safe deliverance from the danger we had

gone through, or to pray that we might be yet further preserved and restored in safety to our native land. Every Sunday we had service; and it's my belief that there were not many of us who did not join heartily in the prayers and singing, and listen to the chapters read out of the Bible. We all knew that, if left to ourselves, the time must come when we should have hunger staring us in the face, and when we should be thankful to chew our penguins' flesh to keep body and soul together.

"We had not been many days on the island before three vessels passed, but too far off to notice our signals; and the lifeboat, which put off in command of Lieutenant Lewis Jones, was very nearly swamped in attempting to get on board one of them.

"We had been on the island just a month, when a Dutch barque was seen standing in. Lieutenant Jones, who remained under orders ready to embark, put off at once in the lifeboat and boarded her. The boat returned, bringing word that she had on board water and provisions for twenty men, and that she could take that number off. Captain Thrupp, however, believed that with the provisions and water with which we could supply her, she might take the whole of us; and we thought that our time on the island had pretty nigh come to an end. Bad weather, however, came on, and the barque stood off the land. The next day she did not appear, nor the next, nor the next, and at last, to our disappointment, we discovered that there was no chance of her returning. The only good thing was that Lieutenant Jones had gone off in her, and would make known our condition.

"Towards the end of July two other ships appeared; but the boats which put off could not overtake them, and were pretty nearly swamped.

"Early in August another Dutch barque, bound for Sumatra, hove in sight; and three officers, two seamen, and a midshipman had just time to step on board and lower a cask or two of flour into the lifeboat, when the barque had

to make sail, after staving in one of the lifeboat's air-boxes, and towing off the cutter.

"Considering the steepness of the rocks, it was a wonder accidents didn't occur every day on shore. One night we heard a hail from the signal-hill: 'A marine has gone over the cliff!' Several officers and men started with lanterns; but the fog was so thick that, though they hunted about for some time, the poor fellow could not be found. The next morning they again went up, and at last he was seen on a ledge of rocks, to which he had fallen nearly 300 feet, while another 600 were below him. Several volunteers went down with ropes, and we got him up. We supposed that he was dead, but he wasn't; and in two or three days he rallied; for, strange as it may seem after such a fall, not a bone was broken.

"There were a few other accidents, but very little sickness considering the hard work, short rations, and wettings we constantly got.

"Some fancied the old ship was going to hang together for ever, but the gale which came on after the Dutch barque carried off our people, washed away her starboard quarter gallery. But still she bravely held herself upright, with all her masts standing. At last a heavier gale than we had yet had begun to blow. I mind it well; it was on the 3rd of September, when all our boats inside the crater got adrift. That was a tremendous night. We were securing the boats, when a loud report, as if a big gun had gone off, was heard, and we could make out just as the rollers had passed by her that the old ship had parted amidships. The mainmast was still standing, but that soon went, and the foremast with the fore-yard followed, and we could hear above the roar of the surf, and the howl of the wind, the crashing and rending of her timbers and iron sides. All the morning this went on, huge pieces of wreck being driven right up on the rocks, while the sea washed in and among several of the sheds, well-nigh carrying them away. Still the gale went on increasing, and then down came, with a tremendous crash, a huge piece

of rock—[illegible] tons they said it was—on one side of the crater, and then another piece [illegible] tons more, and then more rollers burst in, and the old *Megara* was gone; big pieces of her only were to be seen scattered about.

"Rotten as was her bottom, she must have been strongly built, or she would not have hung together all those seventy-six days from the time she had been stranded.

"We could bear the loss the better seeing that a few days before the Oberon steamer hove in sight, and who should we see on board one of the first boats that came from her, but Lieutenant Lewis Jones, who had left us on the 16th July in the Dutch barque. He had reached Batavia, where he had given notice of our condition, and had come back again with provisions, and the pleasant news that the *Malacca* steamer was on her passage from Hong Kong to our little rock to carry us off to Sydney.

"It was jolly, I can tell you, to be able to eat as much as we wanted. There was no longer any necessity for us to remain on short commons, and full rations were served out. The *Oberon* continued her passage to England the next day. I must not forget the kind way in which Lieutenant Jones had been treated by the skipper of the Dutch barque, the *Aurora*. Not a penny of passage money would he receive and he seemed only sorry that he had not been able to render us more assistance.

"Two days afterwards H.M.S. *Rinaldo* arrived, bringing orders for Captain Thrupp to proceed to England to undergo a court-martial; though there was not much chance of his coming off except with flying colours, as throughout he had acted as a thorough officer and brave seaman.

"Next morning the *Malacca* arrived. Both she and the *Rinaldo* were blown off the coast, and for two days we saw nothing of them.

"We, meantime, were getting ready for embarking, knowing that they would surely come back again. So they did on the 1st, as calm and fine a day as we could wish to

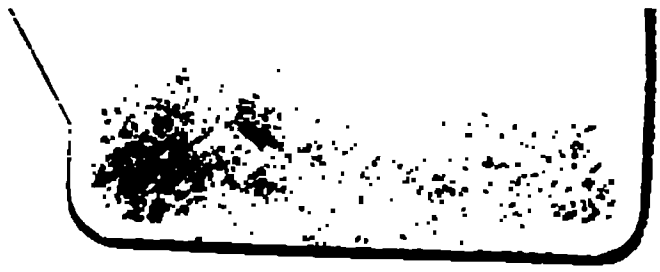
see. No time was lost in getting on board, and before evening the greater part of us, officers and men, had embarked with bag and baggage.

"During the night it came on to blow great guns and small arms; it was much such a night as that on which our old ship went to pieces.

"We managed to get in again, however, for the captain, and a good many hands were still on shore. The captain wanted to embark the stores, but that he found was impossible, as the captain of the *Malacca* said he could not venture to wait another hour off such a coast.

"Captain Thrupp accordingly placed the stores under charge of the Frenchmen, promising to reward them, and to send a ship to fetch them off at a better time of the year. The captain of the *Malacca* declared that he could not wait any longer for him, so at last, having seen every man under his charge safely embarked, he bid farewell to the old rock, and it's my opinion that he never wishes to set eyes on it again.

"Some of our officers and people went to Sydney; others, and I was among them, came home.

"Of course the captain was honourably acquitted of any blame for the loss of the *Megæra*, for, seeing that it was no fault of his that a ship had holes in her bottom, he had done the very best thing that could be done, in the very best way: and what more, I should like to know, could a man do?" and Tom glanced round on his audience with a look which showed that he was ready to do battle with anyone who would venture to dispute the point.

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